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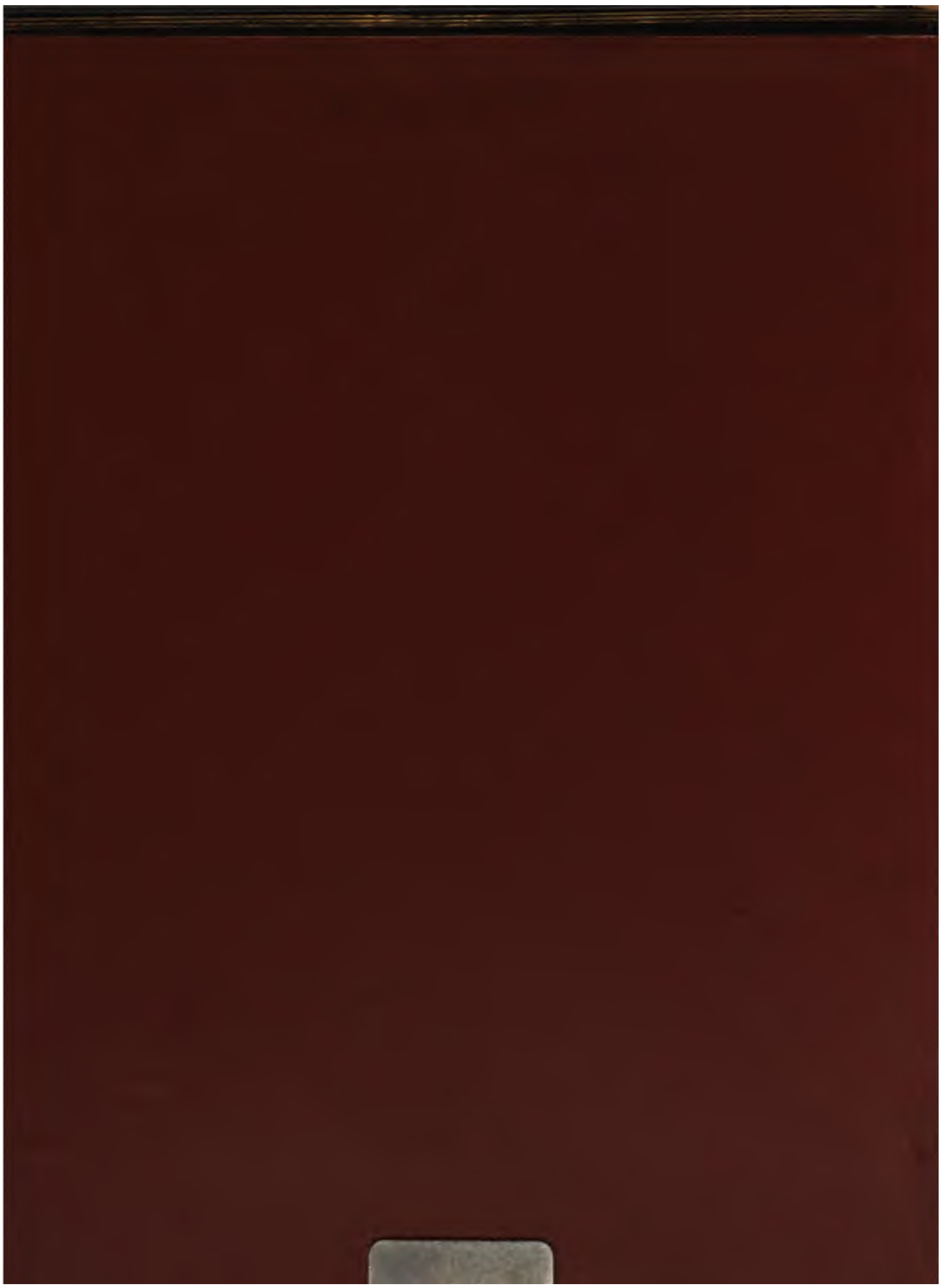
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The Private Theatre of Kilkenny &c.
1825.

Privately printed in Ireland, and very rare.

With five Portraits of Richard Power Esq.r — Right Hon. H. Grattan — John Egan Esq.r — George Robt. Fitzgerald Esq.r — Humphrey Butler Esq.r — William W. Beecher Esq.r — Thomas Moore Esq.r (the Poet) — John Hamilton Esq.r (now Attorney-Gen.l of Ireland) — James Corry Esq.r — Miss Smith (now Mrs. Barton) — and Miss Waldein — , all Performers at that Theatre.

The Portraits were all privately engraved for the Work.

Richard Power Esq.



THE PRIVATE THEATRE

OF

KILKENNY,

WITH

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS

ON

Other Private Theatres in Ireland, before it was opened.

1825.

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INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS in Private Houses, an amusement so common in the Countries of the Continent, or, in Private Theatres, where Professional Actors would not be allowed to assist, were once very general in IRELAND. Domestic gaieties of this kind used to grow out of one another, and there have been times within the last half-century, in which they were remarkable, not only for their number, but for the importance of the Persons concerned in them. A Catalogue of *all* these Festive Meetings, as handed down to us by the Papers of the day, would exceed the proposed limits of our introductory Remarks; but some of them deserve to be particularly noticed; and from them we may collect this curious and amusing fact, that many of the names, most distinguished in the Parliamentary and Political transactions of the Country, during the best and brightest periods of her past History, will be found in the list of Performers in Private Plays. To indulge in any moral reflections upon this, is not our intention. The world, perhaps, may be wiser, and better than it used to be—We are sure that it is not happier.

In our brief notice of those little Theatrical Communities, we shall begin with that which assembled in the County of Armagh, in the year 1759, at Lurgan, the seat of the celebrated WILLIAM BROWNLOW, one of the Representatives of that County—"A man," says Mr. GRATTAN, "with a station of mind in him, that would have become the proudest Senate in Europe." To this Meeting, the Stage is indebted for the popular Entertainment of *Midas*. It was written upon that occasion by one of the Company, the late Mr. KANE O'HARA, and originally consisted of but one Act, commencing with the fall of *Apollo* from the

clouds. The Characters in the Piece were undertaken by the Members of the Family and their Relatives; with the exception of the part of *Pan*, which was reserved by the Author for himself. Many additions were made to it, before its introduction to the Public; and, among others, the opening scene of "*Jove in his Chair*," as it is now represented. A Preface to an early copy thus accounts for its being known beyond the Family-Party for whose amusement it was written.—"The first idea of it was conceived, and the plan in some manner executed, for the private entertainment of some persons of distinction in Ireland, at a time when Italian Burlettas were blended with the exhibitions of the Theatre, and almost triumphed over the best productions of our language. The public spirit of those, for whom it was originally intended, prevailed upon the Author to enlarge his design, and *Midas* accordingly ventured on the Stage."

In 1760, Mr. THOMAS CONNOLLY, another distinguished Member of the Irish Parliament, had one of these Theatrical Jubilees at Castletown, his residence in the County of Kildare. The "*First Part of Henry IV.*" was one of their most attractive Performances, to which an Epilogue was spoken by Mr. HUSSEY BURGH, afterwards CHIEF BARON of the Exchequer. "Mild,* moderate, and patriotic, Mr. BURGH was proud without arrogance, and dignified without effort; equally attentive to public concerns, and careless of his own, he had neither avarice to acquire wealth, nor parsimony to retain it; liberal even to profusion, friendly to a fault, and disinterested to a weakness; he was honest without affluence, and ambitious without corruption; his eloquence was of the highest order, figurative, splendid and convincing. At the Bar, in the Parliament, and among the People, he was equally admired, and universally respected."

The EARL OF KILDARE, afterwards DUKE OF LEINSTER, the Friend and Neighbour of Mr. CONNOLLY, opened his princely Mansion at Carton, to a series of similar Entertainments, in the year 1761. * "The softness of philanthropy, the placidity of temper, the openness of sincerity, the sympathy of friendship, and the ease of integrity, stamped corresponding impressions on the artless countenance of this respected Nobleman, and left but little to conjecture as to the composition of his character. His elevated rank, and extensive connexions, gave him a paramount lead in Irish politics, which his naked talents would not, perhaps, have otherwise justified, but from the days of his maturity, to the moment of his dissolution, he was the undeviating friend of the Irish Nation. As a Soldier, and a Patriot, he performed his duties; and in his plain and honorable disposition, was found collected a happy specimen of those qualities which best compose the gentleman." Among the other Performances at Carton, was the *Beggar's Opera*, then the most popular of all the productions of the Stage. The casts of it will be sufficient to show the Rank of the individuals who partook of these amusements. Among the Ladies we find the COUN-

* Historic Anecd. of Union.

TESS OF KILDARE, the Lady of the Mansion, and LADY LOUISA CONNOLLY. Among the Gentlemen, VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT, LORD CHARLEMONT, and DEAN MARLAY, afterwards BISHOP OF WATERFORD; but a * Bill of the night's amusement is below.—A Prologue † was spoken by the latter Gentleman, the production of his own classic pen. The rank of Earl was soon afterwards conferred upon LORD CHARLEMONT, in speaking of whom it is impossible to avoid adverting to the beautiful eulogy pronounced upon his memory, by Mr. GRATTAN, his friend and admirer.—‡ "He was formed to unite the aristocracy and the people, with the manners of a Court, and the principles of a Patriot.—Unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles, he annexed to the love of freedom, a veneration for order, and cast on the crowd that followed him, the gracious shade of his own accomplishments, so that the very rabble grew civilized, as it approached his person. For years did he preside over a great army, without pay or reward; and he helped to accomplish a great Revolution, without a drop of blood. Let slaves utter their slander, and bark at glory which is conferred by the People; his name will stand; and when their clay shall be gathered to the dirt to which they belong, his monument, whether in marble, or in the hearts of his Countrymen, shall be consulted as a subject of sorrow, and a source of virtue."

Some few years afterwards, that is, about the end of the year 1774, a taste for Dramatic amusements was very prevalent in the County of Kilkenny. Plays were got up at Knocktopher, Farmley, and Kilfane, the Seats of the late SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE, Mr. HENRY FLOOD,

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* BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Macheath,	Captain Morris.
Peachum,	Lord Charlemont.
Lockit,	Rev. Dean Marlay.
Filch,	Mr. Thomas Connolly.
Polly,	Miss Martin.
Lucy,	Lady Louisa Connolly.
Mrs. Peachum,	The Countess of Kildare.
Mrs. Slammekin,	Viscount Powerscourt.
Jenny Diver,	Miss Vesey.
Coaxer,	Miss Adderley.

† PROLOGUE.

Our Play to-night wants novelty, 'tis true;
That to atone, our Actors are all new;
And sure our Stage than any Stage is droller,
Lords act the rogue, and Ladies play the stroller:
And yet, so artfully they feign, you'll say
They are the very characters they play—
But know, they're honest, though their looks bely it,
Great ones ne'er cheat, when they get nothing by it.
Our Ladies, too, when they this Stage depart,
Will pilfer nothing from you, but your heart;
The melting music of our *Polly's* tongue
Will charm beyond the Syren's magic song.
If *Lucy* seems too meek, yet never fear,
For all those gentle smiles she'll scold her dear;
But her keen rage so amiable is found,
Macheath you'll envy, though in fetters bound.
If *Peachum's wife*, too fair, too graceful prove,
And seem to emulate the queen of love;
If no disguise her lustre can conceal,
And every look a matchless charm reveal;
We own the fault, for, spite of art and care,
The Loves and Graces will attend *Kildare*.
Diver, and blooming *Coaxer*, if you knew them,
You'd think you ne'er could be too loving to them.
When you behold our *Peachum*, *Filch*, and *Lockit*,
You'll shudder for your purse, and guard your pocket.
When *Slammekin* you view politely drunk,
You'll own the genuine Covent Garden Punk.

Thus virtue's friends, their native truth disguise,
And counterfeit the follies they despise;
By wholesome ridicule, proud vice to brand,
And into virtue laugh a guilty land.
But when this busy mimic scene is o'er,
All shall resume the worth they had before;
Lockit himself his knavery shall resign,
And lose the Gaoler in the dull Divine.

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‡ *Reply to* LORD CLARE—1800.

of Parliamentary celebrity, and Mr. GERVAIS PARKER BUSHE. The two former of these Gentlemen were then in the Irish House of Commons; the latter had not yet taken a Seat there. Mr. HENRY GRATTAN, connected by marriage with the family of Mr. BUSHE, was a Member of this Theatrical Society, which passed from one elegant and hospitable Mansion to another, for the purpose of enjoying their classic recreations; a little strolling community, of no mean talents, or ordinary pretensions.—Among other Plays, they performed *Macbeth*; and it is rather curious to reflect, that of the two contending Heroes in the Play, *Macduff* became the lot of Mr. GRATTAN, while that of *Macbeth* devolved on his, then latent, rival, Mr. FLOOD. "My rival,* as they call him,"—says Mr. GRATTAN, long after their contentions on the Stage and in the Senate were equally at rest, "and I should be unworthy the character of *his* rival, if in his grave I did not do him justice; he had his faults, but he had great powers,—great public effect. He persuaded the old,—he inspired the young—the Castle vanished before him. On a small subject he was miserable. Put into his hand a distaff, and like Hercules he made sad work of it; but give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of a Jupiter." Such were the terms in which Mr. GRATTAN spoke of his opponent. He has himself since sunk into the grave, but the name he has left is immortal.—† "Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of GRATTAN? No Government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of IRELAND—lived for no other object—dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendour of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born, and so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius, were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of man was to make other men free and happy; and in that straight line he went on for fifty years, without one side-look, without one yielding thought, without one motive in his heart, which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man."

In the year 1776, the RIGHT HON. DAVID LA TOUCHE indulged the juvenile members of his Family with a Theatrical Fete at Marlay, his residence in the County of Dublin. The lines that Milton wrote, were not considered by that excellent Gentleman to be unfit for the study and recital of his children, and the *Masque of Comus* ‡ was chosen for their amusement.

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* Reply to Lord Clare, 1800.

† Ed. Rev. "Ireland," Vol. 34.

‡ MARLAY,
Monday Evening, the 30th of September, 1776.

COMUS.

Comus,	Mr. Whyte.
Elder Brother,	Miss Emilia La Touche.
Younger Brother,	Miss Harrietta La Touche.
First Spirit,	Miss Mariann La Touche.
Second Spirit,	Miss Anne La Touche.

Bacchanals, Masters David, George, and John La Touche.
Bacchante, Miss Maria La Touche.

Euphrosyne,	Miss Dunn.
Pastoral Nymph,	Miss Maria Monro.
Sabrina,	Miss Gertrude La Touche.
And the Lady,	Miss La Touche.

Sweet Echo, Mrs. La Touche.

Shane's-Castle, in the County of Antrim, the Seat of the Right Hon. John O'Neill, who was afterwards raised to the Peerage, became the scene of Theatrical festivities, in the year 1785.---* "Descended from the most celebrated Chiefs of ancient Ireland, this Gentleman bore, in his portly and graceful mein, indications of a proud and illustrious pedigree :--- the generous openness of his countenance---the grandeur of his person---and the affability of his address, marked the dignity of his character, and, blending with the benevolence of his disposition, formed him one of the first Commoners of the Irish nation. In public and in private life Mr. O'Neill was equally calculated to command respect, and conciliate affection ;--- high-minded---open---and well educated---he clothed the sentiments of a Patriot in the language of a Gentleman ;---his abilities were moderate, but his understanding was sound ;---though he did not shrink from the approbation of the Court, he preferred the applauses of his Country, and formed one of the most perfect models of an aristocratic patriot." This Gentleman, assisted by his friends, got up several Plays at Shane's-Castle. The performances of the first night were, "*Cymbeline*," and "*The Upholsterer*." The casts of the characters, taken from one of the Bills † of their little Theatre, are given below, as well as the copy of an ‡ Epilogue written and spoken by the lovely Mistress of the Mansion, in the character of a Sylph. We see in this Bill, the name of the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, opened a Private Theatre in the year 1778, at the Lodge he then occupied in the Phœnix Park. The Perfor-

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* Hist. Anecd. of Union.

† Shane's-Castle Theatre,

Monday Evening, the 28th November, 1785.

Cymbeline.

Cymbeline,	Mr. Crom. Price.
Guiderius,	Lord Hen. Fitzgerald.
Arviragus,	Mr. Webster.
Cloten,	Mr. North.
Belarius,	Mr. Charles P. Leslie.
Posthumus,	Mr. O'Neill.
First Lord,	Mr. Hill Wilson.
Second Lord,	Lord Ed. Fitzgerald.
Pisanio,	Mr. Lang.
Iachimo,	Mr. Isaac Corry.
Caius Lucius,	Mr. Edward Corry.
Philario,	Mr. St. John O'Neill.
Page,	Mr. Chas. O'Neill.
Queen,	Mrs. O'Neill.
Imogen,	Mrs. St. Leger.
Helen,	Miss Boyd.

Upholsterer.

Quidnunc,	Mr. North.
Pamphlet,	Mr. Charles P. Leslie.
Razor,	Mr. Lang.
Feeble,	Mr. St. John O'Neill.
Bellmour,	Mr. Crom. Price.
Rovewell,	Mr. Webster.
Harriet,	Mrs. St. Leger.
Termagant,	Mrs. O'Neill.

‡ Epilogue.

From those bright starry mansions of the sky,
Where Ariel keeps his playful court I fly—
I wing'd my passage through the realms of light,
To give my airy form to mortal sight.

Of all the light inhabitants of air,
We Sylphs have most of trust, and most of care :
Some rule the Planets, in their distant spheres,
Or change the Seasons thro' revolving years ;
Far sweeter tasks our happier Fates prepare,
With cautious hand we guide the wav'ring Fair ;
With soft persuasion, and with nicer art,
We mould that subtle thing—a woman's heart.
Whilst others calm the storms, or bid them rise,
We watch the weather in the fair one's eyes.
Some paint with varied colours Iris' bow,
We bid the cheeks with lovelier blushes glow ;

mances commenced with * "*Macbeth*," and "*The Citizen*," at which were present the LORD LIEUTENANT and his Family, attended by all the fashionable world then in Dublin.

In the Spring of the year 1786, the COUNTESS OF ELY commenced a series of Theatrical performances at her Mansion in Ely-place. The upper part of the House was allotted to these amusements, from which, as well no doubt as from other and better claims to that title, their little Play-house was not inaptly called "the *Attic* Theatre." The Tragedy of † "*The Distressed Mother*," with the Farce of "*All the World's a Stage*," were among the first performances. The Tragedy of "*Lear*" followed in a few nights afterwards, when an Epilogue was spoken by the present SIR ROBERT LANGRISHE.

Whilst some direct the Senate, and the State,
Anxious, we hover o'er the lover's fate;
In gentle gales we waft the tender sigh,
Inspire the soft request, and kind reply;
Bid tender thoughts in female breasts arise,
And kind consent sit beaming in their eyes;
With mutual rapture make their bosoms move,
And bid the lip of beauty, say—"I love."

Let bolder spirits martial banners wave,
And sit triumphant o'er the Warrior's grave;
No rage for glory fires our lighter hearts,
To Love, not war, belong our sportive arts;
Mirth is the pastime of each wanton sprite,
Pleasure our aim, and revel our delight.

Ariel to me consign'd the ruling power,
And lends his wand to gild this festive hour.
Here we've directed many a jocund feat,
And cheer'd with merry scenes this ancient seat.
This favor'd spot a thousand Sylphs engage
To dress the banquet, and adorn the stage;
On wings of gossamer around they float,
And swell soft harmony's expressive note,
To melt the soul,—while others gay advance,
To lead the measures of the sprightly dance.

And now selected by my choicest care,
To me intrusted comes each favorite Fair.
How sweet the task! was ever Sylph so vain,
Blest with the charge of such a lovely Train.

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* THEATRE, PHŒNIX PARK,

Monday Evening, January 19, 1778.

MACBETH.

Duncan,	Mr. Staples.
Malcolm,	Mr. Hutchinson.
Donalbain,	Sir Michael Cromie.
Macbeth,	Mr. Jephson.
Macduff,	Mr. Luke Gardiner.
Banquo,	Sir Alexander Schomberg.
Fleance,	Mr. Barry St. Leger.
Lenox,	Mr. T. Burgh.
Ross,	Mr. Isaac Corry.
Siward,	Captain Ormsby.
Young Siward,	Mr. St. Leger.
Seyton,	Captain Burgh.
Lady Macbeth,	Mrs. Gardiner.
Gentlewoman,	Mrs. Jephson.

Speaking Witches, Mr. Toler, Mr. Knox, Mr. Prendergast, &c.

Singing Witches, Miss Gardiner, Miss Norman, Mr. Waller, &c.

Hecate,	Mr. Swan.
Apparitions,	Masters Montgomery.
Doctor,	Mr. R. Gardiner.

CITIZEN.

Old Philpot,	Mr. R. Gardiner.
Young Philpot,	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
Sir Jasper Wilding,	Mr. Prendergast.
Young Wilding,	Mr. Knox.
Beaufort,	Mr. Cobbe.
Quilldrive,	Captain Ormsby.
Maria,	Miss Gardiner.

ORCHESTRA, Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Sac. Hamilton, Mr. Quinn, &c.

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† ATTIC THEATRE,

Wednesday Evening, April 19, 1786.

THE DISTRESSED MOTHER.

Pyrrhus,	Mr. Westenra.
Orestes,	Mr. C. Powell Leslie.
Pylades,	Mr. Crom. Price.
Phœnix,	Mr. A. Mac Leane.
Hermione,	Miss Lee.
Andromache,	Mrs. Monroe.
Cleone,	Mrs. St. Leger.
Cephisa,	Mrs. Price.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Charles Stanley,	Mr. C. Price.
Diggory,	Mr. Robert Langrishe.
Miss Bridget,	Mrs. Lee.
Miss Kitty,	Mrs. St. Leger.

Soon after the commencement of these Plays, the SHANE'S-CASTLE ASSOCIATION got up a very beautiful little Theatre in Dublin, in a place called Shaw's-court, situated in that part of Dame-street, which is now the site of the Commercial Buildings. While the necessary preparations were going forward, the Irish Parliament was sitting; but the first Play ‡ was deferred till the day on which it was prorogued, because many of the Performers were Members of the House of Commons---Mr. ISAAC CORRY, Mr. CHARLES POWELL LESLIE, LORD HENRY FITZGERALD, Mr. CROMWELL PRICE, Mr. CHARLES O'NEILL, and others. At this performance, the DUKE OF RUTLAND, || then LORD LIEUTENANT of Ireland, and his Lady, were present.

The *Attic* Theatre, in Ely-place, was again opened in 1787, when the Tragedies of "*Lear*," and "*Douglas*," were performed there. The DUKE OF RUTLAND died on the 24th of October, in this year, and was succeeded in the Government, by the MARQUESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

At the close of the year 1787, the EARL and COUNTESS OF GRANDISON indulged their friends with a few Plays at Dromana, their Seat in the County of Waterford. The first of them took place on Friday, * the 14th of December, and was honored by the presence of his Royal Highness PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY, now DUKE OF CLARENCE.† The Prince was then engaged in the duties of his profession, which had brought him to the Southern Coast of Ireland.

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‡ SHAW'S-COURT THEATRE,
Monday Evening, May 8, 1786.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Veranes,	Lord Henry Fitzgerald.
Leontine,	Mr. C. Powell Leslie.
Atticus,	Mr. Crom. Price.
Theodosius,	Mr. Isaac Corry.
Delia,	Mrs. Price.
Athenais,	Mrs. St. Leger.

|| "The performances at the Private Theatre in Shaw's-court were honored by the presence of their Graces, the DUKE and DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, who, with the DUKE of LEINSTER, and all the Nobility and Gentry present, were afterwards entertained at Supper in the most sumptuous manner by the Right Honorable the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, at his House in Ely-place."—(*Dublin Journal.*)

* DROMANA THEATRE,
Friday Evening, December 14, 1787.

VENICE PRESERVED.

Duke of Venice,	Mr. G. Ogle.
Priuli,	Mr. Edmund H. Pery.
Bedamar,	Sir John Carden.
Pierre,	Mr. Alcock.
Jaffier,	Mr. Trevor Ashe.
Renault,	Mr. E. Uniacke.
Spinosa,	Mr. P. Carden.
Theodore,	Mr. Hatton.
Senators, Officers, &c.	Earl of Glandore, Sir Richard Musgrave, Mr. M. Keane, &c.
Belvidera,	Miss Smith.

ROSINA.

Mr. Belville,	Mr. Trevor Ashe.
Capt. Belville,	Sir John Carden.
William,	Mr. R. Uniacke.
Rustic,	Mr. M. Keane.
Haymakers,	Mr. Carden, Mr. P. Carden.
Rosina,	Miss Keily.
Dorcas,	Mrs. Keily.
Phœbe,	Mrs. Cochlan.

† "The presence of His Royal Highness PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY, in the little Theatre of Dromana, inspired both the Audience and the Performers with feelings of gratification not to be described. Early on the day of the performance he arrived from Curraghmore, the Seat of the EARL OF TYRONE, and spent the whole of the day with the EARL OF GRANDISON, anxiously waiting for the commencement of the Play. The Royal Visitor was saluted on entering the Theatre by the customary tributes of respect, the House standing, and the Band playing "God save the King." At the close of the Tragedy, the other national strain of "Rule Britannia" was sung in full chorus by every one present. A splendid Ball and Supper concluded the entertainments of the night. LADY ANNE HATTON, the COUNTESS OF GRANDISON and MISS SMITH, had each, in succession, the honor of dancing with the PRINCE—to the latter of whom he paid many compliments on her performance of *Belvidera.*"—(*Dublin Journal.*)

A second performance took place on Monday, the 17th, † in which the Earl himself took a part.

In 1789, the *Attic* Theatre was again opened. The performances began with the Comedy of "*Every Man in his Humour*," and the Farce of "*Lethe*;" the Tragedy of "*King John*" followed in a few nights afterwards, and on both of these occasions the MARQUESS OF BUCKINGHAM with all his Court was present. On the latter night, a Prologue was spoken by the late LORD MOUNTJOY, and an Epilogue by the present SIR ROBERT LANGRISHE.

In 1793 the little Theatre in Fishamble-street was taken by a Company of Noblemen and Gentlemen, who acted Plays there, in that and the following year, which attracted all the Rank and Fashion of the Country; and, in 1795, French Plays were performed at Roebuck-Castle, the Seat of LORD TRIMLESTON, in the neighbourhood of Dublin; among others, the "*Metromanie*," a Comedy by *Piron*, in which his Lordship, Mr. BARNWELL, and the *Compte* M'CARTY, supported the principal characters.

This is the last of these Theatres to which we mean to advert, and we have now only to say a few introductory words upon that which is the subject of the following pages.

The PRIVATE THEATRE OF KILKENNY was opened, for the first time, on the 2d of February, 1802. There was a second Season in the month of October in the same year. October became afterwards the appointed time of meeting. The Plays, with the amusements attendant on them, did not at first occupy more than a week, but they soon came to employ two, and for the latter years were never concluded in less than three; the last Performance took place on the 28th of October, 1819, when the Theatre of Kilkenny was finally closed.

The circumstances that led to the formation of this Establishment, which, with some intermissions, extended its useful and amusing labours through so many years, and attracted in its time so large a share of attention, are thus stated in one of the public Prints of that Town:— "The hospitable Mansion of KILFANE was, not long since, enlivened by a few Theatrical

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† DROMANA THEATRE,

Monday Evening, December 17, 1787.

PROVOKED HUSBAND.

Lord Townly,	Earl of Grandison.
Sir Francis Wronghead,	Mr. Trevor Ashe.
Mr. Manly,	Mr. Westenra.
Squire Richard,	Mr. Edmund H. Pery.
Count Basset,	Mr. Hatton.
Poundage,	Mr. G. Ogle.
John Moody,	Sir John Carden.
Lady Townly,	Miss Smith.
Lady Grace,	Miss Musgrave.
Lady Wronghead,	Mrs. Alcock.
Miss Jenny,	Miss Keily.
Myrtilla,	Mrs. Nagle.
Trusty,	Mrs. Musgrave.

BEGGAR'S OPERA—*(contracted.)*

Macheath,	Mr. Trevor Ashe.
Peachum,	Mr. R. Uniacke.
Lockit,	Mr. M. Keane.
Filch,	Sir John Carden.
Mrs. Peachum,	Mrs. Keily.
Polly,	Mrs. Musgrave.
Lucy,	Mrs. Cochlan.

Representations, got up by the highly-gifted Family there, with the aid of some of the principal Gentlemen of our County. Their little labours, undertaken for the mere purpose of their own private amusement, have led to a public result of a very interesting nature, for the same Gentlemen have been prevailed upon to exert those talents for the Drama, which they lately evinced at Kilfane, to promote the cause of Charity in Kilkenny."

To describe the advantages that accrued from this Establishment to the Charitable Institutions of Kilkenny were unnecessary, for they are recorded in the public acknowledgments † of those who have presided over them; but this was not its only good—it collected together a great portion of the educated and the affluent, and induced them to spend their time and their money at home; which, probably, but for its attractions, would have been spent abroad. Nor is this all—it often brought into the same social circle, many who at other seasons of the year were separated by those differences of politics or religion, that too frequently, and too fatally, divide us; and offered many favourable opportunities for the mutual exercise of courtesies and kindnesses, that might not have otherwise occurred, and which generous dispositions were not able to resist; so that the local relief which it was the means of collecting for the poor, was hardly less useful than its influence, so far as it extended, upon the habits and the feelings of the rich.

And who was the Founder of all this?—alas! he is in the * grave.—But he lived to see the termination of those classical amusements, to which he gave additional importance and respectability, by the weight and the purity of his own character. He gathered round him an association of Gentlemen, united by sympathy of taste, by regard for each other, but above all, by one common feeling of respect and affection for him. Even in this little sphere, it was a source of delight, and to ruder natures a subject of instruction, to see the gentleness and good feeling with which he softened and reconciled the rival pretensions that sometimes encountered him in distributing the business of the Drama—No Monarch ever "bore his faculties so meekly," and none, perhaps for that reason, ever reigned so completely in the hearts of his subjects.—But it is almost criminal to speak of the late Mr. RICHARD POWER, as the Founder only of these little pleasures, without reference to his other and higher qualities—qualities that will long endear his name to the good who survive him, and which have drawn from one of the best and warmest hearts, united with perhaps the finest talents that IRELAND ever yet produced, the following tribute to his Memory.

"When it is recollected that RICHARD POWER did not belong to any profession, never engaged in politics, filled no office, occupied none of those stations, the duties of which bring men under the observation of the public, it may seem extraordinary to those who did not know him, that his protracted sickness should have excited an interest so intense, and that his death should have produced a sensation of general regret.

† Vid. Contents, "Charitable Institutions."

* Mr. R. Power died December the 18th, 1824.

" Those feelings have expressed the loss sustained by society in private life, by the death of one of its worthiest members, and greatest ornaments. It would be great injustice to his higher claims upon the attachment of his many friends, to enlarge upon the accomplishments of a mind embellished by the cultivation of the fine arts, directed by a correct taste, and imparting to his conversation that grace without effort, and interest without display, for which he was distinguished. Talents and acquirements are of small account in the estimation of those who mourn over departed worth, with a sorrow justified by the moral excellence of him whom they deplore. His principles were pure, his sense of honor high, his affections generous and kind.---In the domestic connexions, he was a fond relation; in his closer intimacies, the steadiest and most devoted friend; in his general intercourse, frank, cordial, and conciliating.---It was truly said of him, that 'he never made an enemy, or lost a friend;' and in a Country distracted by civil and religious discord, a man could not be found, of any sect or party, who felt unkindly towards him.---Yet this popularity was not earned by the compliances of a timid or assenting character; he had a benevolence of disposition which made it pleasure to him to make others happy, and he shrunk from giving pain almost with the same instinct that men shrink from suffering it.---This made him prompt to approve, and slow to censure; indulgent to error, and encouraging to merit; yet there was something about him that repelled and rebuked whatever was sordid or mean; and when firmness was required, his integrity was uncompromising, and his courage not to be shaken.

" Upon those qualities his afflicted friends will long meditate, and fondly dwell; but, in the words of his favorite author,

——— " To add greater honors to his age,
" Than man could give him;—he died fearing God."

A mortal and wasting disease had, in the midst of health, prosperity and enjoyments, fastened on his life, and for more than three years was sustained with a patience which mere Philosophy could not inspire. In that dreadful trial, his mind was fortified by faith in revealed Religion, as his heart was imbued with all the charities which it inculcates; and those who witnessed his sufferings, can never, while they live, forget the serene temper, and the sublime, yet humble and pious, resignation with which he endured them.

" It is a trite and inaccurate expression to say, that by a memorial, such as this, justice is rendered to the memory of one who has gone to a better world.---The spirit, separated from earth, requires no such justice at our hands, and soars above the low considerations of praise or censure: With us, however, who survive, human passions remain, and a melancholy gratification of the best of our feelings is derived from the performance of such a duty, and by indulging in the praises of a departed friend, however vain and unavailing to the dead.

" Nor yet unprofitable are such tributes. If even a fictitious standard of excellence has been considered useful for the contemplation and imitation of mankind, how much more salutary must

it be to hold up to emulation the actual virtues of a real character, as an example of what is not only excellent, but attainable? If any young man, upon whom the world is now opening, instead of aspiring to the distinctions and renown which its higher pursuits may bestow, should feel the soberer and sounder ambition of devoting himself to the duties and enjoyments of private life. If he wish to improve his understanding and refine his taste by liberal and elegant cultivation, and to expand his heart by the practice of all that is amiable in the social virtues, from youth to age to be surrounded by 'troops of friends,' and, at his death, to deserve the regrets of the estimable and honourable—in short, to be all that is comprehended in the character of a good man, and a perfect Gentleman, let him study the model which RICHARD POWER has left behind him."

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PRIVATE THEATRE

OF

KILKENNY.

First Season.

1802,

Commenced the 2d, and closed the 6th of February.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. Neville.
Mr. Rothe.	Colonel Maxwell.
Mr. Tighe.	Mr. A. Helsham.
Mr. Crampton.	Master Helsham.
Mr. Bushe.	Officers of the Garrison, &c.

Mrs. King.
Miss Webb.
Miss Rouviere.

The Orchestra principally filled by Gentlemen of the Town and Neighbourhood.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Langrishe, and spoken by Mr. Rothe, At the first opening of the Theatre, the 2d of February, 1802.

Prologues in formal state precede their Plays,
With solemn rhymes to supplicate your praise—
Prologue, *fee'd* counsel for the Author's fame,
Bespeaking Patrons of his rising name,
Proclaims his genius—owns his graceful fears,—
So old in genius—tho' so young in years!
Then slightly touching outlines of the plot,
Hints what it is, or rather what 'tis not,
Hopes it may please, but bends before your laws,
Makes an obsequious bow, and so withdraws.
But *we*, who scorn in practis'd paths to move,
Plead in our own, not in our bard's behoof.
Nor shall we waste, in zeal for *Otway's doom,
Your needful patience, ere *our trial's* come.
If you be pleas'd, we shall not be forgotten:
If not, 'tis Otway's fault, who's dead and rotten,
Otway—whom *we*, with *truest* taste, pronounce,
As we're good actors, a consummate dunce;
So let the blame be *his*—the merit *ours*,
And your applause confirm our scenic pow'rs.
But still, 'tis proper, we should briefly say,
First, who we are, and second, why we play;
First, who we are—we are—psha! that's all stuff,
You know us every one, and that's enough.
Next—why we play—that too I'm sure you know,
Else whence this circling group? this crowded show?
'Tis not the curious that come here to-day;
'Tis not the lounger, idling life away;
'Tis not the beauty, to display her charms,
Nor vain coquet, nor fop with folded arms;
Not to see *us*, you've seen so oft before,
Nor hear old Otway, you've heard o'er and o'er;
No—'tis benign † *compassion* brings you here,
Swells the fond sigh—and prompts the willing tear,
And Pity, guardian of the helpless poor,
Leading her *vot'ries* to our grateful door.
Since heaven, relenting, deigns at last to smile,
And ‡ brighter prospects cheer this harass'd isle,
Let us to all extend the short-liv'd good,
The naked clothe, and give the hungry food,
Raise up the wretch, suppress by want and care,
Teach hope—and rescue misery from despair.
These are *our* objects—for this grace we sue,
These the inducements that solicit *you*.
Thus shall our harvests yield a rich return,
Thus shall our sports bid man forget to mourn;
Fictitious tears bid *genuine* cease to flow,
And our *feign'd* sorrows lighten *real* woe;
Thus shall our Motives justify our Means,
And Mercy consecrate these well-meant scenes.

* The only two Plays performed at the first Meeting were written by *Otway*, *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*.

† The original purpose of these Plays was to collect the means of contributing to the Charitable Societies of the City of Kilkenny; and how far this object was obtained, will best appear from their subsequent acknowledgments.

‡ The preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace had been signed about this period.

1802.

Tuesday, 2d February, 1802.

FIRST NIGHT.

THE ORPHAN.

ACASTO	...	Colonel Maxwell.
CASTALIO	...	Mr. R. Power.
POLYDORE	...	Mr. Crampton.
CHAMONT	...	Mr. Rothe.
ERNESTO	...	Mr. Neville.
PAGE	...	Master Helsham.
CHAPLAIN	...	Mr. A. Helsham.
MONIMIA	...	Mrs. King.
SELINA	...	Miss Webb.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

A PANTOMIME.

HARLEQUIN	...	Mr. Crampton.
LOVER	...	Mr. Bushe.
CLOWN	...	Mr. Neville.
COLUMBINE	...	Miss Rouviere.

Thursday, 4th February, 1802.

SECOND NIGHT.

VENICE PRESERVED.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Bushe.
PRIULI	...	Mr. Tighe.
BEDAMAR	...	Mr. Crampton.
JAFFIER	...	Mr. R. Power.
PIERRE	...	Mr. Rothe.
RENAULT	...	Colonel Maxwell.
ELLIOTT	...	Mr. Neville.
SPINOSA	...	Mr. A. Helsham.
BELVIDERA	...	Mrs. King.

Captain of the Guards, Conspirators, Executioner.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

DARBY	...	Mr. Neville.
BAGATELLE	...	Mr. Crampton.
CAPTAIN FITZROY	...	Mr. A. Helsham.
DERMOT	...	Officers of the Garrison, 32d Regiment.
PAT	...	
FATHER LUKE	...	
NORAH	...	Miss Webb.
CATHLEEN	...	Miss Rouviere.

Saturday, 6th February, 1802.

LAST NIGHT.

VENICE PRESERVED.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Bushe.
PRIULI	...	Mr. Tighe.
BEDAMAR	...	Mr. Crampton.
JAFFIER	...	Mr. R. Power.
PIERRE	...	Mr. Rothe.
RENAULT	...	Colonel Maxwell.
ELLIOTT	...	Mr. Neville.
SPINOSA	...	Mr. A. Helsham.
BELVIDERA	...	Mrs. King.

Captain of the Guards, Conspirators, Executioner.

A PANTOMIME.

HARLEQUIN	...	Mr. Crampton.
LOVER	...	Mr. Bushe.
CLOWN	...	Mr. Neville.
COLUMBINE	...	Miss Rouviere.

The hospitable Mansion of KILFANE was not long since enlivened by a few Theatrical Representations, that were got up by the highly-gifted Family there, with the aid of some of the principal Gentlemen of our County. Their little labours, undertaken for the mere purpose of their own private amusement, have led to a public result of a very interesting nature, for the same Gentlemen have been prevailed upon to exert those talents for the Drama, which they lately evinced at Kilfane, to promote the cause of Charity in Kilkenny. This last week has been devoted to this benevolent purpose, and seldom has our Town exhibited a scene of greater happiness. The novelty of such an Exhibition, as well as the purposes of it, attracted an overflowing Audience every Night of Representation, among whom we numbered every Family of distinction in the Neighbourhood. There were three Plays, with an interval Night between each, on which there was a Ball. The Gentlemen, who have devoted their time and their talents to support our little Charitable Theatre, have secured for themselves the admiration of their Friends, the respect of the People, and the gratitude of the Poor. The Mornings have been given to the pleasures of the Chase. Mr. POWER's FOX HOUNDS, admitted to be best in the Kingdom, remained in the Town for the whole of the week.—[*Kilkenny Paper, February*, 1802.]

1802.

Second Season.

1802,

Commenced the 11th, and closed the 22d of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. H. Tighe.
Mr. Rothe.	Lord Clonbrock.
Mr. Langrishe.	Hon. Mr. P. Butler.
Mr. Lyster.	Mr. Neville.
Mr. Tighe.	Mr. May.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. Kearney.
Mr. Bushe.	Mr. J. Kelly.
Mr. G. P. Bushe.	Mr. A. Helsham.
Mr. Barry.	Master Helsham.
Mr. Brownlow.	Colonel Maxwell.
Mr. R. Langrishe.	Officers of the Garrison, &c.

Mrs. Galindo.
Mrs. Williams.
Miss Griffiths.

The Orchestra principally filled by Gentlemen of the Town and Neighbourhood.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Langrishe, and spoken by Mr. R. Power, At the opening of the Theatre, the 11th of October, 1802.

To *you*,* my Friends depute me to convey
More grateful thanks than my weak words can say.
At *your* † desire, again our arms we wield,
And, with superior forces, take the field:
Cherish'd by you, our ardor brighter grows,
And with augmented fires each bosom glows.
No vulgar motives stimulate our muse,
But such as feeling hearts can ne'er refuse:
To smooth the bed of care—to wipe the tear
From silent, suffering misery, brings us here;
Encourag'd by your former kind applause,
Once more we come to plead in Pity's cause.
Think, as you drop your tribute at the door,
'Tis but an offering to befriend the poor:
Thus shall your *mercy* vindicate your *taste*,
Nor we, our *wit*—nor you, your *money*, waste.
What now can fill the vacant hours ‡ of Peace?
No news from Egypt now, or France, or Greece;
Nelson no more diffuses proud delight,
Nor Bonaparte's victories affright;
Morning or Evening Post no longer charms,
Success elates not—nor Defeat alarms:
Then to seduce you to these scenes, is kind,
And saves from stagnating the vacant mind:
And sure, such well-meant efforts to *amuse*,
No wit should ridicule—nor zeal abuse.

But nobler still we hold our purpos'd end,
Not to *amuse* alone, but to *befriend:*
To give kind succour to the poor and weak,
Induces you to hear, and us to speak.
Thus shall these sports bid joy and pleasure reign,
And teach e'en misery to forget his pain,
O'er our past sorrows cast a friendly veil,
And bid unbounded *charity* prevail.

Monday, 11th October, 1802.

First Night.

RULE A WIFE.

Duke of Medina	...	Mr. R. Power.
Juan de Castro	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
Michael Perez	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Alonzo	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Sanchio	...	Mr. May.
Leon	...	Mr. Rothe.
Cacafoga	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
Margaritta	...	Mrs. Galindo.
Altea	...	Miss Griffiths.
Estifania	...	Mrs. Williams.
Old Woman	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Maid	...	Mr. Bushe.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

Scout	...	Mr. Crampton.
Snarl	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
Sheepface	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
Justice Mittimus	...	Mr. Barry.
Mrs. Scout	...	Miss Griffiths.

Wednesday, 13th October, 1802.

Second Night.

THE REVENGE.

Don Alonzo	...	Mr. R. Power.
Don Carlos	...	Mr. Crampton.
Don Alvarez	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
Don Manuel	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
Zanga	...	Mr. Rothe.
Leonora	...	Mrs. Galindo.
Isabella	...	Miss Griffiths.

TOM THUMB.
(*From the original Tragedy.*)

King Arthur	...	Mr. R. Power.
Tom Thumb	...	Master Helsham.
Noodle	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
Doodle	...	Mr. Kearney.
Ghost	...	Mr. Barry.
Queen Dollalolla		Mr. May.
Princess Huncamunca		Mr. Tighe.
Glumdalca	...	Mr. Crampton.

Guards, Rebels, Courtiers, Magicians, Musicians, Maids of Honour, and others.

* To the Countess of Hardwicke, present. † To the Audience.
‡ The short Peace of 1802.

PRIVATE THEATRE OF KILKENNY.

1802.

Friday, 15*th October*, 1802.

THIRD NIGHT.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE DUKE	...	Mr. Barry.
BASSANIO	...	Mr. R. Power.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Crampton.
LORENZO	...	Mr. May.
ANTHONIO	...	Mr. Rothe.
SHYLOCK	...	Mr. Tighe.
TUBAL	...	Mr. Kearney.
LAUNCELOT	...	Mr. Langrishe.
SALANIO	...	Mr. A. Helsham.
SALARINO	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
PORTIA	...	Mrs. Galindo.
NERISSA	...	Mrs. Williams.
JESSICA	...	Miss Griffiths.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

DERMOT	...	Mr. Kelly.
BAGATELLE	...	Mr. Crampton.
CAPTAIN FITZROY	...	Mr. May.
PAT	...	Col. Maxwell.
DARBY	...	Officers of the Garrison.
FATHER LUKE	...	
NORAH	...	Mrs. Williams.
CATHLEEN	...	Miss Griffiths.

Monday, 18*th October*, 1802.

FOURTH NIGHT.

MACBETH.

DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND		Mr. G. P. Bushe.
MALCOLM	...	Mr. May.
MACBETH	...	Mr. R. Power.
MACDUFF	...	Mr. Rothe.
BANQUO	...	Mr. Tighe.
ROSSE	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
FLEANCE	...	Master Helsham.
LENOX	...	Mr. Bushe.
SEYTON	...	Mr. Kearney.
MURDERERS	...	Lord Clonbrock and Hon. Mr. P. Butler.
BLEEDING CAPTAIN	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
HECATE	...	Mr. Crampton.
FIRST WITCH	...	Mr. Barry.
SECOND WITCH	...	Mr. Langrishe.
THIRD WITCH	...	Mr. Brownlow.
SINGING WITCHES	...	Miss Griffiths, Mrs. Williams, &c.
LADY MACBETH	...	Mrs. Galindo.

THE ANATOMIST.

MONS. LE MEDECIN	...	Mr. Barry.
OLD GERALD	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
YOUNG GERALD	...	Mr. May.
MARTIN	...	Mr. Crampton.
CRISPIN	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
MADAME LE MEDECIN	...	Mrs. Williams.
ANGELICA	...	Miss Griffiths.

Wednesday, 20*th October*, 1802.

FIFTH NIGHT.

THE RIVALS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE		Mr. Lyster.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	...	Mr. R. Power.
FAULKLAND	...	Mr. Rothe.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER		Mr. Crampton.
ACRES	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
FAG	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
DAVID	...	Mr. Tighe.
COACHMAN	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
MRS. MALAPROP	...	Mr. Langrishe.
LYDIA LANGUISH	...	Mrs. Williams.
JULIA	...	Mrs. Galindo.
LUCY	...	Miss Griffiths.

A PANTOMIME.

HARLEQUIN	...	Mr. Crampton.
LOVER	...	Mr. Bushe.
CLOWN	...	Mr. Neville.
COLUMBINE	...	Miss Griffiths.

Friday, 22*d October*, 1802.

LAST NIGHT.

MACBETH.

DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND		Mr. G. P. Bushe.
MALCOLM	...	Mr. May.
MACBETH	...	Mr. R. Power.
MACDUFF	...	Mr. Rothe.
BANQUO	...	Mr. Tighe.
ROSSE	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
FLEANCE	...	Master Helsham.
LENOX	...	Mr. Bushe.
SEYTON	...	Mr. Kearney.
MURDERERS	...	Lord Clonbrock and Hon. Mr. P. Butler.
BLEEDING CAPTAIN	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
HECATE	...	Mr. Crampton.
FIRST WITCH	...	Mr. Barry.
SECOND WITCH	...	Mr. Langrishe.
THIRD WITCH	...	Mr. Brownlow.
SINGING WITCHES	...	Miss Griffiths, Mrs. Williams, &c.
LADY MACBETH	...	Mrs. Galindo.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

THE MINOR.

SIR WILLIAM WEALTHY		Mr. Barry.
SIR GEORGE WEALTHY		Mr. R. Power.
MR. RICHARD WEALTHY		Mr. H. Tighe.
SHIFT, SMIRK, & MRS. COLE		Mr. Langrishe.
LOADER	...	Mr. Bushe.
DICK	...	Mr. May.
TRANSFER	...	Mr. Tighe.
LUCY	...	Miss Griffiths.

1802.

EPILOGUE

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 22d of October, 1802.

Grave Prologue having made his formal bow,
More Playful Epilogue salutes you now.
Sententious Prologues dictate Rules for sense,
But Lighter Epilogues with Rules dispense,
And, free from dull restraint and critic laws,
Aim but at Cheerfulness—and your Applause;
Let Gravity put on what masque it will,
The taste of mankind's, to be merry still;
A serious air is like a full dress coat,
We wear it, our importance to denote,
And pass upon the world, for what we're not;
But, when we pomp and ceremony weather,
Put our blue frock on, and our mirth together.
Fashions still change—and different now the rage,
Since Classic Congreve penn'd his easy page;—
Now Rural Economics are the Ton,
Taste, wit and genius to the Soil belong;
Critics now write on Farming and Manure,
*Farming exhausts all modern literature;
This Rural rage e'en *female* bosoms fires,
Pan, not Apollo now, their souls inspires,—
A Smithfield Grazier's *jargon* they affect,
And the *soft* accents of their sex neglect;
This fair one boasts, how well she works her fallow,
How her hogs handle, and her oxen tallow;
While this one thinks long *horns* become the head,
T'other, by *crossing*, hopes to mend the *breed*;
The lovely Lady *Tuppit* proud with reason,
Lets out her rams at sixty pounds a season;—
" The bull your La'ship sent—'twas wond'rous kind,
" But the red heifer is too thin behind;
" To breed from such, I own I should be slow,
" Besides his tail's set on a foot too low,—
" Pardon my freedom, but my zeal will speak,—
" The Beast has too much leather on her neck."
Such modern taste must think *our* pastime mean,
Where neither oxen, sheep or swine are seen,
But we will still our *classic* course pursue,
And scorn *their* censures, while approv'd by *you;*
By you, whose judgment's true, whose feeling's kind,
Whose taste is elegant—and wit refin'd.
But could you think it possible that we,
Honest confederates in *Charity*,
Should wake the vigilance of † *pious spleen*,
To spoil these sports, and mar the good we mean?
Yet Doctor Cantwell lifts his eyes to Heaven,
And hopes *such crimes* may be at last forgiven.
" Such impious means to give the poor relief,
" Is adding want to want, and grief to grief,
" Better all starve, than crimes like these commit;
" Audience, and Actors, all shall smart for it.
" When Alms are given, let *me* dispense the boon;
" Heaven smiles upon *my* works, and *mine alone.*"
As if the canting Hypocrite would say,
" *There's but one gate to Heaven—and I've the key.*"
But we with *mirth* put by the weak attack,
Retort in rhyme, and laugh their follies back:
Then spare, ye rigid righteous, spare our Plays,—
Let each their *best* perform, their several ways;
'Tis yours, grave Sirs, to *preach*—'tis ours to *play*,
'Tis ‡ *yours* to succour wretchedness—and *pay*,
And, heedless what a meddling Priest may say,
Make *Charity* the Order of the Day.

‡ To the Audience.

The Ladies and Gentlemen, who applied too late for places to witness the approaching Performances at our Theatre, are hereby informed, that the three front seats of the Gallery are thrown into the Lettices for their accommodation.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Saturday, October 9th,* 1802.]

The City of KILKENNY has never witnessed such an assemblage of fashionable Society as it does at this moment. The Lodging-houses are all nearly full; and the Carnival, to which expectation has been anxiously looking for the last two months, at length has opened with the greatest spirit. The principal Actors of our Theatre are Members of some of the most distinguished Families of our County, and their Audience is not unworthy of the Rank and the Talents that appear before them. The Performances commenced on Monday night. Last Night the Assemblies opened at the Tholsel. The second of our Theatrical Performances takes place to night. To-morrow morning the followers of the Chase will take the field, and to-morrow night there will be a Concert at the Theatre, to be succeeded by a Ball—thus pass in merry round the varied pleasures of our happy time.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 13th,* 1802.]

Our City continues to be the centre of attraction among the gay and the fashionable, for the Fame of our Plays has gone forth, and the number of Strangers to be discovered among our Visitors is daily increasing—Thanks to the benevolent hearts of those who have abandoned the comforts of their Country Seats to live in inconvenient Lodgings, and undergo the nightly fatigues of Theatrical Representations, in order to create the means of bestowing, at a great expense to themselves, a benefit upon others. Their object, however, is accomplished—the Funds of our Charitable Institutions have got an abundant supply from their labors, and harmony and happiness prevail among us.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Saturday, October 16th,* 1802.]

The Performances of this Season are now over, and never did the most brilliant Audience that ever graced a Theatre behold a more extraordinary assemblage of varied talents than has been exhibited on our little Stage, in almost every department of the Drama—talents happily

* About this time the *New Lights* in *Farming* appeared, and engrossed, for a while, all conversation even amongst the fair Sex.

† Not *New Lights* in *Farming* alone, but *New Lights* in *Religion* also appeared about this time, the followers of which preached and paragraph'd against the Kilkenny Theatre; but they were unable to interrupt the continuance of its innocent amusements, or to suppress the Benevolence of the Charitable.

1803.

united, judiciously disposed, and benevolently exerted. Criticism is as unnecesary as it would be unbecoming. An appropriate Prologue and Epilogue, composed, we believe, by the Gentlemen of the Theatrical Association, preceded and concluded the Performances. The Scenic decorations were in the highest degree beautiful; many of the Dresses were superb, and all of them appropriate. The Theatre could with difficulty contain the numbers that thronged to it every Night; and yet such was the attention paid to the Stage, that even in those crowded Houses not a whisper was heard to interrupt the Performance, except when the general silence was broken by a burst of applause. Her Excellency Lady Hardwicke and her Suite honored with their presence one of the Stage Boxes. The Countess of Ormonde, Lady Elizabeth Kavanagh, Lady Eleanor Butler, with a large party of Nobility belonging to the ancient house of Ormonde, occupied the other. The Countess of Carrick, Lady Ann Maxwell, and the Members of their distinguished Family, filled a third; but in almost every row of the Box Circle, appeared lovely Women of the first Rank and Family, among us, in all the brilliancy of full dress, the pride and ornament of our Theatre, our County, and of our Country at large.—[*Kilkenny Paper, October 27th*, 1802.]

Third Season.

1803.

Commenced the 17th, and closed the 31st of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. Glascock.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. Bushe.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
Mr. Lyster.	Mr. R. Bushe.
Mr. Tighe.	Mr. M. Fitzgerald.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Mr. Brownlow.	Mr. H. Tighe.
Mr. Ponsonby.	Mr. Mason.

Master Helsham.

Mrs. Galindo.
Miss Walstein.
Mrs. Williams.
Mrs. Chalmers.
Miss Davison.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. J. Barrett.

PROLOGUE

Written and spoken by Mr. Tighe,

At the opening of the Theatre, the 17th of October, 1803.

Again we venture, on those boards, to try
The kind indulgence of your friendly eye;
Nor think *our* time, or *yours*, is spent in vain,
While British sentiments your praise obtain—
Aye, purely British, for our tastes refuse
All doubtful lessons from the * German Muse;
Resolved to combat, in our Patriot course,
'Gainst Foreign Morals, or a † Foreign Force.
If War shall call us to the Battle-plain,
Othello's occupation's found again—
And Denmark's Prince will wait no Spectre's word,
To point aright his vengeance and his sword.
Equal in arms, and arts, we can rehearse,
At morn, a Skirmish, and at eve, a Farce.
So gallant Frederic built, amid his wars,
One altar to the Muses, one to Mars.
Where'er he went, Thalia sat *en croupe*
To lead the Comic, with the Warrior troop;
Those, whom his Arms had conquer'd in the day,
He entertain'd at evening with a Play.
Tempering, like him, *our* Wars with Classic sport,
At once Bellona, and the Muse, we court;
Like him, by enemies surrounded, rise,
And Gallic arms, and German taste despise,
With Swords, and Pens combin'd, the war we'll wage,
Till both are beaten from the field, and stage.—
Let German dramatists for France enlist,
Rebels, with leaden head, and iron fist;
Nature laughs with us, when such idiot schools
Stamp Horace, or the Stagyrite, for Fools:
Here the flat Pathos without cause appears,
To drown bombastic Comedy in tears;
Unseemly vices plunging thro' the mud,
There, wrapt in mist, pursue the scent of blood;
One lover here, to harmonize the lives
Of two kind damsels, makes two loving wives.
Incredulous we hate the crude attempt,
From all but dulness and from vice exempt;
For when insidious Vice apes Sentiment,
Let Nature mourn, and British hearts lament.—
The Stage, and Country, share an equal fate:
Corrupt the Taste, and you subvert the State.
To say that kings, and ministers, are fools,
All senates, hirelings, and all soldiers, tools,
Is but to *vandalise* the human race,
And raise up Anarchy in Wisdom's place.
To us, by Heav'n, are better prospects shown;
Virtue, we know, can live upon a Throne:
And here, we know—but not to praise our friends,
With this short Prayer, at once our Sermon ends;
" Ne'er may the Land feel Bigotry or Fetters,
That to a Swift, and Congreve, first gave Letters!
And, where a Berkeley first began to reason,
May Wit, or Taste, be never out of season!"

* Some German Plays that were thought to be of questionable morality, were now but too popular on the Stage.

† France had renewed her hostilities against these Countries, and was threatening them with *Invasion*.

1803.

Monday, 17th October, 1803.

First Night.

THE INCONSTANT.

Old Mirabel	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Young Mirabel	...	Mr. R. Power.
Captain Duretete	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Dugard	...	Mr. Mason.
Petit	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.

Bravoes, Messrs. Brownlow, Glascock, G. P. Bushe, and Rd. Bushe.

Oriana	...	Miss Walstein.
Bisarre	...	Mrs. Williams.
Lamorce	...	Miss Davison.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Petruchio	...	Mr. Crampton.
Baptista	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Hortensio	...	Mr. Mason.
Grumio	...	Mr. Tighe.
Music Master	...	Mr. R. Power.
Biondello	...	Mr. Rd. Bushe.
Tailor	...	Mr. Glascock.
Catherine	...	Miss Walstein.
Bianca	...	Miss Davison.
Curtis	...	Mrs. Williams.

Thursday, 20th October, 1803.

Second Night.

THE COUNT OF NARBONNE.

Austin	...	Mr. Rothe.
Theodore	...	Mr. R. Power.
Fabian	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
Officers	...	Messrs. Ponsonby, and R. Langrishe.
The Count	...	Mr. Tighe.
Adelaide	...	Miss Walstein.
Hortensia	...	Mrs. Galindo.

THE CRITIC.

Sir Fretful Plagiary		Mr. Rothe.
Dangle	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
Sneer	...	Mr. Mason.
Puff	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Mrs. Dangle	...	Miss Davison.
Signor and Signora Ritornello		Messrs. Crampton and Glascock.

Characters in the Tragedy.

Lord Burleigh	...	Mr. Bushe.
Governor	...	Mr. Tighe.
Earl of Leicester	...	Mr. R. Power.
Sir Walter Raleigh		Mr. Glascock.
Sir Christopher Hatton		Mr. Brownlow.
Beef Eater	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Don Ferolo Whiskerandos		Mr. Crampton.
Tilburina	...	Mrs. Williams.
Confidante	...	Miss Davison.
Niece	...	Mrs. Chalmers.

Saturday, 22d October, 1803.

Third Night.

MACBETH.

Duncan, King of Scotland		Mr. G. P. Bushe.
Malcolm	...	Mr. Mason.
Donalbain	...	Mr. Bushe.
Macbeth	...	Mr. R. Power.
Macduff	...	Mr. Rothe.
Banquo	...	Mr. Tighe.
Rosse	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Fleance	...	Master Helsham.
Seyton	...	Mr. Rd. Bushe.
Physician	...	Mr. H. Tighe.
Hecate	...	Mr. Crampton.
First Witch	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Second Witch	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Third Witch	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Singing Witches		Miss Davison. Mr. R. Cooke. Mrs. Williams, &c.
Lady Macbeth	...	Mrs. Galindo.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

Sir John Loverule	...	Mr. Mason.
Butler	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Cook	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Coachman	...	Mr. Rd. Bushe.
Conjurer (*With an occasional Epilogue*)		Mr. Tighe.
Jobson	...	Mr. Glascock.
Lady Loverule	...	Miss Davison.
Lucy	...	Mrs. Chalmers.
Nell (*With Songs*)	...	Miss Walstein.

Tuesday, 25th October, 1803.

Fourth Night.

HAMLET.

Claudius, King of Denmark		Mr. Rothe.
Hamlet	...	Mr. R. Power.
Polonius	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
Laertes	...	Mr. Rd. Bushe.
Horatio	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Rosencrantz	...	Mr. Mason.
Guildenstern	...	Mr. Bushe.
Osrick	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Marcellus	...	Mr. Tighe.
Player King	...	Mr. Glascock.
Prologue	...	Mr. Barret.
First Gravedigger	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Second Gravedigger		Mr. Brownlow.
Ghost	...	Mr. M. Fitzgerald.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark		Mrs. Galindo.
Ophelia	...	Miss Walstein.
Actress	...	Miss Davison.

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

Fustian	...	Mr. Glascock.
Daggerwood	...	Mr. Crampton.
Manager's Servant	...	Mr. Mason.

1803.

Thursday, 27th October, 1803.

FIFTH NIGHT.

RULE A WIFE.

DUKE OF MEDINA	...	Mr. R. Power.
JUAN DE CASTRO	...	Mr. Mason.
MICHAEL PEREZ (*The Copper Captain*)	...	Mr. Langrishe.
CACAFOGO	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
ALONZO	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
LEON	...	Mr. Rothe.
MARGARITTA	...	Mrs. Galindo.
ALTEA	...	Miss Davison.
ESTIFANIA	...	Mrs. Williams.
OLD WOMAN	...	Mr. Brownlow.
MAID	...	Mr. Bushe.

LOVERS QUARRELS.

CARLOS	...	Mr. R. Power.
LOPEZ	...	Mr. Glascock.
SANCHO	...	Mr. Crampton.
LEONORA	...	Miss Walstein.
JACINTHA	...	Mrs. Williams.

Saturday, 29th October, 1803.

SIXTH NIGHT.

OTHELLO.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Bushe.
OTHELLO	...	Mr. Rothe.
BRABANTIO	...	Mr. Tighe.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Rd. Bushe.
LODOVICO	...	Mr. Mason.
CASSIO	...	Mr. R. Power.
IAGO	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
RODERIGO	...	Mr. Glascock.
MONTANO	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
DESDEMONA	...	Miss Walstein.
EMILIA	...	Mrs. Galindo.

THE CITIZEN.

OLD PHILPOT	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
YOUNG PHILPOT	...	Mr. Crampton.
SIR JASPER WILDING	...	Mr. G. P. Bushe.
YOUNG WILDING	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
BEAUFORT	...	Mr. Mason.
QUILLDRIVE	...	Mr. Glascock.
MARIA	...	Miss Walstein.
CORINNA	...	Miss Davison.

Monday, 31st October, 1803.

LAST NIGHT.

THE RIVALS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE		Mr. Lyster.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	...	Mr. R. Power.
FAULKLAND	...	Mr. Rothe.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER		Mr. Crampton.
ACRES	...	Mr. Glascock.
FAG	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
DAVID	...	Mr. Tighe.
COACHMAN	...	Mr. Mason.
MRS. MALAPROP	...	Mr. Langrishe.
JULIA	...	Miss Walstein.
LYDIA LANGUISH	...	Mrs. Chalmers.
LUCY	...	Miss Davison.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

SIR JOHN LOVERULE	...	Mr. Mason.
BUTLER	..	Mr. Ponsonby.
COOK	...	Mr. Brownlow.
COACHMAN	...	Mr. Rd. Bushe.
CONJURER (*with a suitable Address*)	...	Mr. Tighe.
JOBSON	...	Mr. Glascock.
LADY LOVERULE	...	Miss Davison.
LUCY	...	Mrs. Chalmers.
NELL (*With Songs*)	..	Miss Walstein.

EPILOGUE

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 31st of October, 1803.

Mr. Langrishe, as PUFF, discovered writing at a Table.

Enter the Prompter.—

PROMPTER.

Mr. Puff, the Play's done, and the audience won't wait;
Make haste with your Epilogue—or you'll be late;
Or, if you've none ready—just give out a Play,
For the meeting next year, in the regular way;
Say something that's civil—no matter how short,
For the audience, this evening, are *all the right sort.*

PUFF—*rising.*

Well! I'm coming—'tis lucky I've little to speak,
For we've all been on dev'lish hard duty this week;
But whatever I say's sure to answer our ends,
For these *Gentlemen players* fill the house with their friends.

[*Prompter, Exit.*]

1803.

PUFF—*coming forward.*

Ladies and Gentlemen!
*On the Twelfth of December, I'm order'd to say,
('Tis now in Rehearsal,) will be acted a Play;
An Historical Drama, reviv'd, and new nam'd,
Call'd the *Vanquish'd Invaders*, or *Frenchmen Asham'd*:
Three times acted before, (as state chronicles shew,)
†Under Managers—*Humbert*—and *Hoche*—and *Thuro*.
With a *Farce* after that, neatly written by me—
Full of sentiments pure—and from ribaldry free;
Undefil'd by smart sallies of humour or wit,
Or impertinent jests, that may hurt, where they hit:
The whole, with an *Epilogue* apt to conclude,
In metre that's tuneful—with moral that's good,
By *me*—and not what you're accustom'd to hear,
But innocent, decent, and void of all sneer.

Mr. Langrishe.

So far says Puff—and well, in way of trade:
But yet, by me some Comment must be made;
His Play, *th' Invaders Vanquish'd*, I admire,
Each hand shall aid it, and each Muse inspire:
But—*Sentimental* Farces please this town—
Innocent Epilogues—they'll ne'er go down.—
Farces should hold up feibles to the view,
For wit, by laughter follow'd, to pursue;
Should touch, with ridicule, each frail beginner,
That shame may strike the fool—or save the sinner:
Thus shall prim preachers, tho' they cant and croak,
Reluctant, learn a moral in a joke.
The lighter flights and follies of the hour
Must give to *Epilogue* his playful pow'r.
Then, how can Comic Muse find matter here,
Where not a fault, or folly, will appear!
No *female grazier* ‡ now, no mincing prude,
Nor *sinning Psalm-singer* § dare here intrude.
I own,—that to our moral lectures past,
You owe those decencies—you've learned *too* fast;
Yet—out of mercy to the Drama, we
Will lean on venial faults, with lenity;
And suffer you, in pity, to commit
Some pregnant follies, to produce some wit,
And give the Comic Muse some little food;
For you will starve her, if you grow so good;
If you remain decorous and demure,
Poor Epilogue becomes a sinecure;
But, if you wish for playful jest again,
Fresh Frailties must inspire your poet's strain.
Yet we will laugh—tho' *you* refuse a cause;
Laugh—at all efforts to subvert our laws—
Laugh—at the menace of vain-glorious France—
Laugh—at defeated Treason's ‖ pointless lance—
Laugh—at those friends, whom terror keeps away
From the safe pleasures of our liberal Play—
Laugh—at those prurient teachers, that abuse
These well-meant projects of the playful Muse,
And, (for some selfish purpose,) would decry
This bounteous impulse of your Charity.
Thus, tho' convulsions rend the world around,
No hostile breath shall blast *this* favor'd ground.
Your presence dissipates each gathering fear,
And wipes from terror the foreboding tear:
Your eyes, like Phœbus, chase all mists away,
Nor let to-morrow's danger cloud to-day.
When charms, like these, a nation's fires excite,
Cowards shall combat, every dunce shall write,
Nor cares nor perils shall *our* zeal abate,—
Let but *your* Plaudits on our efforts wait.

* At this time there was a general expectation that the French would invade Ireland.

† The Leaders of the three last attempts to invade Ireland by the French.

‡ Vide page 9.—Notes to Epilogue.

§ *Ibid.*

‖ Alluding to the failure of the desperate effort made by some disaffected individuals in the year 1803, to disturb the tranquillity of the Metropolis, and shake the loyalty of the Country.

Our Theatre opened on Monday Night last. The Audience, though not so numerous as upon former occasions, was very select. As most of the Lodgings in the Town, and all the Boxes, are taken, there is reason to expect, that the remaining Entertainments of this week, and the whole of the next, will bring crowded houses.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 19th*, 1803.]

Last Monday Night, the 31st ulto. ended our annual Theatrical amusements, in aid of the Charitable Institutions of Kilkenny; and we are happy to announce to the Public, that no less a sum than *SIX HUNDRED POUNDS was collected, which, after the necessary deductions, will leave a considerable proportion to be applied to those best of Charities. When we connect with the excellence of the Entertainments we have witnessed, the laudable purposes that gave them birth, and behold the Gentlemen of our County, those true Friends of the Poor, abandoning all their own domestic comforts, incurring considerable expense, and imposing on themselves no small portion of labor, in order to accomplish their objects, we own, that we can hardly repress our indignation at those enthusiastic Devotees, who, warm in the professions of their faith, but cold in the practices of Charity, have ventured to condemn our innocent and useful Recreations. To such persons we will simply say this, if you have been prevented by any scruples of Religion from visiting our Theatre, and thus adding to the resources of Charity, while you were enjoying an elegant and classical amusement, we hope, now that those pleasures are at an end, you will have no scruples of that, or any other kind, to prevent you from sending your Contributions to the General Fund. But we will pursue the theme no further. Our Theatre, we venture to assert, has exhibited, for this last week, a greater assemblage of rank, beauty and accomplishment, than that of the Capital often contains at the same time; and surely it is not to be wondered at, that the recitation of some of the sublimest productions of our best dramatic writers, by men of talent, taste and education, should bring together Crowds of those who regard the excellencies of Dramatic Literature and Dramatic Representation, with feelings of a kindred nature. To heighten the amusements of this Meeting, two superb Balls were given by the Gentlemen of the KILKENNY CLUB.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Saturday, November 5th*, 1803.]

* See page 14.

1804.

ADDRESS

From the CHARITABLE SOCIETIES of KILKENNY to the GENTLEMEN of the KILKENNY THEATRE,

Presented to them at the close of the Third Season, October, 1803.

The Charitable Societies of Kilkenny, impressed with the liveliest sense of gratitude, beg leave to return their unfeigned Thanks to the Gentlemen, who, with their wonted humanity, have exerted their Theatrical Talents in aid of the Charitable Funds of this City, when the gross sum of nearly SIX HUNDRED POUNDS was collected; a considerable proportion of which is *funded* for the benefit of those USEFUL INSTITUTIONS. The Prayers and Blessings of the Objects, thereby relieved, pleading "trumpet tongued" with the MOST HIGH in behalf of their kind BENEFACTORS, must speak their thanks; while the honest consciousness of their benevolent intentions can alone offer to *such minds* an adequate Reward.

(*Copy.*)

Fourth Season.

1804.

Commenced the 1st, and closed the 16th of October.

THE COMPANY.

* Mr. R. Power.

Mr. Rothe.	Mr. Pohl.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. Bryan.
Mr. Lyster.	Mr. J. Power.
Mr. Tighe.	Mr. Doyne.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Mr. Brownlow.	Mr. E. Glascock.
Mr. Ponsonby.	Mr. Mason.
Mr. Glascock.	Mr. Croker.
Mr. H. Butler.	Mr. Cornock.
Lord Mountjoy.	Colonel Cope.

Miss Walstein.
Mrs. Hitchcock.
Mrs. M'Culloch.
Miss Davison.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

* Mr. R. Power was unable to take any share in the Performances of this Season, from a sudden and severe indisposition.

PROLOGUE

Written by Mr. Mason, and Spoken by Mr. Rothe,

At the opening of the Theatre, the 1st of October, 1804.

Whene'er the Bard commands the tear to flow,
And gen'rous hearts to bleed for fancied woe,
The pulse of virtue throbs in *ev'ry* breast,
While e'en the *selfish* weep for the distress'd.
Or, when, with graceful art, his pen pursues
The livelier image of the Comic Muse,
Draws Nature, sullied by the arts of Pride,
And places Ridicule by Fashion's side,
Paints ev'ry folly in its native hue,
And holds Hypocrisy unmasqued to view;
The various Foibles that disgrace the age,
Expos'd to general Scorn upon the stage,
Shrink from the glance of Satire's piercing eye,
Or from her keen and polish'd weapons fly.
Such are the wonders of the Comic page:
And thus the scenic Muse improves the age,
Directs the feelings of impetuous youth,
And bids e'en *pleasure* lead the way to *truth*.

" To-night, she warms the youthful breast to feel
" The manly impulse of a Patriot's zeal;
" But, while his soul such noble ardor fires,
" He learns to guide the passions it inspires;
" Shuddering to view those scenes of deep Distress,
" Which flow from Treason's boundless selfishness,
" And from indulgence, criminally blind,
" Of e'en the gentlest feelings of the mind.
" When hapless Belvidera heaves the sigh,
" Or in distraction rolls her frenzied eye,
" Each heart that gives the tribute of a tear,
" That beats with anxious hope, or thrills with fear,
" Receives an useful Lesson from the Play,
" And all who *feel* must go *improv'd* away.—

But, in our scene *another* use we find,
Still *more* delightful to the gen'rous mind;
Those crowded rows, where *rank* and *beauty* vie,
To many a *wretch* a timely aid supply;
Bid Hope infuse new vigor in the breast,
Which sad despair and poverty depress'd;
Pour healing comfort in the wounded heart;
To drooping Age a cordial balm impart;
Restore to sick'ning Youth its wonted bloom,
And snatch th' untimely victim from the tomb.
Thus Mirth, Instruction, Charity, unite
Their various claims, to win your smiles this night;
Those smiles which, like the vernal sunbeam, glow,
To light the gloomy cloud on Sorrow's brow;
To warm with hope the frozen breast of Care,
And cheer away the winter of Despair.

The Lines marked with inverted commas were intended to precede the Tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, which had been prepared for an early representation, but the indisposition of *Mr. R. Power* rendered it necessary to lay that Play aside, and alter every proposed arrangement. They were not spoken therefore, but in their place were substituted some popular Lines, that were written upon the circumstances of the times.

1804.

Monday, 1st October, 1804.

First Night.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

Sir John Loverule	...	Mr. Mason.
Butler	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Cook	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Coachman	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Conjurer	...	Mr. Pohl.
Jobson	...	Mr. Glascock.
Lady Loverule	...	Miss Davison.
Lucy	...	Mrs. Chalmers.
Nell	...	Miss Walstein.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

Fop	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Favoured Lover	...	Mr. Crampton.
Female Dancer	...	Mr. Glascock.
Father	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
La Gouvernante	..	Mr. Brownlow.

THE DESERTER.

Henry	...	Mr. Crampton.
Russett	...	Mr. Bryan.
Simkin	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
Skirmish	..	Mr. H. Butler.
Flint	...	Mr. Pohl.
Soldiers	...	Mr. Mason, and Mr. R. Langrishe.
Louisa	...	Miss Walstein.
Jenny	...	Miss Davison.

Wednesday, 3d October, 1804.

Second Night.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Duke	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Frederick	...	Mr. Pohl.
Amiens	...	Mr. E. Glascock.
Jaques	...	Mr. Rothe.
Le Beau	...	Mr. Glascock.
Oliver	...	Mr. Crampton.
Orlando	...	Lord Mountjoy.
Adam	...	Mr. Lyster.
Charles	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Silvius	...	Mr. Mason.
Corin	...	Mr. Barrett.
Touchstone	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Foresters and Soldiers.		
Rosalind	...	Miss Walstein.
Cœlia	...	Miss Davison.
Phebe	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Audrey	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

THE SULTAN.

Solyman	...	Lord Mountjoy.
Osmyn	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Grand Carver	...	Mr. Crampton.
Elmira	...	Miss Davison.
Ismene	...	Mrs. Williams.
Roxalana	...	Miss Walstein.

Friday, 5th October, 1804.

Third Night.

OTHELLO.

Duke of Venice	...	Mr. Mason.
Othello	...	Mr. Rothe.
Brabantio	...	Mr. Tighe.
Gratiano	...	Mr. Bryan.
Cassio	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Iago	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Roderigo	...	Mr. Glascock.
Montano	...	Mr. Pohl.
Desdemona	...	Miss Walstein.
Emilia	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

Scout	...	Mr. Crampton.
Snarl	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Sheepface	...	Mr. Glascock.
Justice Mittimus	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Mrs. Scout	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

Monday, 8th October, 1804.

Fourth Night.

HENRY THE FOURTH,

First Part.

Henry IV.	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Prince of Wales	...	Lord Mountjoy.
Prince John of Lancaster		Mr. Mason.
Worcester	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Hotspur	...	Mr. Rothe.
Douglas	...	Mr. Crampton.
Westmoreland	...	Mr. Glascock.
Sir Walter Blunt	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Sir John Falstaff	...	Mr. Lyster.
Sir R. Vernon	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Poins	...	Mr. Bryan.
Peto	...	Mr. E. Glascock.
Travellers	...	Messrs. Williams and R. Cooke.
Bardolph		Mr. Pohl.
Lady Percy	...	Miss Davison.
Hostess		Mrs. Hitcheock.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

Fop	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Favoured Lover	...	Mr. Crampton.
Female Dancer	...	Mr. Glascock.
Father	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
La Gouvernante	...	Mr. Brownlow.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

Darby	...	Mr. Glascock.
Dermot	...	Mr. E. Glascock.
Pat	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Father Luke	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Bagatelle	...	Mr. Crampton.
Norah	..	Miss Davison.
Cathleen	...	Miss Walstein.

1804.

Wednesday, 10th October, 1804.

FIFTH NIGHT.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

SIR PETER TEAZLE	...	Mr. Langrishe.
SIR OLIVER SURFACE	...	Mr. Glascock.
JOSEPH SURFACE	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
CHARLES SURFACE	...	Mr. Rothe.
ROWLEY	...	Mr. Mason.
CRABTREE	...	Mr. Lyster.
SIR BEN. BACKBITE	...	Mr. H. Butler.
MOSES	...	Mr. Tighe.
SNAKE	...	Mr. Pohl.
TRIP	...	Mr. Bryan.
CARELESS	...	Mr. Crampton.
DRINKING GENTLEMEN		Mr. J. Power. Lord Mountjoy. Colonel Cope. Mr. Doyne. Mr. Cornock.
LADY TEAZLE	...	Miss Walstein.
LADY SNEERWELL	...	Mrs. Williams.
MRS. CANDOR	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
MARIA	...	Miss Davison.

BON TON.

LORD MINIKIN	...	Mr. H. Butler.
SIR JOHN TROTLEY	...	Mr. Lyster.
JESSAMY	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
COLONEL TIVY	...	Mr. Crampton.
DAVY	...	Mr. Bryan.
LADY MINIKIN	...	Mrs. Williams.
MISS TITTUP	...	Miss Walstein.
GYMP	...	Miss Davison.

Friday, 12th October, 1804.

SIXTH NIGHT.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

LIONEL	...	Mr. E. Glascock.
COLONEL OLDBOY	...	Mr. Lyster.
SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE		Mr. Langrishe.
JESSAMY	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
HARMAN	...	Mr. H. Butler.
JENKINS	...	Mr. Pohl
DIANA	...	Miss Davison.
LADY MARY OLDBOY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
CLARISSA	...	Miss Walstein.
SERVANTS	...	Mr. Mason, &c.

THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

JOHN LUMP	...	Lord Mountjoy
CALEB QUOTEM	...	Mr. Glascock.
LOONY M'TOULTER	...	Mr. H. Butler.
MR. DEPUTY BULL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
LUCY	...	Miss Davison.

Monday, 15th October, 1804.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

OTHELLO.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Mason.
OTHELLO	...	Mr. Rothe.
BRABANTIO	...	Mr. Tighe.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Bryan.
CASSIO	...	Mr. H. Butler.
IAGO	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
RODERIGO	...	Mr. Glascock.
MONTANO	...	Mr. Pohl.
DESDEMONA	...	Miss Walstein.
EMILIA	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

FOP	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
FAVOURED LOVER	...	Mr. Crampton.
OLD PAINTER	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
PAINTER'S DAUGHTER		Mr. Glascock.
LA GOUVERNANTE		Mr. Brownlow.

Tuesday, 16th October, 1804.

LAST NIGHT.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

FIRST PART.

HENRY IV.	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
PRINCE OF WALES	...	Lord Mountjoy.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER		Mr. Mason.
WORCESTER	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
HOTSPUR	...	Mr. Rothe.
DOUGLAS	...	Mr. Crampton.
WESTMORELAND	...	Mr. Croker.
NORTHUMBERLAND	...	Mr. Pohl.
SIR WALTER BLUNT	...	Mr. Brownlow.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	...	Mr. Lyster.
SIR R. VERNON	...	Mr. H. Butler.
POINS	...	Mr. Bryan.
PETO	...	Mr. E. Glascock.
BARDOLPH	...	Mr. Pohl.
TRAVELLERS	...	Messrs. Williams and R. Cooke.
LADY PERCY	...	Miss Davison.
HOSTESS	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

THE DESERTER.

HENRY	...	Mr. Crampton.
RUSSETT	...	Mr. Bryan.
SIMKIN	...	Mr. Glascock.
SKIRMISH	...	Mr. H. Butler.
FLINT	...	Mr. Pohl.
SOLDIERS	...	Mr. Mason and Mr. R. Langrishe.
LOUISA	...	Miss Walstein.
JENNY	...	Miss Davison.

1804.

EPILOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 16th of October, 1804.

Four times your presence hath our efforts grac'd,
Inspir'd our genius, and improv'd our taste;
Four times have we unlock'd our mystic store,
To feed our *vanities*, and feed the *poor;*
And to some merit, sure, we have pretence,
Who turn to *such* account our scanty sense;
Who cunningly combine our mimic tale,
Throw o'er our faults a *charitable* veil,
Turn private vanity to public good,
And work our follies into solid food.
Our wit's *substantial*, and our jest's a *treat*,
Productive pastimes! whence the poor shall *eat*.
If such *our* merit, greater still is *yours*,
Our scheme that sanctions, and our wit endures:
But were the wit still less, the plaintive call
Of melting Charity impels you all.
You come, propitious to the kind intent,
And indigence, and grief, no more lament.
You heal their woes, the pangs of pain assuage,
Save helpless Youth, and succour hopeless Age;
For you, the famish'd wretch his Prayers shall raise,
And from the bed of sickness pour your Praise,
For you, who lengthen life's contracting span,
And mitigate the miseries of man.
Tho' Critics censure, and tho' Zealots frown,
Here will we build our altar to Renown;
And, in despite of feeble *Fashion's* laws,
Here rest our claim to merit and applause;
For fashions change—no * *female Graziers* now
Extol the beauties of a favourite *sow*;
But † *female Phaetons* usurp their places,
And borrow from their Coachmen all their graces,
Cropt, modish Madam talks of *blood*, and *points*,
Full quarters, *pedigrees*, and *fetlock joints*,
Her listless Husband in her chariot locks,
Damns the Postillion, and ascends the Box,
Or still more modish, clad in Male array,
Rides her own ‡ match, inveterate, play or pay,
And beaten, challenges a future day.
Can these be *female* charms? this *beauty's* sphere?
To shine a Horse-racer or Charioteer?
Let them succeed! e'en their success must shock ye,
T' achieve—the Hackney coachman, or the Jockey.
Nor *Men* of Fashion can our pastimes move,
Too dull to join them, and too cold to love.
In well-made dishes all their genius lies,
Correct in custards, and expert in pies;
On savoury sauces they with science treat,
And think true *taste* consists in how to *eat*.
Thus modern Fashion, scorning Wit or books,
Our Females turns to Grooms, our Males to Cooks.

Be't *ours*, with well-meant jest, and sportive wit,
These fleeting follies of the hour to hit;
Be't *yours*, whose judgment is refin'd and clear,
T' establish genuine taste, and fix it here;
Thus shall these pleasant scenes the age befriend,
Reform the morals, and the manners mend.
No sports like these our Gallic neighbours know,
Forc'd into sad * *fraternity* of woe;
Long have they toil'd, and bled—for what?—to gain
A life of bondage, or a death of pain.
That once gay nation must no longer find
Its pleasures in vacuity of mind;
Their upstart Tyrant, tottering on his throne,
Suspicious, jealous, watchful, cruel grown,
Thinks human Happiness his foe on earth,
And blasts the project that gives Pleasure birth;
Banquets on Misery, exults in Crimes,
The scourge, disgrace, and *wonder* of the times.
Back from such painful objects turn your eyes;
Here brighter views and cheerful scenes arise;
Here, blest with liberty, and firm in pow'r,
We fill with pleasure every passing hour;
Here, court the Muses, midst the pause of arms,
Defy all menace, and despise alarms.
Yet some remain, who still these sports decry,
Still think good humour *rank impiety*,
Denounce the Drama—call a jest, a crime;
And say perdition follows every line.
Such impotent attacks we cannot dread,
From hearts of rancour, and from heads of lead.
In truth, these kind aspersers are our factors;
They but *increase* our audience, and our actors.
Then take our cordial thanks—a tribute due;
Whate'er success we boast, we owe to you—
Your kind indulgences together blend,
The advocate, the critic, judge, and friend;
Your Taste instructed us, your Feeling warm'd,
Your Judgment chasten'd, and your Beauty charm'd.
Long may your Plaudits call for future Plays,
Renew our labors, and revive our lays!
And if unaided by † *his* polish'd art,
By *him*, our pride, our genius, yes, our heart,
If without *him*, these scenes are felt by you,
What cannot your applause excite us to?
Then kindly minister that sure relief,
To sooth *his* sufferings and assuage *our* grief.
Whene'er your Plaudits, floating on the gale,
In well-known sounds his watchful ears assail,
The grateful notes his gathering ills control,
Ease his fraught breast, and cheer his drooping soul.
Then once again, your generous Praise extend,
Second the healing god, and save our Friend.

* An Epilogue of a former year, (p. 9) had alluded to the *Fashion* for *Farming* and *Feeding*, which existed so generally at that period.

† It was the custom of the Ladies about this time, who kept Carriages, to *drive* 'em.

‡ A Mrs. Thornton had rode a match at York.

* The Jargon of French Democracy. † *Mr. R. Power.*

A Letter from KILKENNY gives us the following account of the Meeting there. "This CITY never before possessed such an assemblage of rank and consequence as at present. Our Private Theatricals, the *Dramatis Personæ* of which were filled by Gentlemen of the first distinction, have proved such an attraction to the World of Taste, that they

1805.

have drawn here some of the most celebrated and virtuous Men of the Nation. Among our other Visitors, we delight to contemplate the immortal GRATTAN. We see also the classical and worthy Lord Bishop of MEATH; the EARLS of BELMORE, DESART, and CARRICK; the VISCOUNTS MOUNTJOY and MATTHEW; the Lords LISMORE and DONALLY, and their respective Families; the Countess of ORMONDE, the Viscountess MOUNTJOY, and a long list of COMMONERS, and beautiful WOMEN, many of them residents of our own happy County; nor must we forget the OFFICERS of the 74th Regiment, of the five recruiting Detachments, of a Corps of Artillery, and of four Troops of Dragoons, with the STAFFS of the Lieutenant-General and the Major-General. We have, in short, in gay succession, all the various appearances and amusements of Chariots, Horses, Telegraphs, Dog-Carts, Concerts, Balls, Plays and Assemblies. The exertions, the manners, and the worth of those individuals, to whom all this is owing, ought never to be forgotten, nor can we soon cease to remember the large sums expended here by such a number of wealthy families. We are sanguine enough to think, that a change is already distinguishable among us, from cold and austere manners, to a love of pleasure and of society, and we are glad of it, for we shall have no unsafe subjects, when the People are amused and contented. To particularize any of the Plays for superior excellence, would be unjust; but if we were to judge, by its effects on the Audience, we should say that the *First Part of Henry* IV. was the nearest to professional perfection. We shall long remember the manner in which Falstaff gave his whimsical Soliloquies on Honor, with the description of his 150 Recruits, his delivery of "A mad "fellow met me on the way, and said, I had unloaded all "the Gibbets and pressed the dead Bodies," with all his scenes during and after the battle; the death of the fierce and interesting Hotspur, and the magnanimity and tenderness of the Prince of Wales. Upon the whole, this Play was got up with a success which we feel ourselves unable to describe. On Thursday last Mr. GRATTAN was complimented with a PUBLIC DINNER, at the SHEAF-INN, by the principal Inhabitants of our City, as an expression of their respect and regard for him. It was honored by the presence of MAJOR-GENERAL the HON. ROBERT TAYLOR, the FIELD OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON, the HIGH SHERIFF, the MAYOR, and all the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood. Cooke and Attwood, the principal Musicians at the Theatre, took separate Benefits, the profits of which were equally divided between them, according to a previous arrangement. Cooke took the first; Atwood's concluded the Concerts. But the source of all these pleasures is at an end; our Plays are now over; and if to the classical and elegant recreations they have afforded us, we add the gratification of numbering the many valuable advantages they have brought among us, the respected Actors must be very sure, that they carry home with them the regret, admiration, respect and affection of the CITY OF KILKENNY. One circumstance only took from our happiness: the Gentleman to whose taste and exertions we are indebted for the distinguished place which we now hold in the Empire of Fashion, was prevented by severe indisposition from taking any part in those Performances, which he had himself established; our alarms, however, were removed by seeing that he was able be a spectator of the last Play, and we ardently hope to see him leading, with recruited health, the festivities of the next Season."--[*Dublin Evening Post, Oct.* 18*th*, 1804.]

Fifth Season.

1805.

Commenced the 7th, and closed the 26th of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. Norcot.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. Dalton.
Mr. Lyster.	Mr. Green.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. Mason.
Mr. Brownlow.	Mr. Duffy.
Mr. Ponsonby.	Mr. Milward.
Mr. Glascock.	Mr. Cutliffe.
Lord Mountjoy.	Mr. Fitzpatrick.
Mr. Pohl.	Master Gumbleton.
Mr. Bryan.	Master Blakeney.

Miss Walstein.
Mrs. Hitchcock.
Mrs. Cooke.
Mrs. Williams.
Mrs. G. Johnson.
Miss Davison.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Bushe, and spoken by Mr. R. Power,

At the opening of the Theatre, the 7th of October, 1805.

Since * Health, on genial wing, return'd, t' impart
Strength to my limbs, and Feelings to my heart,
No other scenes, no other sounds, could give
Such heartfelt Transport as I now receive;
But ah! how humble must these Plays appear!
No *Tiny* wonder, no † *young Roscius* here;
No little Grildrig for his Glumdalclitch,
No Thumb his Huncamunca to bewitch;
Our tragic Queens for *full-grown* Heroes sigh,
For *full-grown* Queens our tragic Heroes die.
We smile superior, when, in Fashion's plan,
Man plays the Child, while Infants play the Man
Fashion, as well as Life, is like the Stage,
And plays a different part in every age.
In each,—at either verge extreme,—we see
But childhood, and a second infancy.

* Mr. R. Power's Indisposition, throughout the preceding Season, has been already noticed.

† *Master Betty*, better known by the appellation of the *Young Roscius*, was performing about this time with a measure of applause that has been seldom enjoyed by any of the *Veterans* of the Drama.

1805.

Th' exulting Baby, with imperfect tongue,
Delights to lisp the Nurse's tale, when young:
And, in his later age, *again* receives
An equal pleasure from the FORTY THIEVES!!!
Oh! Mother Goose, could'st thou but raise thy head,
From where thou slumb'rest 'mongst the mighty dead!
Pleas'd would'st thou see, in Reason's full defeat,
Thy fame enshrin'd, thy victory complete;
View Prostrate Otway with triumphant eye,
And Vanquish'd Shakspeare, pass unheeded by;
That Blue Beard might in Regal pomp appear,
While Orson's suckled by a living bear.
But hark! what storm of praise, what wonder draws
From Drury's rows this thunder of applause?
Have Barry, Mossop, left the realms of night?
Restor'd is Garrick to our longing sight?
No—Garrick sleeps—nor, Siddons, do we prize
Thy expressive silence, or thy speaking eyes;
Dogs claim these tributes, they in water souse,
And fetch and carry for a wond'ring house.
A *Horse* was Consul, in Rome's ancient days;
* *Carlo's* the Roscius of our modern Plays.
For *you*, from London far, more wise, more plain,
Who sense refine not, till no sense remain,
Here, vent'rous, do we dare present to view,
What *Nature* dictated, while *Shakspeare* drew.
Here Beauty listens to *instructive* Plays,
And *Reason* need not blush, while *Taste* gives praise;
An ample Shield, here liberal Candor spreads,
Whence Slander's arrows drop with blunted heads;
And kind Indulgence, now so often known,
Inspires a spirit, scarce confess'd our own.
Mean while, Old Leinster, thro' her glad domain,
Sees Ancient Splendor re-assume its reign;
Sees her own † Peers, with a Maternal smile,
Mix with her Sons—nor scorn their Native Isle.

* The principal attraction in a Dramatic Entertainment, called the *Caravan*, exhibited at Drury-lane Theatre with very great success, was an exhibition of the courage and sagacity of a *Dog* introduced under the name of *Carlo!!*

† The Earl of *Ormonde*, and many of the principal Nobility of the Province of Leinster, were in the House.

Monday, 7th October, 1805.

FIRST NIGHT.

THE WONDER.

DON LOPEZ	...	Mr. Lyster.
DON PEDRO	...	Mr. Glascock.
DON FELIX	...	Mr. R. Power.
FREDERICK	...	Lord Mountjoy.
COLONEL BRITON	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
LISSARDO	...	Mr. Langrishe.
GIBBY	...	Mr. Brownlow.
ALGUAZIL	...	Mr. Rothe.
VASQUEZ	...	Mr. Green.
VIOLANTE	...	Miss Walstein.
ISABELLA	...	Mrs. Johnson.
FLORA	...	Mrs. Williams.
INIS	...	Miss Davison.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

PEPIN (*King of France*)		Mr. Rothe.
HENRY, HAUFRAY (*His Relations*)		Mr. Ponsonby. Mr. Brownlow.
VALENTINE (*a Foundling*)		Mr. R. Power.
ORSON (*a Wild Man*)		Mr. Crampton.
HUGO (*Valentine's Armourer*)		Mr. Glascock.
BLANDIMAN (*Page to the Empress*)		Mr. Dalton.
PAGE TO VALENTINE	...	Master Blakeney.
PEERS OF FRANCE	...	Messrs. Bryan, R. Langrishe, &c.
PEASANTS	...	Messrs. Green, Duffy, &c
PRINCESS EGLANTINE	...	Mrs. Johnson.
EMPRESS BELISANTA (*Sister to the King*)		Miss Davison.
FLORIMONDA	...	Miss Walstein.
AGATHA (*Attendant of Eglantine*)		Mrs. Cooke.
CICILY (*an old Peasant*)		Mrs. Hitchcock.
SORCERER AGRAMANT (*the Green Knight*)		Lord Mountjoy.
SARACEN PRIEST	...	Mr. Pohl.

Wednesday, 9th October, 1805.

SECOND NIGHT.

VENICE PRESERVED.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
PRIULI	...	Mr. Brownlow.
BEDAMAR	...	Mr. Crampton.
JAFFIER	...	Mr. R. Power.
PIERRE	...	Mr. Rothe.
RENAULT	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
ELLIOTT	...	Mr. Pohl.
SPINOSA	...	Mr. Green.
THEODORE	...	Mr. Bryan.
BELVIDERA	...	Miss Walstein.

THE APPRENTICE.

OLD WINGATE	...	Mr. Bryan.
GARGLE	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SIMON	...	Lord Mountjoy.
BAILIFF	...	Mr. Pohl.
SCOTCHMAN, IRISHMAN (*Members of Spouting Club.*)		Mr. Langrishe. Mr. Brownlow.

Other Members of the Club, Messrs. Green, Dalton, Duffy, &c. &c.

DICK, *the Apprentice*, (*with the Prologue, &c.*)		Mr. Glascock.
CHARLOTTE	...	Miss Davison.

1805.

Friday, 11*th October*, 1805.

THIRD NIGHT.

THE INCONSTANT.

OLD MIRABEL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
YOUNG MIRABEL	...	Mr. R. Power.
CAPTAIN DURETETE	...	Mr. Langrishe.
DUGARD	...	Mr. Green.
PETIT	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
BRAVOES	...	Messrs. Brownlow, Bryan, Glascock, &c.
ORIANA	...	Miss Walstein.
BISARRE	...	Mrs. Williams.
LAMORCE	...	Miss Davison.

LORD AND NO LORD.

LORD DUBERLY	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
DICK DOWLAS	...	Mr. R. Power.
DOCTOR PANGLOS	...	Mr. Brownlow.
ZEKIEL HEMESPUN	...	Mr. Glascock.
LADY DUBERLY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
CICELY HOMESPUN	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Monday, 14*th October*, 1805.

FOURTH NIGHT.

THE HONEY MOON.

DUKE OF ARANZA	...	Lord Mountjoy
COUNT MONTALBAN	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
ROLANDO	...	Mr. Rothe.
BALTHASAR	...	Mr. Pohl.
LAMPEDO	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
CAMPILLO	...	Mr. Dalton.
LOPEZ	...	Mr. Bryan.
JAQUES	...	Mr. Glascock.
JULIANA	...	Mrs. Johnson.
VOLANTE	...	Mrs. Williams.
ZAMORA	...	Miss Walstein.
HOSTESS	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

FOP	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
FAVOURED LOVER	...	Mr. Crampton.
OLD PAINTER	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
PAINTER'S DAUGHTER		Mr. Glascock.
LA GOUVERNANTE		Mr. Brownlow.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

SIR JOHN LOVERULE	...	Mr. Dalton.
BUTLER	..	Mr. Ponsonby.
COOK	...	Mr. Brownlow.
COACHMAN	...	Mr. Lyster.
CONJURER	...	Mr. Pohl.
JOBSON	...	Mr. Glascock.
LADY LOVERULE	...	Miss Davison.
LUCY	...	Mrs. Cooke.
NELL (*With Songs*)	..	Miss Walstein.

Wednesday, 16*th October*, 1805.

FIFTH NIGHT.

KING RICHARD III.

KING HENRY	...	Mr. Rothe.
PRINCE OF WALES	...	Master Blakeney.
DUKE OF GLOSTER	...	Mr. R. Power.
DUKE OF YORK	...	Master Gumbleton.
BUCKINGHAM	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
RICHMOND	...	Mr. Crampton.
NORFOLK	...	Lord Mountjoy.
CATESBY	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER		Mr. Green.
STANLEY	...	Mr. Pohl.
LORD MAYOR	...	Mr. Bryan.
TIRREL	...	Mr. Glascock.
TRESSEL	...	Mr. Brownlow.
QUEEN	...	Mrs. Johnson.
LADY ANNE	...	Miss Walstein.
DUCHESS OF YORK	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

MAYOR OF GARRET.

SIR JACOB JOLLUP	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
MAJOR STURGEON	...	Mr. Langrishe.
BRUIN	...	Mr. Pohl.
JERRY SNEAK	...	Mr. Glascock.
ROGER	...	Lord Mountjoy.
MAT MUG	..	Mr. Brownlow.
MRS. SNEAK	...	Mrs. Williams.
MRS. BRUIN	...	Miss Walstein.

Friday, 18*th October*, 1805.

SIXTH NIGHT.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

LORD OGLEBY	...	Mr. Langrishe.
SIR JOHN MELVILLE	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
LOVEWELL	...	Lord Mountjoy.
STERLING	...	Mr. Lyster.
BRUSH	...	Mr. R. Power.
CANTON	...	Mr. Glascock.
SERJEANT FLOWER	...	Mr. Norcot.
TRAVERSE	...	Mr. Duffy.
TRUEMAN	...	Mr. Green.
MRS. HEIDELBERG	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
MISS STERLING	...	Mrs. Williams.
FANNY	...	Miss Walstein.
BETTY	...	Miss Davison.
CHAMBERMAID	...	Mrs. Cooke.

MATRIMONY.

BARON DE LIMBURGH	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
DELAVAL	...	Lord Mountjoy.
O'CLOGHERTY	...	Mr. Brownlow.
CLARA	...	Miss Walstein.
LISETTA	...	Miss Davison.

1805.

Monday, 21st October, 1805.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

HENRY THE FOURTH,
FIRST PART.

HENRY IV.	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
PRINCE OF WALES	...	Mr. R. Power.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER		Mr. Dalton.
WORCESTER	...	Mr. Cutliffe.
HOTSPUR	...	Mr. Rothe.
DOUGLAS	...	Mr. Crampton.
SIR R. VERNON	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
WESTMORELAND	...	Mr. Duffy.
SIR WALTER BLUNT	...	Mr. Brownlow.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	...	Mr. Lyster.
POINS	...	Lord Mountjoy.
PETO	...	Mr. Pohl.
BARDOLPH	...	Mr. Bryan.
LADY PERCY	...	Mrs. Johnson.
HOSTESS	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Carriers, Travellers, &c.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

PEPIN (*King of France*)		Mr. Rothe.
HENRY, HAUFRAY (*his Relations*)		Mr. Ponsonby. Mr. Brownlow.
VALENTINE (*a Foundling*)		Mr. R. Power.
ORSON (*a Wild Man*)		Mr. Crampton.
HUGO (*Valentine's Armourer*)		Mr. Glascock.
BLANDIMAN (*Page to the Empress*)		Mr. Dalton.
PAGE TO VALENTINE	...	Master Blakeney.
PEERS OF FRANCE	...	Messrs. Bryan, R. Langrishe, &c.
PEASANTS	...	Messrs. Green, Duffy, &c.
PRINCESS EGLANTINE	...	Mrs. Johnson.
EMPRESS BELISANTA (*Sister to the King*)		Miss Davison.
FLORIMONDA	...	Miss Walstein.
AGATHA (*Attendant of Eglantine*)		Mrs. Cooke.
CICILY (*an old Peasant*)		Mrs. Hitchcock.
SORCERER AGRAMANT (*the Green Knight*)		Lord Mountjoy.
SARACEN PRIEST	...	Mr. Pohl.

Wednesday, 23d October, 1805.

EIGHTH NIGHT.

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

MILLAMOUR	...	Mr. R. Power.
DASHWOULD	...	Mr. Langrishe.
MALVIL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
BYGROVE	...	Mr. Lyster.
CAPTAIN BYGROVE	...	Mr. Green.
SIR HARRY LOVEWIT	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
CHARLES	..	Mr. Bryan.
SIR JOHN MILLAMOUR	...	Mr. Rothe.
LADY BELL	...	Miss Walstein.
LADY JANE	...	Mrs. Johnson.
MRS. BROMLEY	...	Mrs. Williams.
MISS NEVILLE	...	Miss Davison.
MADAME LA ROUGE	...	Mr. Glascock.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

FAVOURED LOVER	...	Mr. Crampton.
QUAKER	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
OLD FATHER	...	Mr. Bryan.
INFANTA	...	Mr. Milward.
SCHOOL BOY	...	Lord Mountjoy.
FRIAR	...	Mr. Pohl.
PIEROT	...	Mr. Cooke.
FEMALE DANCER	...	Mr. Glascock.
ALDERMAN	...	Mr. Fitzpatrick.
CLOWN-SERVANT	...	Mr. Brownlow.

LYING VALET.

SHARP	...	Mr. Crampton.
GAYLESS	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
JUSTICE GUTTLE	...	Mr. Brownlow.
KITTY PRY	...	Mrs. Williams.
MELISSA	...	Mrs. Johnson.

Friday, 25th October, 1805.

NINTH NIGHT.

THE GAMESTER.

BEVERLEY	...	Mr. Rothe.
LEWSON	...	Mr. R. Power.
STUKELY	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
JARVIS	...	Mr. Lyster.
BATES	...	Mr. Pohl.
DAWSON	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
MRS. BEVERLEY	...	Miss Walstein.
CHARLOTTE	...	Mrs. Johnson.
LUCY	...	Miss Davison.

MAYOR OF GARRET.

SIR JACOB JOLLUP	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
MAJOR STURGEON	...	Mr. Langrishe.
BRUIN	...	Mr. Pohl.
JERRY SNEAK	...	Mr. Glascock.
ROGER	...	Lord Mountjoy.
MAT MUG	...	Mr. Brownlow.
MRS. SNEAK	...	Mrs. Williams.
MRS. BRUIN	...	Miss Davison.

1805.

Saturday, 26th October, 1805.

LAST NIGHT.

THE LIAR.

SIR JAMES ELLIOTT	...	Mr. Green.
OLD WILDING	...	Mr. Bryan.
YOUNG WILDING	...	Mr. R. Power.
PAPILLION	...	Mr. Crampton.
MISS GRANTHAM	...	Mrs. Williams.
MISS GODFREY	...	Mrs. Johnson.
KITTY	...	Miss Davison.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

FAVOURED LOVER	...	Mr. Crampton.
QUAKER	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
OLD FATHER	...	Mr. Bryan.
INFANTA	...	Mr. Milward.
SCHOOL BOY	...	Lord Mountjoy.
FRIAR	...	Mr. Pohl.
PIEROT	..	Mr. Cooke.
FEMALE DANCER	...	Mr. Glascock.
ALDERMAN	...	Mr. Fitzpatrick.
CLOWN-SERVANT	...	Mr. Brownlow.

LORD AND NO LORD.

LORD DUBERLY	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
DICK DOWLAS	...	Mr. R. Power.
DOCTOR PANGLOS	...	Mr. Brownlow.
ZEKIEL HOMESPUN	...	Mr. Glascock.
LADY DUBERLY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
CICELY HOMESPUN	...	Mrs. Cooke.

EPILOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 26th of October, 1805.

Can anxious Gratitude *new* terms prepare
To pay our Annual heartfelt tribute here?
Five times we've thank'd you, and for *five times more,*
Oh! that we still may thank you, we implore.
Nor can we doubt it—each succeeding year
With more resplendent lustre you appear;
And your warm succour, every hour increas'd,
Matures *our* zeal, and meliorates our taste.
Then should our *words* fall short, our *wit's* to blame,
Our *phrase* may falter, but our *soul's* the same.
All have their wants, and you, with kind desire,
To gratify each separate wish, aspire;
The *gay,* with sports and festive games, you greet;
The *wretched,* with a rich repast, you meet:
To every palate deal appropriate food,
And recreate yourselves, in doing good.
Nor false nor frivolous that taste can be,
That still associates with *humanity.*
Thus, as thro' Pleasure's happy paths you glide,
You call forth Want and Sorrow to your side;
With liberal hand a general largess deal,
And bid the wretched share the joys you *feel.*
Joys! whence the *poor* man draws his best supply;
And *pleasure* gives, where *prudence* might deny.
While meaner motives meaner minds engage,
Be't *ours,* to cultivate a polish'd stage;
Where each bright impulse aids the scenic art,
Where worth expands, and virtue fires, the heart,
Where Wit turns *moralist,* and Folly flies
From the quick glance of Humour's piercing eyes.
Then, hail, our Drama! kind and classic measure,
Our anxious idleness—elaborate leisure,
Our nurse of genius, and our mine of pleasure!
Alas! not such *their* taste, whose studies lie
In crafty calculations to descry
The favouring chances of the doubtful die;
Whose sordid crime, and selfish passions end,
In the one wish, to *win,* and wound their friend.
Gamesters profest to every meanness stoop,
From the shrewd Sharper to the driv'ling Dupe:
And should this rage in nobler bosoms dwell,
Let * Beverley their fate and tortures tell!
Nor is our taste like *theirs,* who sought renown,
By deeds of arms to terrify the town,
† Ransack'd an Opera House, tore up the seats,
While fainting Ladies testify their feats.
Box-lobby-warriors hear it, and adore 'em!
Lords—lustres—fiddlers—fiddles, flew before 'em.
Exploits so great as those *we* do not fear,
Not yet acomplish'd for *such triumphs* here.
Nor like your taste, vain vot'ries of the town!
Wits, without one opinion of your own:
Such, as can praise *young Roscius* to the skies,
Whilst *Kemble's* science, half-neglected, lies;
Nor *Fawcett's* humour, *Jordan's* playful ease,
Nor e'en transcendent *Siddons'* art, can please.
Conspirators 'gainst genius, and the fame
Of that poor victim to an early name. ‡
This *puerile* rage betrays perverted *reason,*
Old *Truth's* dethron'd, and *Sense* is out of season.
No painful topics shall *our* Muse debase,
Enough of tumult, treason, and disgrace;
Enough of war—its horrors now are o'er;
Proud in our conquests, it alarms no more:
Is there a § Promontory, Cape, or Rock,
That sternly braves the tempest's rudest shock,
Round which old Neptune sweeps his swelling tide,
Amidst the vast expanse of Ocean wide,
But, witness of our triumph, lends its name,
To clothe some Hero with immortal fame?
With *minor enemies* too our wars shall cease,
And prurient zeal have leave to preach in peace:
The world is now too wide, and we too strong,
To fear th' invader's steel, or the psalm-singer's song.

* Alluding to the affecting manner in which *Mr. Rathe* had performed the part of Beverley in the Gamester.

† A Riot had taken place at the Opera House this year, encouraged by persons of Rank and Fashion of both *Sexes,* on account of the late Bishop of London having ordered the curtain to drop at 12 o'Clock on Saturday night, by which a favorite Dance was shortened.

‡ *Master Betty,* called the young *Roscius.*

§ Camperdown, St. Vincent, Trafalgar, &c.

1805.

Untutor'd *Nature* plays a natural part,
But *borrow'd* characters are works of *Art*.
Then is *our* merit light, who can assume
What forms we please, nay—our reverse become,
Can feign each various movement of the breast,
E'en counterfeit the feelings we detest?
Hence our FOOLS *here* are WITS in *other places*,
And our ‖STAGE VILLAIN every VIRTUE graces,
And, while they personate each worthless part,
You praise the genius, and you prize the heart.
And may these scenes, with sportive sallies fraught,
Suspend a while the time's too serious thought,
Awake lost mirth, *excessive* sense control!
For 'tis the age of *politics*, not *soul*.
All now is grave debate, and grand design,
Ill-suited offerings to the Muses' shrine!
Now would you lead to *pleasing* sports a man on,
* Impeach a *statesman*, or † *invent a cannon*,
Where then shall joyous Pleasure rear its head?
Here—and we'll call our ‡ *Falstaff* to our aid.
And *who* so well can charm, or win the heart,
Or in his borrow'd, or his natural part?
If such our motives, such our liberal views,
What gen'rous bosom would its aid refuse?
But new inducements urge us now to sue,
§ *A body corporate* solicits you—
No vagrant actors asking alms, you see,
But *joint Proprietors*, of some Degree,
A Charter'd Company of *Charity*.
Our merchandise is pleasure—price, applause;
Our wealth, the poor man's prayers—and taste, our laws.
Then deal with us, and succour our intent;
Your *gold's* productive, if your *time's* mis-spent:
Aided by you, for years to come, we'll join
In this sweet commerce with the Tuneful Nine;
Your custom, richer than the world beside,
Is our best praise, our profit, and our pride.

‖ The part of Stukely, in the Gamester, and others of a similar description, had been filled by Mr. G. Pousonby.

* The conduct of a distinguished Member of the upper house of Parliament had been about this period the subject of impeachment.

† The improvements made in the formation and direction of Rockets, Shells, and other engines of the pyrotechnic art, had obtained for the Inventors a well deserved popularity.

‡ The part of Falstaff had been performed, with inimitable excellence, by Mr. *John Lyster*, who in natural humor was scarcely inferior to the character he personated.

§ A Committee of the Gentlemen of the *Kilkenny Theatrical Society* had taken a Lease of the Theatre from the original Proprietors, and had thereupon enlarged the House, enriched the Wardrobe, and rendered the whole Establishment competent in every respect to any Theatrical Representation.

Our THEATRE opened on MONDAY Night last, with additional splendor. The large Sums expended on it have added so much to its elegance, beauty and convenience, that we scarcely recognized it. The plan and execution of the whole reflects much credit upon the Architect, Mr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON. Notwithstanding the increased size of the House, it was crowded, at an early hour, with all the Nobility and Gentry of our County, and of the Counties too that surround us. Numbers have even flocked from Dublin, to see "if Books and Swains report us right." The Performance opened with a Prologue, spoken with prodigious effect; it ridiculed, with a happy irony, the *puerile* rage of the times for infant Actors, wherein, to use the nervous sarcasm of the Writer,

"Man plays the Child, while Infants play the Man."

It concluded with a well-deserved compliment to the Earl of ORMONDE and FAMILY. We understand it is from the classic pen of Mr. Bushe. The Entertainments of the night were THE WONDER, with VALENTINE and ORSON.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 9th*, 1805.]

The Crowds, that are daily thronging to this Town, evince, more than any thing *we* could say, the interest that has been excited by the Representations of our Theatre; and we trust that we shall not appear presumptuous in saying, that the trouble, the inconvenience and the expense which have been felt by our Visitors, were amply compensated by the gratification they must have enjoyed in witnessing the Performances. Those of Wednesday Night were VENICE PRESERVED, with the APPRENTICE.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Saturday, October 12th*, 1805.]

With heavy heart we announce the termination of our *Carnival*. The Crowds that thronged our City have dispersed, and the laugh and the jest live now but in memory. For three weeks we have been engaged in an uninterrupted scene of pleasure and gaiety, Pleasure guided by Taste, and Gaiety chastened by instruction. Social mirth was expanded into social virtue, and misery was relieved by the means of amusement. To cheer our present gloom, we turn our thoughts to the past, and write not so much our observations as our thanks. While the REYNOLDS's and the MORTONS pourtray Nature, about as faithfully as the ROSCIUS's and the MUDIES exhibit it, and indeed very much upon the *same scale*, we congratulate ourselves upon having Actors who can represent, and an Audience who can relish, the long neglected beauties of SHAKSPEARE and of OTWAY. We should have noticed our Plays as they were acted, did not the arrival of some *reputed Critics* from Town at once suggest to us that our humble efforts in that way would only appear presumptuous. They have not, as yet, however, vouchsafed to favor us with their remarks. Finding nothing to blame, and much to eat, they have been silent, except when their courtly efforts were roused at the established ODE AND SUPPER AT THE CASTLE.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 30th*, 1805.]

KILKENNY CASTLE.

Arx intacta manet, semperq; intacta manebit.

Written on a Visit to Kilkenny, during the period of the Theatrical Performances there, in October, 1805, *by John Wilson Croker, Esq.*

High on the shelving banks of Nore,
There stands, the pride of days of Yore,
And seat of heroes now no more,
A Castle:

Witness of every feudal scene—
Without, of battle's thundering din,
Of feast, and revelry, *within*,
The Castle.

1805.

Here ducal ORMONDE held his seat,
And Courts and Senates fill'd his gate,
And dignified with regal State
His Castle.

His Heart, as his Domain, was wide,
With Nore's its generous current vied,
And rival'd in heroic pride
His Castle.

His Foemen trembled at his sword,
Him Monarchs woo'd, and Friends ador'd,
And triumph'd in its Princely Lord,
The Castle.

Those days are past—the Hero lies
In death—new generations rise,
Who view with reverential eyes
His Castle.

Yet weep not o'er the mould'ring clay
And older time—a brighter day
Now gilds with renovated ray
The Castle.

Our calmer prospect shines more fair;
Another ORMONDE now is there,
Of all his Grandsire's virtues Heir,
And Castle.

New ages different manners claim;
But the high Soul is still the same,
Nor severs ORMONDE's lineal fame
And Castle.

No wider heart, or stabler mind,
Tho' temper'd, polish'd and refin'd,
E'er in its sacred walls enshrin'd
The Castle.

Joy to you, ORMONDE, health and peace!
Joy to the young and gentle Grace,
Beneath whose favouring smile you place
Your Castle.

A purer taste adorns its walls,
A softer voice to pleasure calls,
And gently glads, thro' all its halls,
The Castle.

Sweet was the Clarion in the fray
Of Heroes—sweet the martial lay
That cheer'd, at the decline of day,
Their Castle.

But sweeter still the Lyre and Song
That to our temper'd time belong,
And sooth the social crowd, who throng
The Castle.

Here Youth, and Beauty, tread the maze;
Here Age oblivious loves to gaze;
While gleams afar, with festive blaze,
The Castle.

Joy to you, ORMONDE—many a Sun
Has circled, many a feast been done,
Since first your valiant Grandsires won
Their Castle.

Long, ORMONDE, be its glories thine!
And never may that morning shine
That's doom'd to see your sons resign
Their Castle!

Written on a Visit to Kilkenny, during the period of the Theatrical Performances there, in October 1805, *by John Carr, Esq. Author of Travels through the Northern Parts of Europe, &c.*

Amid the ruins of monastic gloom,
Where Nore's translucent waters wind along,
Genius and Wealth have rais'd the tasteful Dome,
Yet not alone for Fashion's brilliant throng.

In Virtue's cause they take a nobler aim:
'Tis theirs in sweetest harmony to blend
Wit with compassion, tenderness with fame;
Pleasure the means, Beneficence the end.

There, if the Tear on Beauty's cheek appears,
(Form'd by the Mournful Muse's Mimic Sigh)
Fast as it falls, a kindred drop it bears,
More sadly shed for Genuine Misery.

Nor, if the Laughter-loving Nymph delight,
Does the reviving transport perish there;
Still, still, with Pity's radiance doubly bright,
Its smiles shed sunshine on the cheek of Care.

So if Pomona's golden fruit descend,
Shook by some breeze, into the lake below;
Quick will *the dimple, which it forms, extend,*
Till, all around, the joyous circles flow.

Blest be the reas'ning mind, the social zeal,
That *here* bids Folly from the stage retire;
And, while it teaches us to think, to feel,
Bids us in tears our godlike Bard admire!

Thus aided, see his rescued genius spring;
Again he pours the frenzy of his song;
With * *every feather in his eagle's wing,*
Once more in majesty he soars along.

Oft, deck'd with smiles, his spirit shall explore,
Erin! thy beauteous vales, and classic ground,
And every ripple of thy winding Nore
To him shall sweetly, as his Avon's, sound.

* "Alluding," as the Author has stated, "to the several fine passages of "Shakspeare, which had been long omitted in representation, but which "were judiciously restored at the Theatricals of Kilkenny."

1806.

Sixth Season.

1806.

Commenced the 6th, and closed the 25th of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. Waller.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. King.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Mr. Lyster.	Mr. Mason.
Mr. Tighe.	Mr. Walker.
Mr. Brownlow.	Mr. Croker.
Mr. Crampton.	Sir E. Denny.
Mr. Glascock.	Mr. Curran.
Mr. Dalton.	Mr. Duffy.
Mr. Bryan.	Mr. Clifton.
Mr. Bushe.	Masters Power & Cooke.

Miss Walstein.
Mrs. H. Johnson.
Mrs. G. Johnson.
Mrs. Hitchcock.
Mrs. Cooke.
Mrs. Williams.
Miss Davison.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. G. P. Bushe, and spoken by Mr. R. Power, At the opening of the Theatre, the 6th of October, 1806.

What—not yet tir'd? again I see you here!
Again, my friends, you venture to appear!
Have *five* long years not dull'd your sated taste?
'Tis, sure, *our cause*, that makes *your kindness* last:
Yes—still you love to brighten Sorrow's eye,
For this, our acting *bear*—Heaven knows, what Charity.
Let London's wayward sons, with childish haste,
Pursue the wild vicissitudes of taste;
Where Fashion, and not Feeling, bears the sway,
While Sense and Nature coyly keep away.
But late, young Roscius was a nation's joy;
Pass one short year—"Gods—what a tiresome boy!"
Ireland had *early* mock'd his idle pride;
See *slower* England now at length deride.
O'er modern Comedy, now Thalia weeps,
Mourns every Muse—the weary Audience sleeps:
Where labour'd puns usurp the place of wit,
And, 'stead of humour, see a lucky hit!
Fill'd with surprises, that indeed surprise,
While no kind Plot its needful aid supplies;
Fill but his Purse, the Author's work is done:
Alike to him, by Pathos, or by Pun.
A loftier strain *your* Classic Taste requires,
Calls for all Shakspeare's feeling, Shakspeare's fires:
Bids native bards, that long have slept, to 'wake,
And the whole soul with genuine passion shake:
This be our boast—secure in this to please,
Our Goldsmith's Nature wins the heart with ease;
And, prun'd of all that might your blushes cause,
Here *our own* Congreve claims unmix'd applause.
Throbs not each heart at Sheridan's great name,
Who blends the Poet's with the Patriot's fame,
Whom nations' wishes fondly strive to raise,
Supreme in Station, as supreme in Praise?
When dire Invasion hover'd o'er the land,
And Treason lifted the assassin hand,
Say, in that hour, did doubt, or blank dismay,
Damp *our* bold zeal, your kindness to repay?
No—in that hour, we dauntless held our course,
And, safe in native valour, mock'd their force.
With better omens we this night appear,
Where e'en the fearful have no room for fear;
Tho' other Empires fall and pass away,
Unchang'd remains the Empire of the Sea.
The Gallic Fleet full easy Triumphs reap,
They boast a Victory, if they can but 'scape;
Their haughty legions, haughty now no more,
Dread British valour on * Calabria's shore,
While dazzling glory to the Western world,
Riding th' Atlantic, has our thunders hurl'd.
Yet, 'midst the laurels that adorn her head,
See, the dank Cypress its pale influence shed.
Lo! Britain bending o'er her † Statesman's bier,
The Friend to mourn, the Patriot to revere;
And Erin, in true kindred sorrow drown'd,
Bewails his liberal love, still faithful found;
Each sobs this tribute o'er the great man's grave,
"He labouring died, his native land to save."
Yet, as of old, sad Troy, her Hector dead,
With Games funereal sooth'd his honor'd shade,
E'en so let us, with pomp and useful show,
Lead on our Sports, and hide our real woe.
So may *our* pastimes lighten Sorrow's load,
And give that solace *you've* so oft bestow'd.

* The Battle of Maida, in Calabria, was fought about this time.

† Mr. Fox died in the autumn of the year 1806.—His death is well known to have been occasioned by his unremitted application to public business.

Monday, 6th October, 1806.

First Night.

BARBAROSSA.

Barbarossa	...	Mr. Crampton.
Achmet	...	Mr. R. Power.
Othman	...	Mr. Rothe.
Sadi	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Aladin	...	Mr. King.
Officer	...	Mr. Dalton.
Slave	...	Mr. Duffy.
Zaphira	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Irene	...	Miss Walstein.
Slave	...	Miss Davison.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

Doiley	...	Mr. Lyster.
Granger	...	Mr. Crampton.
Sandford	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Gradus	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Miss Doiley	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Charlotte	...	Mrs. Williams.

1806.

Wednesday, 8th October, 1806.

SECOND NIGHT.

THE RIVALS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE		Mr. Lyster.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	...	Mr. R. Power.
FAULKLAND	...	Mr. Rothe.
ACRES	...	Mr. Glascock.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER		Mr. Crampton.
FAG	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
DAVID	...	Mr. Tighe.
COACHMAN	...	Mr. Brownlow.
MRS. MALAPROP	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
LYDIA LANGUISH	...	Mrs. Johnson.
JULIA	...	Miss Walstein.
LUCY	...	Mrs. Williams.

OSCAR AND MALVINA.

OSCAR	...	Mr. R. Power.
CARROL	...	Mr. Crampton.
FINGAL	...	Mr. Duffy.
DERMOT	...	Mr. King.
DRACO	...	Mr. Brownlow.
MORVEN	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
PEDLAR	...	Mr. Glascock.
MALVINA	...	Miss Walstein.

Peasants, Bards, Soldiers, &c. &c.

Friday, 10th October, 1806.

THIRD NIGHT.

OTHELLO.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
BRABANTIO	...	Mr. Tighe.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Waller.
LODOVICO	...	Mr. Brownlow.
OTHELLO	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIO	...	Mr. Crampton.
IAGO	...	Mr. R. Power.
RODERIGO	...	Mr. Glascock.
MONTANO	...	Mr. King.
DESDEMONA	...	Miss Walstein.
EMILIA	...	Mrs. Johnson.

TOM THUMB.

KING ARTHUR	...	Mr. Crampton.
TOM THUMB	...	Master Cooke.
LORD GRIZZLE	...	Mr. R. Power.
NOODLE	...	Mr. Brownlow.
DOODLE	...	Mr. Glascock.
QUEEN DOLLALOLLA		Mrs. Cooke.
PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA		Miss Davison.
GLUMDALCA	...	Mr. King.

Guards, Rebels, Courtiers, &c.

Monday, 13th October, 1806.

FOURTH NIGHT.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

SIR SAMPSON LEGEND	...	Mr. Lyster.
VALENTINE	...	Mr. R. Power.
SCANDAL	...	Mr. Rothe.
TATTLE	...	Mr. Glascock.
BEN	...	Mr. Brownlow.
FORESIGHT	...	Mr. Langrishe.
JEREMY	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
TRAPLAND	...	Mr. Bryan.
ANGELICA	...	Miss Walstein.
MRS. FRAIL	...	Mrs. Williams.
MRS. FORESIGHT	...	Mrs. Johnson.
MISS PRUE	...	Miss Davison.
NURSE	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

PEPIN (*King of France*)		Mr. Rothe.
HENRY, HAUFRAY (*his Relations*)		Mr. R. Langrishe. Mr. Waller.
VALENTINE (*a Foundling*)		Mr. R. Power.
ORSON (*a Wild Man*)	...	Mr. Crampton.
HUGO (*Valentine's Armourer*)		Mr. Glascock.
BLANDIMAN (*Page to the Empress*	...	Mr. Dalton.
PAGE TO VALENTINE	...	Master Cooke.
PRINCESS EGLANTINE	...	Mrs. Johnson.
EMPRESS BELISANTA (*Sister to the King*	...	Miss Davison.
FLORIMONDA	...	Miss Walstein.
AGATHA (*Attendant of Eglantine*)	...	Mrs. Cooke.
CICILY (*an old Peasant*)		Mrs. Hitchcock.
SORCERER AGRAMANT (*the Green Knight*)	...	Mr. Brownlow.

Peers of France, Peasants, &c. &c

Wednesday, 15th October, 1806.

FIFTH NIGHT.

MACBETH.

DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND		Mr. Waller.
MALCOLM	...	Mr. King.
MACBETH	...	Mr. R. Power.
BANQUO	...	Mr. Tighe.
MACDUFF	...	Mr. Rothe.
ROSSE	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
FLEANCE	...	Master Cooke.
SEYTON	...	Mr. Croker.
DOCTOR	...	Mr. Dalton.
MURDERERS	...	Mr. Bushe, &c.
BLEEDING CAPTAIN	...	Mr. Duffy.
FIRST WITCH	...	Mr. Brownlow.
SECOND WITCH	...	Mr. Langrishe.
THIRD WITCH	...	Sir E. Denny.
SINGING WITCHES	...	Mrs. Cooke, Miss Davison, &c.
LADY MACBETH	...	Miss Walstein.
HECATE	...	Mr. Crampton.

1806.

TOM THUMB.

King Arthur	...	Mr. Crampton.
Tom Thumb	...	Master Cooke.
Lord Grizzle	...	Mr. R. Power.
Noodle	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Doodle	...	Mr. Clifton.
Queen	...	Mrs. Cooke.
Huncamunca	...	Miss Davison.
Glumdalca	...	Mr. King.

Guards, Rebels, Courtiers, &c.

Friday, 17th October, 1806.

Sixth Night.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Sir Charles Marlow		Sir E. Denny.
Young Marlow	...	Mr. R. Power.
Hastings	...	Mr. Crampton.
Hardcastle	...	Mr. Lyster.
Tony Lumpkin	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Stingo	...	Mr. Bryan.
Jeremy	...	Mr. Croker.
Diggory	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Mrs. Hardcastle	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
Miss Hardcastle	...	Miss Walstein.
Miss Neville	...	Mrs. Johnson.

OSCAR AND MALVINA.

Oscar	...	Mr. R. Power.
Carrol	...	Mr. Crampton.
Fingal	...	Mr. Duffy.
Dermot	...	Mr. King.
Draco	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Morven	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Pedlar	...	Mr. Clifton.
Malvina	...	Miss Walstein.

Peasants, Bards, Soldiers, &c. &c.

Monday, 20th October, 1806.

Seventh Night.

PIZARRO.

Ataliba	...	Mr. Crampton.
Rolla	...	Mr. R. Power.
Alonzo	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Pizarro	...	Mr. Rothe.
Almagro	...	Mr. Waller.
Davilla	...	Mr. Duffy.
Valverde	...	Mr. King.
Las-Casas	...	Mr. Tighe.
Orozembo	...	Mr. Lyster.
Blind Man	...	Mr. Walker.
Boy	...	Master Cooke.
High Priest	...	Mr. Clifton.
Sentinel	...	Mr. Croker.
Cora's Child	...	Master Power.
Elvira	...	Miss Walstein.
Cora	...	Mrs. H. Johnston.

Peruvians, Soldiers, &c. &c.

LORD AND NO LORD.

Lord Dubbrly	...	Mr. Lyster.
Dick Dowlas	...	Mr. R. Power.
Doctor Panglos	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Zekiel Homespun	...	Mr. Tighe.
Lady Dubbrly	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
Cicily	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Eighth Night.

Wednesday, 22d October, 1806.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

Lord Oglby	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Sir John Melville	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Lovewell	...	Mr. King.
Sterling	...	Mr. Lyster.
Brush	...	Mr. R. Power.
Canton	...	Mr. Crampton.
Serjeant Flower	...	Mr. Brownlow.
Traverse	...	Mr. Waller.
Mrs. Heidelbergh	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
Miss Sterling	...	Mrs. Williams.
Fanny	...	Miss Walstein.
Betty	...	Miss Davison.
Chambermaid	...	Mrs. Cooke.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

Pepin (*King of France*)		Mr. Rothe.
Henry, Haufray (*his Relations*)		Mr. R. Langrishe. / Mr. Waller.
Valentine (*a Foundling*)		Mr. R. Power.
Orson (*a Wild Man*)	...	Mr. Crampton.
Hugo (*Valentine's Armourer*)		Mr. Clifton.
Princess Eglantine	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Empress Belisanta (*Sister to the King*)	...	Miss Davison.
Florimonda	...	Miss Walstein.
Agatha (*Attendant of Eglantine*)	...	Mrs. Cooke.
Cicily (*an old Peasant*)		Mrs. Hitchcock.
Sorcerer Agramant (*the Green Knight*)	...	Mr. Brownlow.

Peers of France, Pages, Peasants, &c. &c.

Ninth Night.

Friday, 24th October, 1806.

THE GAMESTER.

Beverley	...	Mr. Rothe.
Lewson	...	Mr. R. Power.
Stukely	...	Mr. Crampton.
Jarvis	...	Mr. Lyster.
Bates	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Dawson	...	Mr. King.
Mrs. Beverley	...	Miss Walstein.
Charlotte	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Lucy	...	Miss Davison.

THE LIAR.

Sir James Elliott	...	Mr. King.
Old Wilding	...	Mr. Bryan.
Young Wilding	...	Mr. R. Power.
Papillion	...	Mr. Crampton.
Miss Grantham	...	Mrs. Williams.
Miss Godfrey	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Kitty	...	Miss Davison.

1806.

Saturday, 25th October, 1806.

LAST NIGHT.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

FIRST PART.

KING HENRY	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
PRINCE OF WALES	...	Mr. R. Power.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER		Mr. Dalton.
WORCESTER	...	Mr. Waller.
HOTSPUR	...	Mr. Rothe.
DOUGLAS	...	Mr. Crampton.
SIR RICHARD VERNON		Mr. King.
WESTMORELAND	...	Mr. Duffy.
SIR WALTER BLUNT	...	Mr. Brownlow.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	...	Mr. Lyster.
POINS	...	Mr. Bryan.
BARDOLPH	...	Mr. Langrishe.
LADY PERCY	...	Miss Davison.
HOSTESS	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Carriers, Travellers, &c.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

LOVEL	...	Mr. Brownlow.
FREEMAN	...	Mr. Dalton.
PHILIP	...	Mr. King.
COACHMAN	...	Mr. Curran.
LORD DUKE	...	Mr. R. Power.
SIR HARRY	...	Mr. Crampton.
LADY BAB	...	Mrs. Williams.
LADY CHARLOTTE	...	Mrs. Johnson.
COOK	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
KITTY	...	Mrs. H. Johnson.

EPILOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 25th of October, 1806.

Oft on these boards I've bent my suppliant bow,
But never with emotions, such as now.
Invidious rumour whispers it about,
That this our Consecrated Dome must shut:
That you, grown wiser, will your aid refuse,
Tir'd of our fruitless efforts to amuse:
That *charity* is but the stale pretence,
To veil our *vanities*, and scanty sense;—
We heard it undismay'd. And now we * see
'Twas envy—or malicious calumny;
To please your polish'd judgments, we explore
The sacred monuments of ancient lore,
Invoke the genius of the classic page,
And court the Muses of each clime and age;
And first to *Shakspeare* did our incense rise,
For on * *his* Altars *half* our offering lies;
His pure examples, best, our purpose reach,
That not a *vice* but shall a *virtue* teach.
Ambition, from Macbeth, we learn to shun,
He gain'd a Diadem, but was undone;
No German Casuist shall degrade *our* scenes,
To prove "the End can justify the Means;"
Macbeth, a Monarch, yet a Victim dies,
To violated Hospitalities.
Othello's feeling, gallantry, and love,
Awake our pity,—tho' we can't approve.
His *jealousy* is exquisite, but then
I hope such *don't* exist in *modern* men,
For if one's Spouse goes mad, on cause so light,
Beware the pillow, every Wife, to-night.
Then † *Congreve* we invok'd. And here 'twas fit
To prune some loose luxuriancies of wit;
Not that we thought you *prudish*, or o'er-good,
For *real Purity* ne'er acts the Prude;
But as your bosoms, so your wit is chaste,
Nor would we wound your virtues, or your taste.
And next to ‡ *Sheridan* our vows we pay,
To Sheridan, the Congreve of the day,
Whose polish'd phrase a purer vein has hit,
With greater delicacy, equal wit.
And last, from § *Garrick's* most propitious page,
Old Ogleby has dignified your stage—
Absurd, but amiable; polite, though vain;
A man of fashion, but a gentleman.
Names, great as these, have lent their classic aid,
For Minor talents would our scenes degrade;
Not Lewis's, nor Schiller's monstrous page,
Nor copious Colman, could our *vows* engage;
Nor yet that Manual mob, whose merit lies
In the high achievement of Activities;
Jargon and Cant their senseless volumes fill,
Their words *keep moving*, but their wit lies still.
How grateful, in this Half Forsaken Isle,
To call forth Talents, and bid Genius smile!
Tho' half our sons desert their native shore,
Such cumbrous cargoes let us ne'er deplore,
For in this trade, you prove it who remain,
'Tis *Bodies* we export, and *Souls* retain.
Our Sceptre here by Classic suffrage plac'd,
Rules o'er the polish'd Provinces of Taste,
With sov'reign power can sway the virtuous mind,
However practis'd, or howe'er inclin'd,
Rash Youth's impetuous passions can assuage,
Or thaw the torpid Icicles of Age,
Can wake the noblest feelings of the breast,
Or laugh down folly with a pointed Jest.
'Tis thus we laugh'd at *Swaddlers*,—laugh'd them down,
Yes! and reliev'd with Mirth the groaning town:
But now no more shall they disgrace our Rhymes,
Their Punishment shall expiate their Crimes.
Abandon'd both by Dupe and Proselyte,
They vanish'd like the gloomy clouds of night,
Dispers'd by sov'reign sense and *ancient* light.‖

* Upon this and every former Night of Performance in the Season the House was crowded.

* The greater number of Plays performed in the Season were from Shakspeare.

† Love for Love, ‡ The Rivals, and § The Clandestine Marriage, had been performed in the course of the Season.

‖ Alluding to a most admirable charge against the *new* lights of *Methodism*, made to his Clergy in this year, by the Bishop of Ossory.

1806.

The Capital, once elegant and gay,
Now owns *our* revels of *superior* sway:
Each vapid man of fashion, in her streets,
Thus coldly greets the brother fop he meets:
" What, still in town! they tell me, now-a-days,
" That *we* must go to those Kilkenny *Plays*.
" They've *Hunting* too, they say, that's not amiss,
" I'm sure there's nothing can be worse than this.
" The Colonel's gone; To-morrow I leave town,
" Come and I'll draw you in the Dog-cart down!
" There will be room enough for you, you'll find,
" For I shall leave the Pointers all behind."
Such festive numbers join our gay career,
One thinks the Polish'd World's assembled here;
Old ocean's bounds no freckled sons retain,
And Naiads pour salubrious springs in vain:
The dripping Deities desert the shore,
And, half attir'd, our *warmer* world explore,
So close, considerate charmers crowd our scenes,
*That scarce a cambric muslin intervenes.
Superior healing powers these sports possess,
To all that Baths bestow, or Springs possess:
Whate'er your malady, our Doctors say,
Whether disturb'd by night, or pain'd by day,
Acute, or Chronic, we prescribe a *play*.
Whatever your disorder is, we cure it,
Or else—we teach you Patience to endure it.
From us originates *bon ton*,—and we
Give laws to laughter, wit, and revelry;
Sanction'd by us, dramatic taste expands,
And dignifies the games of neighbouring lands;
Nay, should to play at Leap-frog be the fashion,
From us proceeds *the Leap that leads the nation*.†
And these our scenes ev'n Fate's Decrees controul,
And tranquillize the tumults of the soul.
Here Grief forgets her sorrows, Want her care,
Disease her pangs, and Misery her despair;
Here, with illumin'd mind, and moral, fraught,
We hold a Magic Mirror to the thought,
On whose refulgent surface you can see
All that you are—and all you ought to be.
And now 'tis done—but ere the scene shall close,
While every heart with grateful feeling glows,
We'll pour our thanks to *you*, for all that's past,
'Twas our first passion, and shall be our last;
Thus our fond objects, strengthening every year,
With an augmented interest appear.
Your charms increase, your charity beams brighter,
Our views expand, and Misery's chain is lighter
And may these liberal pleasures never stop,
Till envious Time shall bid our Curtain drop!

* The Ladies about this period were not guilty of encumbering their persons with an unnecessary quantity of Dress.

† A fashionable celebrity had been acquired by the peculiar Activity of one of the principal Performers.

Our THEATRE opened on MONDAY, with additional splendor. Being found too small last year to receive all its fashionable Candidates for admission, it has been enlarged with much judgment, and a due regard to its internal accommodation. Mr. POWER opened the Performances of the Night, as usual, with an occasional Prologue, which he delivered in his own emphatic manner. It contained some just criticisms on the present state of the DRAMA, and concluded with a beautiful and mournful tribute to the MEMORY of Mr. FOX, which might serve for his ELEGY. The Entertainments for the Evening were BARBAROSSA, and WHO'S THE DUPE.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 8th*, 1806.]

Our Plays proceed with great spirit, and increased attraction. The RIVALS drew a crowded House on WEDNESDAY. We feel ourselves totally inadequate to do justice to the excellent manner, in which it was got up. It is allowed to be *one* of the *best acting* Plays on the Stage, and certainly *the* best adapted to call forth *all* the powers of *our* Company. We should not shrink from comparing our *Sir Anthony Absolute*, our *Captain Absolute*, our *Faulkland*, and, though last, *not least*, our own *Sir Lucius*, with any that we have ever seen upon the London Boards. On FRIDAY we had the Tragedy of OTHELLO. The jealous Moor was represented with very singular success. We were particularly pleased with his Speech to the Senate, from the ease and simplicity with which it was delivered. Among the numerous Spectators of Rank and Fashion, there were the EARL and COUNTESS, and COUNTESS-DOWAGER of ORMONDE, the COUNTESS of CARRICK, the Ladies of the Bishops of MEATH and OSSORY, and the distinguished Families of WOODSTOCK, KNOCTOPHER, FLOOD-HALL and KILFANE, &c. &c. &c. [*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 15th*, 1806.]

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, with OSCAR and MALVINA, afforded high entertainment on FRIDAY last. *Old Hardcastle* was rich, mellow, and forcible, and young *Marlow* particularly amusing in the scene with *Miss Hardcastle*, which considerably increased the interest that was felt for him in the subsequent discovery of his mistake, through which, he exhibited the manner, and the feelings of a *Gentleman*. The Comedy possesses a great deal of genuine humour, with some *good situations*, and went off with the success it deserved. The interesting After-piece of OSCAR and MALVINA followed. We had the splendid *Spectacle* of PIZARRO on MONDAY, which drew one of the fullest Houses we have had yet. The Child of CORA was the loveliest Babe, and, we believe, the youngest ROSCIUS ever exhibited. The entire went off to the full approbation of a crowded and brilliant Audience.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 22d*, 1806.]

The CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE, on WEDNESDAY, gave us one of the happiest representatives of *Lord Ogleby* that we have ever seen. The demeanor of the old Nobleman was maintained in it throughout. His antiquated gallantry, his foppish peculiarities, his flowery phrase, and polished, though affected, manner, gave us all the vanities of the old beau, which contrasted well with the honest sturdiness of *Old Sterling*. *Canton* was an agreeable variety to both, and we must say, that we have seldom witnessed a more entertaining personation of that Character.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Saturday, October 25th*, 1806.]

On Friday Night we had a masterly delineation of the distracting frenzies of the GAMESTER. The sighs and tears that attended the Representation to its close, were the best test of the powers of *Beverley* upon the sym-

pathies of the Audience. The fidelity and feeling of the trusty and affectionate *Jarvis* were well given. The Farce of the LIAR followed: the Hero of which delivered his romances with a felicity and vivacity peculiarly his own. On Saturday we had in HENRY IV. our favorite *Falstaff*. The appearance of the *fat Knight*, and the flashes of his wit, kept the Audience in a roar. HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS, went off with considerable spirit. We think that this is likely to be in future one of *our most favorite Farces*, Between the Play and Farce, Mr. LANGRISHE, in his happiest manner, delivered a parting Epilogue. Never, at any period, have we witnessed a more numerous and brilliant Assemblage than what our City has witnessed, for the last three weeks. We understand that arrangements for the ensuing Season have been already made, and we rejoice to hear it, for the Sums allotted to the different Charitable Institutions have been, as usual, very considerable this year, and, from the increased attractions of our Stage, will, no doubt, be greater in the next.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 29th*, 1806.

Seventh Season.

1807,

Commenced the 5th, and closed the 24th of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. Mason.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. Dalton.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. Bushe.
Mr. Lyster.	Mr. Bryan.
Mr. Becher.	Mr. Waller.
Mr. Tighe.	Mr. E. Waller.
Lord Mountjoy.	Mr. J. Power.
Mr. Ashe.	Mr. H. Tighe.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. Wrixon.
Mr. Ponsonby.	Mr. Watters.
Mr. H. Butler.	Mr. Walsh.
Sir J. Stronge.	Mr. Duffy.
Mr. Clements.	Masters Langrishe & Glover.

Miss Walstein.
Mrs. Hitchcock.
Mrs. Cooke.
Mrs. Johnson.
Miss Davison.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Bushe, and spoken by Mr. R. Power, At the opening of the Theatre, the 5th of October, 1807.

Grateful we look around,—each rank appears
Increas'd in numbers with increasing years;
The Prologue regular, the printed sheet,
The Journal-Critics, make our stage complete;
But merit will have foes. Amus'd we find
We've whet the spleen of some malignant mind,
Who swells our fame, when he would wound and probe,
Which, grateful for his labours, fills **The Globe*.
But some I miss, who say that little *worth*
Attend these sports, for they're of *Irish birth*.
Can Mrs. *Coolan* in these ranks be found,
Once known by *Coghlan's* more Hibernian sound?
For twice ten years in Clonakilty known,
She spent, last season, *full* six weeks in town;
Return'd t' admiring friends, I heard her say,
Reading the *Peepers*, while she *teests* her *tay*,
" *Kilkinny plays, O what a name I hear!*
" *How harsh, how barbare to a travelled ear:*
" *Things low, like these, with me are ne'er in vogue,*
" *Who can't, unfortoonate, endeuer the brogue;*"
And then, with conscious simper, wonders tells,
O' th' Lord Mayor's Ball, Vauxhall, and Sadler's Wells.
Her Brother too, *not here*? but he is undone,
Alas! he made his *grand debut* in London.
Array'd in *recent spoils*, observe the Booby,
† *Allen* for Coats he owes, for Half boots † *Hoby*.
In *this here* country, nothing could be done
For Limbs so fine, and Shape so in the *ton*,
Yet still with frequent eye he looks behind,
Lest some rude Tipstaff bring the Debt to mind.
In proud pre-eminence behold him strut,
Rais'd to a Peer's buffoon, or Witling's butt.
Complete his glories, should his art o'ercome
The scruples of some Siren pure from Rome;
What Triumphs does St. James's lounge afford!
He walks with, and is laugh'd at by, a Lord!
But sad misfortune, should he chance to meet
Some good, old friend—some kinsman in the street:
" *Lord, the wild Irish!—they in hosts come down,*
" *And leave their native Bogs, to take the Town.*
" *Oh! what a bore! and yet they're right, believe it,*
" *To quit that Country, who have Means to leave it.*"
Where'er he turns, contending cares invade,
Asham'd to *own* them, and to *cut* afraid:
Perplex'd, his secret hand behind bestow'd,
He half averted gives th' unwilling nod.
Thro' meanness, thus, at fashion, makes th' attempt,
And, most contemptible, to shun contempt.
The Scotchman's nobler pride, and patriot part,
Displays a wiser head, and better heart;
Proud of his kilt, which marks, and brings to mind
His native land, with every blast of wind,
Proud of his Country-men, and prompt to prove,
Ever, in every clime, his kindred love;
From *mutual aid* success awaits each hour,
And gives in India Wealth, in England Power:

* A London Newspaper, called *The Globe*, had taken some very laughable liberties with the Gentlemen of the Kilkenny Theatre.

† Two eminent and well known Tradesmen in London.

1807.

But by the beauty of th' Hibernian Fair,
Inspiring here, acknowledg'd every where;
By Swift—Burke—Congreve, and by each, whose Name
(Himself, tho' dead,) shall live to endless fame,
By Kirwan's shade—by * *him* at whose command,
Commerce enrich'd, and Freedom bless'd the land;
No Irish lips could blast their Country's name,
But his, whom every country would disclaim
But, here, no jibes we dread, no terrors know,
For Patriots guard, when scoffers aim the blow;
Seen thro' the increasing end, our Merits pass,
Our Faults diminish, by the inverted Glass.
Let Fools think Irish genius, fond to roam,
Like Prophets, never can exist at home,
Yet when *our Muse*, o'erwhelm'd with passion's strife,
Pourtrays the warmer scenes of various life.
The smiles of feeling, and the tears that speak,
The transient gleams that mantle Beauty's cheek,
Like Sunbeams, flitting o'er the ripen'd corn
'Midst summer showers, that, as they pass, adorn,
These here are found, from every storm to guard,
A flattering passport, and heartfelt reward.

* The Right Hon. Henry Grattan.

Monday, 5th October, 1807.

First Night.

THE INCONSTANT.

Old Mirabel	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Young Mirabel	...	Mr. R. Power.
Captain Duretete	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Dugard	...	Sir J. Stronge.
Petit	...	Mr. Bryan.
Oriana	...	Miss Walstein.
Bizarre	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Lamorce	...	Miss Davison.
Bravoes	...	Messrs. H.Butler, Bushe, Waller, and Duffy.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

DON JUAN.

Don Juan	...	Mr. Crampton.
Don Guzman	...	Mr. R. Power.
Fernando	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Boatswain	...	Mr. Bryan.
Sailors	...	Messrs. Bushe & Duffy.
Attendants	...	Mr. Waller, &c.
Serenaders	...	Sir J. Stronge, Mr. Dalton.
Fishermen	...	Mr. Ponsonby, &c.
Scaramouch	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
Landlord, &c. &c. &c.		
Donna Clara	...	Miss Walstein.
Confidante	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Fisherwomen	...	Mrs. Cooke, Miss Davison, &c.
Ladies, Attendants, &c. &c. &c.		

Wednesday, 7th October, 1807.

Second Night.

CYMBELINE.

Cymbeline	...	Mr. Crampton.
Guiderius	...	Sir J. Stronge.
Arviragus	...	Mr. Dalton.
Cloten	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Belarius	...	Mr. Becher.
Posthumus	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
First Lord	...	Mr. Duffy.
Second Lord	...	Mr. Rothe.
Pisanio	...	Mr. Bushe.
Iachimo	...	Mr. R. Power.
Caius Lucius	...	Mr. Watters.
Varus	...	Mr. Walsh.
Philario	...	Mr. Waller.
Lewis	...	Mr. Bryan.
Queen	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Imogen	...	Miss Walstein.
Helen	...	Miss Davison.

THE DESERTER.

Henry	...	Mr. Crampton.
Russett	...	Mr. Waller.
Simkin	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
Skirmish	...	Mr. H. Butler.
First Soldier	...	Sir J. Stronge.
Second Soldier	...	Mr. Duffy.
Louisa	...	Mrs. Cooke.
Jenny	...	Miss Davison.
Dorcas	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Friday, 9th October, 1807.

Third Night.

KING JOHN.

King John	...	Mr. R. Power.
Prince Henry	...	Mr. Dalton.
Pembroke	...	Mr. Watters.
Salisbury	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Hubert	...	Mr. Rothe.
Faulconbridge	...	Mr. Crampton.
Robert Faulconbridge		Mr. Waller.
English Knights, Heralds, Executioners, &c.		
King Philip	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Lewis the Dauphin	...	Sir J. Stronge.
Prince Arthur	...	Master R. Langrishe.
Austria	...	Mr. Duffy.
Cardinal Pandulph	...	Mr. Becher.
Chatillion	...	Mr. Bushe.
French Herald	...	Mr. Bryan.
French Knights, Citizens of Angiers, &c.		
Queen Elinor	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Constance	...	Miss Walstein.
Blanche	...	Miss Davison.

1807.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Lovel	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Freeman	...	Mr. Dalton.
Philip	...	Sir J. Stronge.
Coachman	...	Mr. Waller.
Lord Duke	...	Mr. R. Power.
Sir Harry	...	Mr. Crampton.
Lady Bab	...	Miss Davison.
Lady Charlotte	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Cook	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
Kitty	...	Miss Walstein.

Monday, 12*th October*, 1807.

Fourth Night.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Aimwell	...	Mr. Crampton.
Archer	...	Mr. R. Power.
Sullen	...	Mr. Becher.
Sir Charles Freeman		Mr. Dalton.
Foigard	...	Mr. Langrishe.
Gibbet	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Hounslow	...	Sir J. Stronge.
Bagshot	...	Mr. Waller.
Boniface	..	Mr. Bryan.
Scrub	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Lady Bountiful	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
Dorinda	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Mrs. Sullen	...	Miss Walstein.
Gipsey	...	Miss Davison.
Cherry	...	Mrs. Cooke.

DON JUAN.

Don Juan	...	Mr. Crampton.
Don Guzman	...	Mr. R. Power.
Fernando	...	Sir J. Stronge.
Boatswain	...	Mr. Bryan.
Sailors	..	Messrs. Bushe & Duffy.
Attendants	...	Mr. Waller, &c.
Fishermen	...	Mr. Ponsonby, &c.
Scaramouch	...	Mr. T. Cooke.

Landlord, Serenaders, &c. &c. &c.

Donna Clara	...	Miss Walstein.
Confidante	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Fisherwomen	...	Mrs. Cooke, Miss Davison, &c.

Wednesday, 14*th October*, 1807

Fifth Night.

ORONOOKO.

Oronooko	...	Mr. Rothe.
Aboan	...	Mr. R. Power.
Governor	..	Sir J. Stronge.
Blandford	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Stanmore	...	Mr. Waller.
Captain Driver	...	Mr. Bushe.
Hotman	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Planters	...	Mr. Dalton and Mr. Duffy.
1st Slave	...	Mr. Watters.
2d Slave	...	Mr. E. Waller.
Imoinda	...	Miss Walstein.

TOM THUMB.

King Arthur	...	Mr. Crampton.
Tom Thumb	...	Master Glover.
Lord Grizzle	...	Mr. R. Power.
Noodle	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Doodle	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Ghost	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
Dollalolla	...	Mrs. Cooke.
Huncamunca	...	Miss Davison.
Glumdalca	...	Sir J. Stronge.

Friday, 16*th October*, 1807.

Sixth Night.

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Peachum	...	Mr. Lyster.
Lockit	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Macheath	...	Mr. Ashe.
Filch	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Mat of the Mint	...	Mr. Crampton.
Ben Budge	...	Sir J. Stronge.
Jemmy Twitcher	...	Mr. Watters.
Robin of Bagshot	...	Mr. Clements.
Harry Paddington	...	Mr. Wrixon.
Crookfinger'd Jack		Mr. Dalton.
Wat Dreary	...	Mr. E. Waller.
Drawer	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
Mrs. Peachum	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
Polly	...	Miss Walstein.
Lucy	...	Miss Davison.

Ladies, &c.

THE LIAR.

Sir James Elliott	...	Mr. Dalton.
Old Wilding	...	Mr. Bryan.
Young Wilding	...	Mr. R. Power.
Papillion	...	Mr. Crampton.
Miss Grantham	...	Mrs. Johnson.
Miss Godfrey	...	Miss Davison.
Kitty	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

1807.

Saturday, 17th October, 1807.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

THE RIVALS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE		Mr. Lyster.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	...	Mr. R. Power.
FAULKLAND	...	Mr. Rothe.
ACRES	...	Mr. H. Butler.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER		Mr. Crampton.
FAG	...	Sir J. Stronge.
DAVID	...	Mr. Tighe.
MRS. MALAPROP	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
LYDIA LANGUISH	...	Mrs. Johnson.
JULIA	...	Miss Walstein.
LUCY	...	Miss Davison.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER.

FREDERICK	...	Mr. Dalton.
CROP	...	Sir J. Stronge.
ROBIN	...	Mr. Crampton.
ENDLESS	...	Mr. H. Butler.
WILLIAM	...	Mr. Waller.
MARGARETTA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
DOROTHY	...	Mrs. Johnson.
NELLY	...	Miss Walstein.

EIGHTH NIGHT.

Monday, 19th October, 1807.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

SIR PETER TEAZLE	...	Mr. Langrishe.
SIR OLIVER SURFACE	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
JOSEPH SURFACE	...	Mr. Ashe.
CHARLES SURFACE	...	Mr. Rothe.
ROWLEY	...	Mr. Bushe.
CRABTREE	...	Mr. Lyster.
SIR BEN. BACKBITE	...	Mr. H. Butler.
MOSES	...	Mr. Tighe.
SNAKE	...	Mr. Waller.
TRIP	...	Mr. Bryan.
CARELESS	...	Mr. Crampton.
DRINKING GENTLEMEN		Lord Mountjoy, Sir J. Stronge, Mr. J. Power, Mr. Wrixon, Mr. Dalton, &c.
LADY TEAZLE	...	Miss Walstein.
MARIA	...	Miss Davison.
LADY SNEERWELL	...	Mrs. Johnson.
MRS. CANDOR	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

SIR FELIX FRIENDLY	...	Sir J. Stronge.
COMPTON	...	Mr. H. Butler.
EUGENE	...	Mr. Dalton.
CHICANE	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
LINGO	...	Mr. Ashe.
THOMAS	...	Mr. Waller.
JOHN	...	Mr. E. Waller.
CUDDEN	...	Mr. Watters.
STUMP	...	Mr. Wrixon.
LAURA	...	Miss Davison.
COWSLIP	...	Mrs. Cooke.
MRS. CHESHIRE	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
FRINGE	...	Mrs. Johnson.

Wednesday, 21st October, 1807.

NINTH NIGHT.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE PRINCE	...	Lord Mountjoy.
PARIS	...	Sir J. Stronge.
MONTAGUE	...	Mr. Waller.
CAPULET	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
ROMEO	...	Mr. R. Power.
MERCUTIO	...	Mr. Langrishe.
BENVOLIO	...	Mr. Tighe.
TIBALT	...	Mr. Crampton.
FRIAR LAWRENCE	...	Mr. Becher.
FRIAR JOHN	...	Mr. E. Waller.
BALTHASAR	...	Mr. Rothe.
PAGE	...	Master Langrishe.
APOTHECARY	...	Mr. Dalton.
PETER	..	Mr. H. Butler.
LADY CAPULET	...	Mrs. Johnson.
JULIET	...	Miss Walstein.
NURSE	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

FOP	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
FAVOURED LOVER	...	Mr. Crampton.
OLD PAINTER	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
PAINTER'S DAUGHTER		Mrs. Cooke.
LA GOUVERNANTE	...	Mr. H. Butler.

Friday, 23d October, 1807.

TENTH NIGHT.

THE RIVALS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE		Mr. Lyster.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	...	Mr. R. Power.
FAULKLAND	...	Mr. Rothe.
ACRES	...	Mr. H. Butler.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER		Mr. Crampton.
FAG	...	Sir J. Stronge.
DAVID	...	Lord Mountjoy.
MRS. MALAPROP	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
LYDIA LANGUISH	...	Mrs. Johnson.
JULIA	...	Miss Walstein.
LUCY	...	Miss Davison.

THE CRITIC.

SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY		Mr. Rothe.
DANGLE	...	Mr. R. Power.
SNEER	...	Mr. Lyster.
PUFF	...	Mr. Langrishe.
MRS. DANGLE	...	Miss Davison.
SIGNOR and SIGNORA RITORNELLO		Mr. Crampton and Mrs. Cooke.

Characters in the Tragedy.

LORD BURLEIGH	...	Mr. Clements.
GOVERNOR	...	Mr. Waller.
EARL OF LEICESTER	...	Mr. Watters.
SIR WALTER RALEIGH		Mr. Ponsonby.
SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON		Mr. H. Butler.
BEEF EATER	...	Lord Mountjoy.
DON FEROLO WHISKERANDOS		Mr. Crampton.
TILBURINA	...	Mrs. Johnson.
CONFIDANTE	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

1807.

Saturday, 24th October, 1807.

LAST NIGHT.

KING LEAR.

KING LEAR	...	Mr. Rothe.
BURGUNDY	...	Mr. Dalton.
CORNWALL	...	Mr. Crampton.
ALBANY	...	Sir J. Stronge.
KENT	...	Mr. Langrishe.
GLOSTER	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
EDGAR	...	Mr. R. Power.
EDMUND	...	Mr. Becher.
OSWALD	...	Mr. H. Butler.
PHYSICIAN	...	Mr. Waller.
OLD MAN	...	Mr. E. Waller.
CAPTAIN	...	Mr. Watters.
KNIGHTS	...	Mr. Clements and
	...	Mr. Duffy.
CORDELIA	...	Miss Walstein.
GONERIL	...	Mrs. Johnson.
REGAN	...	Miss Davison.
ARANTE	...	Mrs. Cooke.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

PEPIN (*King of France*)	Mr. Becher.
HENRY, HAUFRAY (*His Relations*)	Mr. Ponsonby. Mr. Waller.
VALENTINE (*a Foundling*)	Mr. R. Power.
ORSON (*a Wild Man*)	Mr. Crampton.
HUGO (*Valentine's Armourer*)	Mr. H. Butler.
PRINCESS EGLANTINE ...	Mrs. Johnson.
FLORIMONDA ...	Miss Walstein.
AGATHA (*Attendant of Eglantine*)	Mrs. Cooke.
CICILY (*an old Peasant*)	Mrs. Hitchcock.
SORCERER AGRAMANT (*the Green Knight*)	Lord Mountjoy.

Peers of France, Pages, Peasants, &c. &c.

EPILOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 24th of October, 1807.

An ancient Proverb says, and says with reason,
" 'Tis wise, to play the Fool in proper season."
Then sure this doleful season is most fit,
For lively Folly, cheerful child of Wit,
When every forehead wears a boding frown,
When War and Party-wrangling weighs us down,
When Nations, trembling at a Tyrant's nod,
Change, as he bids, their Laws, their King, their God.
These *festive* efforts shall such cares controul,
Suppress the sigh, and lift the languid soul,
Though crimes and mis'ries hold their public course,
We shift our scenes, unaw'd, by fears, or force,
And fill the fleeting hours without remorse.
And while the world's depress'd in sad dismay,
We play the Fool, but liberal, bold, and gay.
Thus do these Games our sportive Shield become,
And *seasonable* Folly cheers the gloom.
But *well to play the Fool,* requires some wit,
Not every one the motley garb will fit.
Some Fools want *spirit*—nay, some Fools want *sense,*
Yet think by *gravity* to make pretence.
Such *solemn* coxcombs sneer, and would decry
These playful scenes of polish'd pleasantry,
Tho' their dull intellects could ne'er aspire
To catch one genial ray of Classic fire.
Tho' they scarce read, and never wrote a rhyme,
They cry, " How can you thus abuse your time?
" Affairs are grown too serious now-a-days,
" You'd better think of *politics* than *plays.*
" Read, read the News-papers, and then beware
" Of fresh disasters from this horrid War.
" Who knows, how soon we may *invaded* be,
" Or what *new changes* in the Ministry?"
We read and revel, yet with Swords as bright,
As theirs, that pore o'er Pamphlets all the night.
But gay Thalia shuns the clam'rous rout,
Of who's to *save* the State, *who's in, or out:*
Nor heedeth she, " who won the bloody day;"
Her more important question's,—*what's the play?*
Another set of Fools succeeds, for sneerers
And wits, a precious group, Electioneerers;
The worthy Esquire sells the old estate,
Possess'd with proud ambition to be great;
And what's his view of greatness? to be sent
An Independent man to Parliament;
And, truly Independent, forth he goes,
Of all the comforts his old home bestows:
See him in London, to a Chop-house sneak,
To famish on a solitary Steak.
Yet on each *meagre meal* more substance wasting,
Than here would furnish *hospitable feasting.*
Or see him round St. James's purlieus straying,
With wond'ring eyes that wealthy world surveying,
And half his income for a *garret* paying.
Or at St. Stephen's, on a top bench waiting
In fretful doze, while Statesmen are debating;
Unknown, unnoticed, save by some pert Peer,
Who thus accosts his neighbour with a sneer;
" Who's that, my Lord? his Face I don't remember."
" How should you? 'tis a Scotch, or Irish, member;
" They come, and go, in Droves, but we don't know 'em.
" They should have *Keepers,* like wild beasts, to shew 'em.
" But wait a moment, 'till he gives his Vote,
" And then you'll know his Nation by his Note."
Thus Folly flies, but with a heavy wing:
We love at lighter Fools our shafts to fling;
We pant once more for folly-fostering Peace,
Parent of mirth, and gay absurdities;
Of all our ancient votaries we're bereft,
And scarce a *swadler's* for a sarcasm left.
Now every wit with **public* feeling glows,
And on the *common-weal* his verse bestows;
A Statesman's virtues, or a Nation's wrongs,
Are the sole subject of *his grateful songs,*
And every Muse is put in requisition,
To praise, or blame, some *secret expedition;*

* Alluding to the great number of Party-Pamphlets published about this time.

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Party and Politics, alone, engage
The taste, and *all the talents* of the age,
And patriot Poets weave *each* chaplet now
To grace some Statesman's, or some Hero's, brow.
Then where's *our* Lyric Crown? whose humbler care,
The thriftless labours of the Drama share?
Why, *these* Rewards await us, *your applause*,
The various good our pleasing pastime draws,
And these consoling scenes, by Mercy sent,
To *mitigate* the ills they can't *prevent*.
The Poor, and Hungry, too, our tribute share,
And every *play-bill* proves a *bill of fare*.
Each Nation has its Æras, fix'd, and stated,
From whence all enterprise, and deeds, are dated.
The Greeks had their Olympic Games, and we,
THE PLAYS of equal notoriety.
Our hopes, our horrors—business, or pleasure—
Our actions, great or small, from these we measure;
" When do you go to town?" his Lordship says,—
" I never go to town, *before the plays*."
Nimrod, to know when Sport commences, prays,—
" We don't begin our Hunting—*till the plays*."
Each anxious stranger thro' our city strays,
To seize on pleasant Lodgings—*for the plays*.
Miss, to her country friend, her pride betrays,
" Lord, how unhappy! *sha'n't you see the plays?*"
The Prudent Fair her purpos'd Purchase stays,
To find the newest fashions, *at the plays*;
Each beauty, in her glass, her charm surveys,
Intent on precious mischief, *at the plays*;
Coy Nymphs postpone their Lovers claims to raise,
In hopes of something better, *at the plays*.
Grave Politicians calculate delays,
" The Question can't come on, *before the plays*."
" Will the French venture yet to cross the seas?"
" I do not think they will, *before the plays*."
When this shut dome the *famish'd wretch* surveys,
He cries, " Well! times will better, *at the plays*."
'Tis my allotted office, to conclude
Our gay career in strains of Gratitude,
But 'tis, alas! my irksome duty too,
Always to utter that sad word, *adieu*.
With mix'd sensations of Delight and Pain,
This party-color'd province I sustain:
With warm emotions, grateful thanks I pay,
Charm'd, that we pleas'd; but griev'd, so short our sway.
Now, but one kind Farewell the Muse obtrudes,
Then, like our Lives, our Epilogue concludes,
Both end in Sighs, that all our joys are o'er,
Both end in Hopes, to meet again once more.

On no former occasion have our Theatrical Entertainments commenced with a greater promise of success than the present. To the Talents hitherto displayed on our Boards we have now to boast of some valuable acquisitions. In all the minor requisites of Scenery and Wardrobe our Theatre is greatly improved. We have our Orchestra led by Mr. THOMAS COOKE, whose musical abilities, either as a Composer or a Performer, have raised him to the situation of *Leader* in the Theatre of our Capital. In short, we know not in what particular our little Establishment is not *complete*. Let the saturnine sectary disclaim as he may against those elegant and useful enjoyments, and ignorantly predict their approaching termination: we congratulate our City on their present prosperity, and the promise of their future continuance. MONDAY gave us FARQUHAR'S Comedy of THE INCONSTANT, with the PANTOMIME of DON JUAN; and WEDNESDAY the Comedy of CYMBELINE, with the After-piece of the DESERTER. We cannot help noticing the *debut* of a new Performer in the part of *Belarius*, in the latter Play. His just conception of the part, and fine-toned voice, particularly the eager enthusiasm with which he gave out " Have with with you, Boys," combine to raise in us a strong expectation of future fame in that quarter. *Arviragus* sung a touching strain, " With fairest Flowers while Summer lasts," in so sweet and feeling a manner, that we own ourselves to have been delighted with it.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Saturday, October 10th*, 1807.]

When now, in their seventh Season, the Performances of the Private Theatre of Kilkenny not only still retain the admiring Friends of former years, but still attract the Stranger's notice, we cannot surely fear the imputation of being too sanguine, when we say, that the successful career which they have had, for so long a period, can only be attributed to the attractions they have possessed. *Some* for a while might flock to the Theatre, to cheer a Friend, more than applaud an Actor—Charity for a while might induce *others* to become spectators, and, as she " covers a multitude of sins," might have forgiven a multitude of faults; but seven returning periods of dull exhibition would have out lasted any mortal friendship, or any christian charity. The continuance of those Plays, therefore, is a proof of their merits. Gil Blas tells us, that the Players who belonged to the Prince's Theatre at Madrid, were called, *par excellence*, " a company of Comedians;" and some appellation should be given, in the same way, to the Gentlemen of the Kilkenny Theatre, to distinguish their rank, among the *Dilletante* Performers of our time. The third night of performance was on FRIDAY last, when we had KING JOHN, with HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS. There is a good deal of *spectacle* in this Play; and all that could be done by the splendor of Attire, or the number of Attendants, was done for it with us; but, what was much better, it was well *cast* and well acted. There were two scenes, the one in which the *King* urges *Hubert* to the murder of the *Prince*, and the other in which he reproaches him, for his supposed obedience to the royal Mandate, that were most successfully given. *Prince Arthur* had a very interesting representative. So sweet a Prince was never personated by so sweet a Boy. Every gracious epithet bestowed on him by the Poet, was applicable to this Child; nor did his graceful and pathethic appeal for mercy lose any thing of its interest with the Audience, by the affecting influence it had upon the relenting *Hubert*, whose voice and manner, true to nature, greatly contributed to the pathos of the scene. Who enacted *Faulconbridge*—who could act it so well, as he who represented it this night?—a Gentleman who, among all the various Characters that he fills, is never deficient in that self-possession which is so essentially necessary to theatrical success. Our *Lady Constance* is entitled to high praise. It was a performance that surpassed our expectation. The Play, on the whole, although considered a heavy one, went off with very great effect.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 14th*, 1807.]

The BEAUX STRATAGEM was performed on MONDAY. *Archer* is a Gentleman in disguise. To justify *Mrs. Sullen's* passion for him, and to keep his station with the Audience, who are in the secret of his rank, every flight that he takes

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should therefore "soar beyond the pitch of a livery." To retain the ease of a Gentleman was no difficult task to him who represented the Character on our Stage. *Foigard* amused us much, and was much applauded; without descending to vulgar and Farcical Exhibition, it was a representation that brought forward every point of the Character with characteristic humour. Our *Scrub* was excellent, and sulky *Sullen* could not have been in better hands. Every pruriency of expression which the Author gives to the Female Characters of this Comedy was wisely curtailed, if Ladies can account as wise, any curtailment of their speech. Among other advantages peculiar to such an Establishment as ours, the ear or the eye of delicacy is certain of never being wounded by any indecorum.

Don Juan succeeded to the Comedy. The Hero of this interesting After-piece never appears but to make love, or to fight. Gallantry and valor are his only qualities. The performance of the Spanish Reveller was graceful and manly. The Supper Scene was particularly interesting; but when he is assailed by Demons at the conclusion of his riotous career, and thrown upon the ground, the length of his reclining person called to our mind the Poet's description of the fallen Satan—He, like him,

"Extended on the burning lake,
"Lay floating many a rood."

[*Kilkenny Paper, Saturday, 17th October*, 1807.]

The Beggar's Opera, on Friday, introduced to our Audience a Gentleman long distinguished for his musical talents and comic powers, in the character of *Macheath;* the Songs were all given with very good effect, particularly "The Judges are met," and "The Medley," and his manner of acting it, especially in the parting admonition to the Gang, exhibited a just sense of the effect to be produced by the Mock-Heroic. *Filch* was excellent, and *Peachum* a performance of the richest humor.

The Rivals, always a favorite with the Kilkenny Audience, was performed on Saturday. It was cast, with the exception of *Acres* and *Fag*, in the same way it stood last year. The Characters of this Play are so happily adapted to the powers of the Company, that every repetition of it only adds to its effects.

The School for Scandal was performed on Monday. The performance of *Sir Peter Teazle* was just, pointed, and critical, and *Crabtree* was raised by the Performer to a very prominent situation in this witty and delightful Comedy. In The Agreeable Surprise, *Lingo* kept the Audience in continued laughter.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, October 21st*, 1807.]

Romeo and Juliet was performed on Wednesday for the first time on our Stage, and was sustained throughout in a manner very creditable to the Company. It is well, where the talents necessary for representing the hapless Lover, are assisted by a prepossessing appearance, to justify to the Audience the sudden passion of his Mistress. *Mercutio* bantered him with ease and dexterity; and all the best parts of the Play, particularly the Garden and the Tomb-Scenes, were particularly effective.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Saturday October 24th*, 1807.]

The Tragedy of Lear, with the After-piece of Valentine and Orson, concluded the Performances of the Season on Saturday last. *Lear* is a character that requires a combination of many powers in the Actor. Its transitions are sudden. Grief succeeds to rage, and the strength of madness to the imbecility of years, so that a young man is in danger of being too forcible, in the representation of his feebleness, and an old man too weak, for the assumption of his violence; it is not, therefore, often undertaken on the public Stage. On ours it was represented with entire success; and all the well-known passages of "Aye, every inch a King,"—"Cordelia is a Queen,"—"Old Lear shall be a King again," were given with all the force and the feeling they require. We had an excellent representative of *Edgar*. His scenes with the poor old King were so perfect, that the general effect of the Tragedy was considerably indebted to that character.

At the close of the Play Mr. Langrishe delivered an occasional Epilogue; we hear it was his own composition, and we *believe* so, for it was obviously written in the spirit of national humour, and inspired in the delivery a good deal of national feeling. Besides the Countesses of Ormonde and Carrick, the Families of Woodstock, Kilfane, Knocktopher, Farmley, and the other resident Families of Rank and Fashion in our own County, we noticed among the Strangers in our Audience, who have honored us this season with their presence, the Marquis of Ely, the Earl of Harrington, the Earl and Countess of Meath, the Earl and Countess of Charlemont, the Earl of Mayo, the Countess of Glandore, the Lord Lismore, the Hon. Montague Matthew, St. George Caulfield, Esq. and his Lady, the Ladies Johnson and Burgoyne, and their Families, with a general Assemblage of Fashionable People, whose names would exceed the limits of the space we could afford them.—[*Kilkenny Paper, Wednesday, 28th October*, 1807.]

Eighth Season.

1808.

Commenced the 10th, and closed the 29th of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. Bryan.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. Barry.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. Dalton.
Mr. Lyster.	Mr. Waller.
Mr. Becher.	Mr. Bushe.
Mr. Ponsonby.	Mr. Mason.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. O'Rielly.
Mr. Moore.	Mr. Dix.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. Duffy.
Mr. Gore.	Mr. Keough.
Sir J. Stronge.	Mr. Watters.

Master Langrishe.

Miss Smith.	Mrs. Johnson.
Miss Walstein.	Mrs. Cooke.
Mrs. Hitchcock.	Miss Davison.

Miss A. Dyke.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

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PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. J. Atkinson, and spoken by Mr. R. Power,

At the opening of the Theatre, the 10th of October, 1808.

With some ambition for dramatic ame,
Once more we come, your kind support to claim,
Happy, if this our recreation tends
To social objects, and to moral ends.
And as we thus the cares of life beguile,
Approv'd by you, and cheer'd by Friendship's smile,
With such an Audience, and in such a cause,
We dread no censure, tho' we miss applause.
Permit our Fancy then to dramatize,
And paint the living characters that rise;
To prove Theatricals are all the fashion,
We'll give Examples of *our* Ruling Passion.
" The times are out of joint—and fraught with cares,
" And all the Men, and Women, merely *Players.*"
See *one great actor,* with ambitious rage,
To snatch renown, makes *all the world* HIS stage;
And, like us, Monarchs of the stage, you'll own,
Commands that World to bow before his Throne.
With SHAKSPEARE's fancy, blending False, and True;
" Exhausting Plots, and then inventing new."
Like GARRICK, Master of the Thespian art,
He sports the Tragic, or the Comic, part.
Rul'd by no laws, he shifts his boundless scenes,
Casting new walks for Princes, Kings, and Queens.
Italian Operas, and Germanic plays,
Conspire, his Fortunes, and his Pride, to raise.
Europe has wept beneath his Tragic powers,
And *every State* confess'd his sway—but OURS.
His Melo-Drames, which first appear'd in France,
Spread North and South, thro' regions of Romance,
A grand *spectacle* of embattled hosts,
Of *Castle-spectres,* and of bleeding ghosts!
Macbeth, and *Richard,* he *too well* combines;
None his superior, in the *Tyrant,* shines!
And Mourning Venice all in Tears can tell,
That none performs her *Bravo* half so well:
While Rome, once more by Gothic fury sack'd,
Forebodes the bloody deeds he pants to act.
In *Comic* characters, he's quite the dash,
Now *Filch*—now *Bobadil*—now *Captain Flash!*
Nay more, to raise his reputation higher,
There's not a better *Puff,*—or greater *Liar.*
He more, in *Pantomime,* commands surprise,
From Camps, to Courts, like *Harlequin,* he flies.
From Egypt's desert, to the Baltic shore,
You trace his wonders, and his tricks explore.
O'er seas, and mountains, this Magician springs,
Transforms his Minions into Queens, and Kings.
He waves his sword, contrives some new design,
Enthrones himself, and crowns his Columbine.
And then, like *Blue Beard,* in fantastic state,
He claims the homage due a Chief so great!
But may the *Fates,* which have his powers employ'd,
Soon give the World the *Libertine Destroy'd!*
His *brother actor* to Iberia came,
To shine at Court, and take a Monarch's name:
Deserting Naples, on new Plays to fix,
And gain, by *Honors,* what he lost by *Tricks.*
Madrid, enrag'd to see Usurpers come,
To play the *Robbers,* and proclaim *Tom Thumb,*
Call'd forth the Nation's Patriotic Rage,
To hiss this Mummer from the public stage.
Thus forc'd to end this Tragi-Comic Play,
He just rehears'd his part—and ran away.
But to console himself for lost renown,
" *This cut-purse of the Empire stole the Crown."
Altho' in Mimic Life *we* thus engage,
" To fret, like *him,* our hour upon the stage,"
Tho' you behold us here in battle slain,
Unlike *his* heroes, we shall rise again.
And soon from Tragic Death restor'd to Life,
Tir'd of heroic pomp, and regal strife,
We'll fly to mingle with the Comic throng,
Blending, with native mirth, the Dance and Song.—
But when the Curtain Drops, and Fiction's o'er
And we return to Social Scenes once more,
This constant object we shall still pursue,
The wish to please—and be approv'd by *you.*

* When the Spanish Patriots compelled the pretended King, Joseph Napoleon, to fly from the Throne of their Kingdom, on which he had been placed by his brother, the Emperor of France, the Usurper, to console himself in his disgraceful flight, carried away with him the Crown, the Jewels, and all the Royal Treasures of their legitimate Monarch.

Monday, 10*th October,* 1808.

FIRST NIGHT.

THE WANDERER.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS	...	Sir J. Stronge.
SIGISMOND	...	Mr. Crampton.
COUNT VALDESTEIN	...	Mr. Corry.
COUNT SPARRE	...	Mr. R. Power.
BANER	...	Mr. Becher.
OFFICER	...	Mr. Duffy.
JAMES	...	Mr. Waller.
ERICK	...	Mr. Watters.
RAMSAY	...	Mr. Ponsonby
COUNTESS VALDESTEIN		Miss Smith.
CHRISTINA	...	Mrs. Johnson.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

SCOUT	...	Mr. Crampton.
SNARL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SHEEPFACE	...	Sir J. Stronge.
JUSTICE MITTIMUS	...	Mr. Corry.
MRS. SCOUT	...	Mrs. Johnson

1808.

Wednesday, 12th October, 1808.

SECOND NIGHT.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DUKE	...	Mr. Becher.
FREDERICK	...	Mr. Corry.
AMIENS	...	Mr. Dalton.
JAQUES	...	Mr. Rothe.
ORLANDO	...	Mr. R. Power.
LE BEAU	...	Mr. Bryan.
JAQUES DE BOIS	...	Sir J. Stronge.
ADAM	...	Mr. Lyster.
TOUCHSTONE	...	Mr. Langrishe.
CORIN	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SILVIUS	...	Mr. Waller.
WILLIAM	...	Mr. Duffy.
CHARLES	...	Mr. Keough.
ROSALIND	...	Miss Walstein.
CELIA	...	Mrs. Johnson.
PHEBE	...	Miss Davison.
AUDREY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

COLLINS'S ODE ON THE PASSIONS,

By Miss Smith.

With Appropriate Music.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

FOP	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
FAVOURED LOVER	...	Mr. Crampton.
OLD PAINTER	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
LA GOUVERNANTE	...	Mr. Corry.
PAINTER'S DAUGHTER		Mrs. Cooke.
ATTENDANT	...	Miss A. Dyke.

Friday, 14th October, 1808.

THIRD NIGHT.

JANE SHORE.

DUKE OF GLOSTER	...	Mr. Lyster.
LORD HASTINGS	...	Mr. R. Power.
CATESBY	...	Mr. O'Rielly.
RATCLIFFE	...	Mr. Waller.
BELMOUR	...	Mr. Becher.
DUMONT	...	Mr. Rothe.
ALICIA	...	Miss Smith.
JANE SHORE	...	Miss Walstein.

OF AGE TO-MORROW.

FREDERICK	...	Mr. Crampton
BARON PIFFLESBERG	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
HANS MOLKUS	...	Mr. Corry.
FRIZ	...	Sir J. Stronge.
LADY BRUMBACK	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
SOPHIA	...	Miss Davison.
MARIA	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Monday, 17th October, 1808.

FOURTH NIGHT.

DOUGLAS.

LORD RANDOLPH	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
GLENALVON	...	Mr. Becher.
DOUGLAS	...	Mr. R. Power.
DONALD	...	Mr. Watters.
OLD NORVAL	...	Mr. Lyster.
LADY RANDOLPH	...	Miss Smith.
ANNA	...	Miss Davison

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

THE MARQUIS	...	Mr. Crampton.
THE GENERAL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SEBASTIAN	...	Mr. Corry.
NICHOLAS	...	Sir J. Stronge.
AMBROSE	...	Mr. Becher.
MATHIAS	...	Mr. O'Rielly.
JULIA	...	Mrs. Johnson.
CECILY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
FLORA	...	Miss Walstein.

Wednesday, 19th October, 1808.

FIFTH NIGHT.

THE RIVALS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE		Mr. Lyster.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	...	Mr. R. Power
FAULKLAND	...	Mr. Rothe.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER		Mr. Crampton.
ACRES	...	Mr. Corry.
DAVID	...	Mr. Moore.
FAG	...	Sir J. Stronge.
MRS. MALAPROP	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
LYDIA LANGUISH	...	Miss Smith.
JULIA	...	Miss Walstein.
LUCY	...	Miss Davison.

THE PADLOCK.

DON DIEGO	...	Mr. Corry.
LEANDER	...	Mr. Dalton.
MUNGO	...	Mr. Moore.
STUDENTS	...	Mr. Waller and Mr. Watters.
LEONORA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
URSULA	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

1808.

Friday, 21st October, 1808.

SIXTH NIGHT.

OTHELLO.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Bushe.
BRABANTIO	...	Mr. Corry.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Waller.
LODOVICO	...	Mr. Watters.
OTHELLO	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIO	...	Mr. Crampton.
IAGO	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
RODERIGO	...	Sir J. Stronge.
MONTANO	...	Mr. Dalton.
DESDEMONA	...	Miss Walstein.
EMILIA	...	Mrs. Johnson.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER.

CROP	...	Sir J. Stronge.
FREDERICK	...	Mr. Dalton.
ENDLESS	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
THOMAS	...	Mr. Waller.
ROBIN	...	Mr. Crampton.
DOROTHY	...	Mrs. Johnson.
NELLY	...	Miss Davison.
MARGARETTA	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Saturday, 22d October, 1808.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Gore.
ANTHONIO	...	Mr. Rothe.
BASSANIO	...	Mr. R. Power.
SALANIO	...	Mr. Waller.
SALARINO	...	Sir J. Stronge.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Crampton.
LORENZO	...	Mr. Dalton.
SHYLOCK	...	Mr. Becher.
TUBAL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
LAUNCELOT	...	Mr. Bushe.
BALTHASER	...	Mr. Watters.
PORTIA	...	Miss Smith.
NERISSA	...	Mrs. Johnson.
JESSICA	...	Mrs. Cooke.

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

SCOUT	..	Mr. Crampton.
SNARL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SHEEPFACE	...	Sir J. Stronge.
JUSTICE MITTIMUS	...	Mr. Corry.
MRS. SCOUT	...	Mrs. Johnson.

Monday, 24th October, 1808.

EIGHTH NIGHT.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

LORD OGLEBY	...	Mr. Langrishe.
SIR JOHN MELVILLE	...	Sir J. Stronge.
STERLING	...	Mr. Lyster.
LOVEWELL	...	Mr. Becher.
BRUSH	...	Mr. R. Power.
CANTON	...	Mr. Crampton.
SERJEANT FLOWER	...	Mr. Corry.
TRAVERSE	...	Mr. Waller.
TRUEMAN	...	Mr. Duffy.
MRS. HEIDELBERG	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
MISS STERLING	...	Mrs. Johnson.
FANNY	...	Miss Walstein.
BETTY	...	Miss Davison.
CHAMBERMAID	...	Mrs. Cooke.

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

SIR THEODORE GOODCHILD		Mr. Waller.
SIR ARCHY MAC SARCASM		Mr. Bushe.
SIR CAL. O'BRALLAGHAN		Mr. Crampton.
MORDECAI	...	Mr. Corry.
SQUIRE GROOM	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
CHARLOTTE	...	Mrs. Johnson.

Wednesday, 26th October, 1808.

NINTH NIGHT.

MACBETH.

DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND		Mr. Waller.
MALCOLM	...	Sir J. Stronge.
MACBETH	...	Mr. R. Power.
MACDUFF	...	Mr. Rothe.
BANQUO	...	Mr. Becher.
FLEANCE	...	Master Langrishe.
LENOX	...	Mr. Dix.
ROSSE	...	Mr. Corry.
SIWARD	...	Mr. Keough.
SEYTON	...	Mr. Watters.
PHYSICIAN	...	Mr. Dalton.
OFFICER	...	Mr. Duffy.
HECATE	...	Mr. Crampton.
FIRST WITCH	...	Mr. Barry.
SECOND WITCH	...	Mr. O'Rielly.
THIRD WITCH	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
LADY MACBETH	...	Miss Smith.

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

DAGGERWOOD	...	Mr. Crampton.
FUSTIAN	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
JOHN	...	Sir J. Stronge.

A COMIC BALLET.

Principal Characters.

MUSICIAN	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
MUSICIAN'S DAUGHTER		Mrs. Cooke.
SERENADERS	...	Mr. Crampton, Mr. Dalton.

Visitors, Musicians, &c.

1808.

Friday, 28th October, 1808.

TENTH NIGHT.

KING LEAR.

KING LEAR	...	Mr. Rothe.
BURGUNDY	...	Mr. Dalton.
CORNWALL	...	Mr. Gore.
ALBANY	...	Sir J. Stronge.
KENT	...	Mr. Langrishe.
GLOSTER	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
EDGAR	...	Mr. R. Power.
EDMUND	...	Mr. Becher.
OSWALD	...	Mr. Corry.
PHYSICIAN	...	Mr. Bryan.
OLD MAN	...	Mr. Keough.
CAPTAIN	...	Mr. O'Rielly.
KNIGHTS	...	Mr. Watters and Mr. Waller.
CORDELIA	...	Miss Walstein.
GONERIL	...	Mrs. Johnson.
REGAN	...	Miss Davison.
ARANTE	...	Mrs. Cooke.

THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

DON SCIPIO	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
RAMIREZ	...	Sir J. Stronge.
FERNANDO	...	Mr. Dalton.
DON JUAN	...	Mr. Bryan.
SANGUINO	...	Mr. Waller.
CALVETTE	...	Mr. Keough.
VASQUEZ	...	Mr. Watters.
PEDRILLO	...	Mr. Corry.
SPADO	...	Mr. Moore.
VICTORIA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
ISABELLA	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Saturday, 29th October, 1808.

LAST NIGHT.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DUKE	...	Mr. Becher.
FREDERICK	...	Mr. Corry.
AMIENS	...	Mr. Dalton.
JAQUES	...	Mr. Rothe.
ORLANDO	...	Mr. R. Power.
LE BEAU	...	Mr. Bryan.
OLIVER	...	Mr. Gore.
JAQUES DE BOIS	...	Mr. Watters.
ADAM	...	Mr. Barry.
TOUCHSTONE	...	Mr. Langrishe.
CORIN	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SILVIUS	...	Mr. Waller.
WILLIAM	...	Mr. Duffy.
CHARLES	...	Mr. Keough.
ROSALIND	...	Miss Walstein.
CELIA	...	Mrs. Johnson.
PHEBE	...	Miss Davison.
AUDREY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

INKLE AND YARICO.

SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY		Mr. Ponsonby.
INKLE	...	Sir J. Stronge.
MEDIUM	...	Mr. Waller.
CAMPLEY	...	Mr. Dalton.
PLANTER	...	Mr. Watters.
TRUDGE	..	Mr. Moore.
YARICO	...	Miss Walstein.
NARCISSA	...	Miss Davison
WOWSKI	...	Mrs. Cooke.

EPILOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 29th of October, 1808

Since Charity so many sins can cover,
Pray Heaven, its power may shade *our* errors over!
For that we may have sinn'd, we must admit,
Sinn'd against action, utterance, and wit,
But never wantonly—our crimes are still
Crimes of necessity, and not of will.
Howe'er, since during *eight succeeding years*,
No foe traduces, nor e'en Envy sneers,
No more of fancied ills, or fabricated fears!
Amidst the fatal tumult that awaits
The fall of Monarchs and the strife of States,
'Midst the wild horrors of a Tyrant's rage,
Making this spacious Globe one Tragic stage,
This our auspicious dome, our hallow'd spot,
By Fortune favor'd, and by Fate forgot,
Sacred to polish'd Pleasure still remains,
Nor Tyrant threatens here, nor Sorrow stains.
Long as the world by usual rules was bound,
And manners chang'd not ere the sun went round,
'Twere possible to catch at transient Taste,
And fix its fleeting figures, ere they past.
The times were, then, for playful painting fit,
And rich materials rose, and stay'd, for wit.
But now, so quick the changes, who can find
The present picture of the human mind!
Kings sunk to Vassals, Democrats to-day,
To-morrow court some cruel Tyrant's sway.
This hour we boast the honor, might, and worth
Of our most gracious Allies of the North,
But ere our subsidies are wafted o'er,
They plot, perfidious, to molest our shore.
Oft I've exhausted irksome hours in vain,
To praise the Russian, or excuse the Dane,
When by the next express, or Evening Post,
My labour'd theme of panegyric's lost.
The Russian's false, or timid—Dane, the same;
And the rude Swede, alone, from us can claim,
Thro' the wide North, or friendship, faith, or fame.
In these sad times, when Laughter's out of fashion,
And poor Thalia, sighing, yields her station,
When Tears and Tragedies are all the vogue,
Who'd risk his fame in Comic Epilogue?

1808.

But faithful folly, still the poet's friend,
Bids me her favorite *Barouche* ascend;
There the gay Queen on box triumphant sits,
Dispensing Law on *buckles*, *straps*, and *bits*,
Tempts each aspiring Youth to mount beside her,
Drives six in hand, and scorns a *pole-end driver*;
Empty and useless, the Barouche, behind,
Follows, just Emblem of its Owner's mind!—
Blest Britain! matchless in your rich resources,
Whose Ancient Nobles drive, and dress, their horses;
Unite in clubs, to teach th' admiring throng
To turn the corner sharp, and throw the thong,
For every function of their Coachmen fit,
In Manners—Talents—Objects—Garb—and Wit.
Of all the various passions that engage,
Our best, our purest pleasure is the Stage.
Here scenes, by forcible examples, reach
Beyond what wisest Moralist can teach.
By Fraud forewarn'd, by Folly render'd wise,
Inspir'd by Virtue, and incens'd at Vice,
All bosoms feel Truth's sacred form impress'd,
And each deep instance penetrates the breast.
To aid this festive jubilee, appear
Rank, Beauty, Fashion, Wealth, and Talents, here;
While taste, to crown the whole with polish'd joy,
Blots from each character its coarse alloy.
Here you have witness'd mirth with sense allied;
Truth without roughness—Riches without pride;
Courtiers with candour—Statesmen without gall;
Actors, from whom no vain self plaudits fall;
Soldiers, that boast not of their feats in war;
Lawyers, that prate not of the wrangling bar.
Here lib'ral wits each other's verses praise,
And, e'en for rivals, weave the crown of bays;
Here Swains, from Love alone, feel soft Alarms;
Here bounteous beauties open all their charms,
Above concealment and deceitful arts,
They kindly shew—they almost shew their * hearts.
We the wide Drama of the World detail,
Where all are play'rs, but on a greater scale,
Each acts the part his Manager allots,
While proud Napoleon preconcerts the Plots,
Makes, and unmakes, her Kings—as we do here;
And dreads, like us—a British hiss, or sneer:
Storms with domestic fury, where he wills,
And every land, but ours, with terror fills.
And yet such quick transitions now take place,
Such wondrous changes in men's projects pass,
This King, like one of † ours, may leave his throne,
Nay, ride a horse-race to amaze the town,
And sick of state and diplomatic speeches,
May change his robes for buckskin boots and breeches.
Where differs then our Manager from him?
Each casts his actors' parts, as suits his whim,
And both are ‡ *tragic* managers, we see,
Patrons of *grief*, and friends of *misery*.
But then *our* woes ne'er last beyond the hour,
While *his*, with endless ills, his dupes devour.

* Among the fashionable Females of this day, no fair Bosom could be accused of *concealing any thing* from its Admirers.

† The gentleman who performed the part of *King Lear*, had, previous to the Plays, rode a Race at Kilkenny.

‡ The Tragedies, this Season, outnumbered the Comedies.

Athwart the gloom with which the world is bound,
Dark'ning in dismal shades th' horizon round,
From southern Spain, what glorious rays proceed!
Nor can ferocious power the flame impede.
Great, gallant nation, dignified and brave,
March with intrepid step, and Europe save,
Stem the fierce torrent of a Tyrant's course,
Prove virtue paramount to fraud and force,
Be bold, not sanguinary—still unite
The *heart* of *mercy*, with the *hand* of *might*,
So shall your resolute example reach
Earth's utmost bounds, and loyal ardour teach.
Last, and reluctant, to the strife you came,
You sought no conquest, you requir'd no fame;
To save your Thrones, and Altars, all your aim.
Should such a cause want *aid*, that *aid* we'll lend,
For every Briton is the free-man's friend—
E'en now, where Tagus rolls her yellow tide,
New Triumphs crown our public zeal, and pride;
Nay, should * unseemly Treaties waste the prize,
By valour won—the glory never dies;
And long *this Isle* shall boast, that here were bred
The Troops that conquer'd, and the † Chief that led.
At length Adieu!—may *each succeeding year*,
With scenes, as bright as these, our prospects cheer!
Long may the grateful themes delight the mind
Of Heroes so renown'd, and Friends so kind.—

* Alluding to the Convention of Cintra. † Lord Wellington.

[*Leinster Journal*, *Kilkenny*, *Wednesday*, *October* 12*th*, 1808.]—Our Private Theatre opened on Monday Night last, with the Play of the *Wanderer*, and the Farce of the *Village Lawyer*.

The House, though not greatly crowded, formed an assemblage of beauty and fashion, equal to any first night's representation that we remember. We observed, amongst others present, the Earls of Ormonde, and Desart, General and Lady Matilda Wynard, General and Mrs. Hamilton, Lady Elizabeth Kavanagh, Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Langrishe, Sir Henry and Lady Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greene, Colonel Gore and Family, Mrs. G. Ponsonby, and the Families of Kilfane and Farmly. Amongst the recent arrivals we have to announce General Sir John Doyle, Bart. Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Doyle, Colonel and Mrs. Doyne, Colonel and Mrs. Falkner, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Verschoyle, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Atkinson, and many others we have not room to mention.

The appearance of that charming Actress, Miss Smith, for the first time at our Theatre, diffused general satisfaction and applause. Mr. Richard Power spoke, in his happiest manner, an excellent occasional *Prologue*, which we understand is from the pen of Mr. Atkinson.

[*Leinster Journal*, *Kilkenny*, *Saturday*, *October* 15*th*, 1808.]—The Play of the Wanderer was originally written in French—*Edouard en Ecosse*.—It was afterwards altered by *Kotzebue*, and has been since adapted to the English Stage, under its present title, by Mr. *C. Kemble*. Its merit chiefly

consists in the interest it creates for the safety of *Sigismond*, the hero of the Piece, which character was very successfully sustained by Mr. CRAMPTON.

The *Old Ramsay* of Mr. G. PONSONBY, delighted us much; and that Mr. R. POWER gave the part of *Count Sparre* as much effect as it could receive, it were unnecessary to say. We congratulate the Company on the acquisition of Mr. CORRY, who, in the short, but interesting part of *Valdestein*, gave a proof of good feeling, and a natural taste for the Stage. We do not think this Play will bear frequent repetitions, but still we consider it to be an entertaining Piece. It was followed by the Farce of the *Village Lawyer;* one of Mr. CRAMPTON's most fortunate exhibitions of the lively, and the ludicrous.

On Wednesday, was performed, SHAKESPEARE's delightful Comedy of *As you like it*, of which we venture to assert, that it was, what is technically called, the best *got up* Play yet exhibited on this Stage. The number of Performers in it precludes the possibility of our doing to each, the separate justice he deserves. *Rosalind* was delightfully personated by Miss WALSTEIN; we always have seen this Lady with pleasure, but never, with so much, as on Wednesday; the gallantry and sensibility of *Orlando* were felt and expressed by Mr. R. POWER, in a manner that pleased us exceedingly; there is a justness of discrimination about this gentleman that is very obvious in every thing he undertakes. To the assumed misanthropy of *Jaques*, Mr. ROTHE gave the highest colouring; there was a justness in his deportment, with a manner sarcastic, though kind—melancholy, but not malignant, that gave to this character its true effect. His recitation of the Seven Ages, exhibited the sanguine feelings of a cultivated mind, and he painted the various stages of this life, rather as in pity of their follies, than in hatred of their crimes. In the part of *Adam*, Mr. LYSTER affected us extremely, and shewed that his powers of pathetic expression are hardly inferior to his well known comic talents. The *Touchstone* of Mr. LANGRISHE was in his usual neat, and happy manner, fully proving to us, "that to play the fool well," requires no small portion of talent. Most pointedly, under the stalking horse of his folly, did he shoot off his wit. The dignified air, deep tone, and correct recitation of Mr. BECHER in the *Duke*, gave the exquisite writing of that part its utmost force, and we shall always consider this Play as of the highest credit to our Theatre, both as to its selection, and performance.

After the Play, Miss SMITH recited *Collins's Ode on the Passions.*

Amongst those who attended the Theatre we observed the MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS of WATERFORD, LORD and LADY CASTLECOOTE, COLONEL COOTE, Sir JOHN CARDEN, LADY D. MONCK and Family, and other persons of distinction. The Theatrical Company has been favored with the presence of ANACREON MOORE. The celebrated Miss OWENSON, we also find, is on a visit at the Palace. In short, Kilkenny has become the seat of the Muses; and many not only of the highest rank, but of the best talents of our Country, are now to be found on our Stage, or among those who are the spectators of our attic entertainments.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Saturday, 29th October*, 1808.] JANE SHORE was performed on Friday, the 14th instant: it is unnecessary to praise this Play, and it would be absurd to condemn it. It has stood the test of time, and is one of our best and most interesting Tragedies. With regard to its selection, it evinced, we must say, a very liberal self-denial in the Gentlemen of the Theatre, for the female Characters in the Play are conspicuously superior to those of the men; but the choice was not less wise than liberal, when we consider that they had the assistance of two such eminent performers as Miss SMITH and Miss WALSTEIN. It would be invidious, were it possible, to draw a comparison between these two Ladies, in *Jane Shore* and *Alicia*. Each part was so admirably acted, as to create a belief in us, that neither could perform the other character so well;—each of the Ladies was emulous of her own fair fame; but not envious of the other's. The *Hastings* of Mr. R. POWER, exhibited the high spirited, gallant, patriotic, but loyal nobleman—a character we wish often to meet with in real life; and the manner in which he repeated these popular lines of "Beyond myself I love my native Land," proved how sensibly he felt every sentiment he uttered. The *Gloster* of Mr. LYSTER, was a faithful picture of the crafty tyrant, and Mr. ROTHE's performance of *Dumont*, particularly in the scene with *Hastings*, affected us most sensibly. We never saw *Belmour* better played than by Mr. BECHER, particularly in the scene with *Shore*, where he sounds him as to his affection for his wife.

On Monday, the 17th inst. was performed the Tragedy of DOUGLAS, in which the *Lady Randolph* of Miss SMITH was greatly admired; the various passions of expectation, doubt, tenderness, indignation, and grief abound in this character, and afforded her many opportunities of exhibiting the varying powers of her expressive countenance. Mr. R. POWER, in *Douglas*, was spirited, but not arrogant; modest, but not lowly; he hit the happy medium between the vain glorious air assumed by some, and a tameness observed by others, that almost sinks the character into insignificance. With Mr. POWER it was altogether a most successful performance. Mr. BECHER gave us *Glenalvon*, as he should be, cool, crafty and considerate. The soliloquies, though somewhat heavy in the composition, were impressive from his recitation, and interesting from his feeling; The *Old Norval* of Mr. LYSTER was, as is always the case with him, a true picture of Nature.

[*Leinster Journal, Saturday, October 22d*, 1808.]—On Wednesday Evening, SHERIDAN's excellent Comedy of the RIVALS, and certainly one of his best productions, was performed at our Theatre.

The character of *Sir Anthony Absolute*, was filled by Mr. LYSTER with his usual ability. The sentimental *Falkland* can never be placed to more advantage than in the hands of Mr. ROTHE, nor *Captain Absolute* find a better representative than in Mr. R. POWER. Mr. CRAMPTON shewed us how well he understood the intention of the author, that *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* should be represented as a Gentleman. The part of *Acres* devolved on Mr. CORRY. Towards the last Act his voice seemed to have failed him, and probably from fatigue, for we believe the part was undertaken at a short notice. He is not therefore, a fair subject of Criticism. *Fag* was in the hands

1808.

of Sir JAMES STRONGE. Mr. MOORE as *David*, kept the audience in a roar by his Yorkshire dialect and rustic simplicity; we are surprised to hear that this was the first appearance of this Gentleman on any Stage. The *Lydia Languish*, and *Julia*, of Miss SMITH, and Miss WALSTEIN, were all that we could wish; but the *Mrs. Malaprop* of our old favorite, Mrs. HITCHCOCK, was preeminently excellent.

The PADLOCK followed, in which *Don Diego*, *Leander*, and *Mungo*, were well supported by Messrs. CORRY, DALTON and MOORE; but *Mungo* received the greatest tribute of applause.

[*Leinster Journal, Wednesday October 26th*, 1808.]—On Friday last our Theatre was quite full. The Play was OTHELLO, succeeded by the Musical After-piece of No SONG, No SUPPER. Mr. ROTHE's *Othello* is, in our opinion, one of the most perfect pieces of acting we have seen on any Private Stage; his graceful deportment and pathetic voice, are peculiarly adapted to the dignity, and tenderness of Tragedy. The honest candour, and manly feeling with which he delivered his speech to the Senate, his convulsive pangs when he accused *Iago*, and the burst of passion with which he uttered "Othello's occupation's gone," exceed all bounds of praise, and must have been seen, to be duly felt. This Gentleman's stile of acting is very peculiar; the technical exhibition of stage imposture sinks before the depth of his feelings, and the strength of his expressions—he aims directly at the heart, and never fails to reach it.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE was performed on Saturday. Mr. BECHER's *Shylock* contends with Mr. ROTHE's *Othello* in dramatic excellence; and we might, without adulation or flattery, apply to him the complimentary couplet that was addressed to Macklin in that Character:—

"This is the Jew
"That Shakespeare drew."

We are certain that Mr. BECHER, from his time of life, could not have seen him; and yet, there were some passages in his acting that reminded us of that Veteran Performer.

Shylock is a character which is supposed to require the force of the most powerful, and the skill of the most experienced, veteran of the Stage; yet, this gentleman, though so young in the dramatic art, gave to every passage a just, and forcible expression that surprised us—In the scene with TUBAL, his transitions from angry passion to malignant pleasure, were admirable, and in his demeanour before the judgment seat, he exhibited a deep and resolute revenge, firm, but not furious, inexorable, but not outrageous, which proved that he felt every variation of the character.

Miss SMITH's *Portia* was admired and applauded. She inspired a great interest in her favor, while pleading before the Senate of Venice, the cause of Mercy, and Justice, against the Jew. Mr. ROTHE distinguished himself as *Anthonio*; and Mr. R. POWER did equal honor to *Bassanio*. Nor is Mr. DALTON's *Lorenzo* to be forgotten; he introduced in the Midnight Scene, a sweet Song from the Melodies, which he gave with a thrilling effect upon us. The Comedy was followed by the Farce of the VILLAGE LAWYER.

On Monday Night we had the CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. Mr. LANGRISHE is hardly inferior to the late Mr. KING in the part of *Lord Ogleby*. "Take him for all in all," whether as to voice, address, or costume, he was a most perfect representative of the vain, infirm and amorous old Peer. Mr. CRAMPTON's *Canton* reminded us much of BADDELY, as indeed do all the French characters he plays. Mr. LYSTER's *Old Sterling*, acquired the applause he always obtains in every Character he undertakes. *Brush*, though a trifling part in itself, acquired some importance in the hands of Mr. R. POWER; but we must say that in playing the Fop Servant, he was unable to conceal the Gentleman. Mrs. HITCHCOCK was truly excellent in *Mrs. Heidelberg*, and Miss WALSTEIN's *Fanny* was quite beyond our praise.

Love a la Mode succeeded the Play, in which Mr. HENRY BUSHE was *Sir Archy*; his imitation of the Scotch accent surprised us. Mr. G. PONSONBY was equally happy in *Squire Groom*; and nothing could be better than Mr. CORRY's *Beau Mordecai*. The *Sir Callaghan* of Mr. CRAMPTON sustained the fame he acquired for the delineation of the Irish Gentleman, in the Character of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*; and we could not give him higher praise.

The Gentlemen of the Theatrical Society of Kilkenny, have returned their thanks, in a formal manner, to Mr. ATKINSON, for his most excellent Prologue, spoken at the opening of the season, and have requested him to become a Member of their very laudable Institution.

Among the latest arrivals, we noticed GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MYERS, Mr. and Mrs. RIALL, of Clonmell, and Sir WILLIAM and LADY MORRES.

In the course of the present season, there were some very entertaining Dances and Ballets of action; but as they do not so much belong to the

"Feast of reason, and the flow of soul,"

as the productions of Rowe and of Shakespeare, we hope we shall be pardoned in postponing our observations on them.

1809.

Ninth Season.

1809,

Commenced the 2d, and closed the 21st of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. H. M. Mason.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. H. A. Bushe.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. Robert Bushe.
Mr. Becher.	Mr. Palliser.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. C. Walker.
Mr. Moore.	Mr. Bryan.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. O'Rielly.
Mr. Gore.	Mr. Donovan.
Mr. Dalton.	Mr. Duffy.
Mr. Waller.	Mr. Fitzsimons.
Mr. Archbold.	Mr. Tatlow.
Mr. P. Fitzgerald.	Mr. Magrath.

Master Langrishe.

Miss Walstein.
Miss Locke.
Mrs. Hitchcock.
Mrs. Cooke.
Miss Dyke.
Miss E. Dyke.
Miss A. Dyke.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

EXTRACT FROM A PROLOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Moore,

At the opening of the Theatre, the 2d of October, 1809.

" We have been favored, by Mr. Moore, with the following lines, which " are the conclusion of the *Prologue*, spoken by him last week, at the " opening of our Theatre, and which allude to the loss the Institution " has suffered by the death of that good man, and excellent Comedian, the " late Mr. John Lyster."—*Leinster Journal*, 11*th October*, 1809.

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Yet even here, tho' Fiction rules the hour,
There are some genuine Smiles, beyond her pow'r;
Pure Brilliants, born within the bosom's mine,
That round this *Ring of friendship love to shine.
And there are Tears too!—tears which mem'ry sheds
Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic fancy spreads,
When her heart misses *one* lamented guest,
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest!—
Ah! there indeed the Muse forgets her task,
And, blushing, *weeps* behind Thalia's masque.

* The Circle of the Theatre.

Forgive this gloom—forgive this joyless strain,
Too dull to welcome Pleasure's smiling train;
But, meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter,
A mist at dawn but makes the setting brighter,
Gay Epilogue will shine, where Prologue fails,
As glow-worms keep their splendour for their *tails*.
I know not why—but time, methinks, hath past
More fleet than usual, since we parted last;
It seems but like a dream of yester-night,
Whose charm still hangs, with fond, delaying light,
And, ere the memory lose one glowing hue
Of former joys, we come to kindle new.
Thus ever may the flying moments haste,
With trackless foot, along life's *vulgar* waste;
But deeply print, and lingeringly move,
Whene'er they reach the sunny spots we love!
Oh yes! whatever is our gay career,
Let *this* be still the solstice of the year,
Where pleasure's sun, shall at its height remain,
And slowly sink tow'rds level life again!

Monday, 2d October, 1809.

FIRST NIGHT.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

CHRISTIANS.

EUMENES	...	Mr. Corry.
HERBIS	...	Mr. Dalton.
PHOCYAS	...	Mr. Becher.
ARTAMON	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
SERGIUS	...	Mr. Tatlow.
EUDOCIA	...	Miss Walstein.

SARACENS.

CALED	...	Mr. R. Power.
ABUDAH	...	Mr. Rothe.
DABAN	...	Mr. O'Rielly.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

DON SCIPIO	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
RAMIREZ	...	Mr. R. Power.
FERNANDO	...	Mr. Dalton.
DON JUAN	...	Mr. O'Rielly.
VASQUEZ	...	Mr. Tatlow.
PEDRILLO	...	Mr. Corry.
SPADO	...	Mr. Moore.
VICTORIA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
ISABELLA	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

1809.

Wednesday, 4th October, 1809.

SECOND NIGHT.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR	...	Mr. Gore.
OCTAVIUS	...	Mr. Dalton.
ANTONY	...	Mr. R. Power.
BRUTUS	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIUS	...	Mr. Becher.
CASCA	...	Mr. Langrishe.
TREBONIUS	...	Mr. Tatlow.
DECIUS BRUTUS	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
CINNA	...	Mr. Corry.
LUCIUS	...	Miss A. Dyke.
LEPIDUS	...	Mr. Bryan.
PORTIA	...	Miss Walstein.
CALPHURNIA	...	Miss Locke.

PEEPING TOM.

TOM	...	Mr. Moore.
MAYOR	...	Mr. Corry.
HAROLD	...	Mr. Tatlow.
CRAZY	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
EARL	...	Mr. R. Power.
COUNT	...	Mr. Gore.
MAUD	...	Mrs. Cooke.
EMMA	...	Miss Dyke.
LADY GODIVA	...	Miss E. Dyke.
MAYORESS	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Saturday, 7th October, 1809.

THIRD NIGHT.

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

OCTAVIAN	...	Mr. Rothe.
VIROLET	...	Mr. R. Power.
KILMALLOCK	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
ROQUE	...	Mr. Becher.
LOPE TOCHO	...	Mr. Langrishe.
BULCAZIN MULEY	...	Mr. Gore.
GAYNEM	...	Mr. Donovan.
PACHA	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
SADI	...	Mr. Moore.
ZORAYDA	...	Miss Locke.
FLORANTHE	...	Miss Walstein.
AGNES	...	Mrs. Cooke.

MULETEERS, *Messrs. Dalton, Corry, R. Cooke, Miss Dyke, Miss E. Dyke, and Miss A. Dyke.*

THE PADLOCK.

DON DIEGO	...	Mr. Corry.
LEANDER	...	Mr. Dalton.
MUNGO	...	Mr. Moore.
STUDENTS	...	Mr. Donovan, &c.
URSULA	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
LEONORA	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Monday, 9th October, 1809.

FOURTH NIGHT.

KING JOHN.

KING JOHN	...	Mr. R. Power.
PRINCE HENRY	...	Mr. Dalton.
SALISBURY	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
HUBERT	...	Mr. Rothe.
FAULCONBRIDGE	...	Mr. Becher.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE		Mr. Donovan.

English Knights, Heralds, Executioners, &c.

KING PHILIP	...	Mr. Langrishe.
LEWIS THE DAUPHIN	...	Miss Locke.
PRINCE ARTHUR	...	Master Langrishe.
AUSTRIA	...	Mr. Duffy.
CARDINAL PANDULPH	...	Mr. Corry.
CHATILLION	...	Mr. Bushe.

French Knights, Citizens of Angiers, &c.

QUEEN ELINOR	...	Miss Dyke.
CONSTANCE	...	Miss Walstein.
BLANCHE	...	Miss E. Dyke.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE		Mrs. Hitchcock.

PEEPING TOM.

TOM	..	Mr. Moore.
MAYOR	...	Mr. Corry.
HAROLD	...	Mr. Tatlow.
CRAZY	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
EARL	...	Mr. R. Power.
COUNT	...	Mr. Gore.
MAUD	...	Mrs. Cooke.
EMMA	...	Miss Dyke.
LADY GODIVA	...	Miss E. Dyke.
MAYORESS	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Wednesday, 11th October, 1809.

FIFTH NIGHT.

THE WEST INDIAN.

STOCKWELL	...	Mr. Rothe.
BELCOUR	...	Mr. R. Power.
MAJOR O'FLAHERTY	...	Mr. Crampton.
CAPTAIN DUDLEY	...	Mr. Corry.
CHARLES DUDLEY	...	Mr. Gore.
VARLAND	...	Mr. O'Rielly.
STUKELY	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
FULMER	...	Mr. Waller.
LADY RUSPORT	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
CHARLOTTE RUSPORT	...	Miss Walstein.
LOUISA DUDLEY	...	Miss Locke.
MRS. FULMER	...	Miss Dyke.
LUCY	...	Miss A. Dyke.

THE MAYOR OF GARRET.

SIR JACOB JOLLUP	...	Mr. Becher.
MAJOR STURGEON	...	Mr. Langrishe.
JERRY SNEAK	...	Mr. Corry.
BRUIN	...	Mr. Gore.
ROGER	...	Mr. O'Rielly.
MRS. SNEAK	...	Miss Locke.
MRS. BRUIN	...	Miss E. Dyke.

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Friday, 13*th October*, 1809.

SIXTH NIGHT.

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

OCTAVIAN	...	Mr. Rothe.
VIBOLET	...	Mr. R. Power.
KILMALLOCK	...	Mr. Crampton.
ROQUE	...	Mr. Becher.
LOPE TOCHO	...	Mr. Corry.
BULCAZIN MULEY	...	Mr. Gore.
GAYNEM	...	Mr. Donovan.
SADI	...	Mr. Moore.
ZORAYDA	...	Miss Locke.
FLORANTHE	...	Miss Walstein.
AGNES	...	Mrs. Cooke.

MULETEERS and GOATHERDS, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Palliser, Miss Dyke, Miss E. Dyke, and Miss A. Dyke.

THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

DON SCIPIO	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
RAMIREZ	...	Mr. R. Power.
FERNANDO	...	Mr. Dalton.
DON JUAN	...	Mr. O'Rielly.
PEDRILLO	...	Mr. Corry.
SPADO	...	Mr. Moore.
VICTORIA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
ISABELLA	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Monday, 16*th October*, 1809.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Gore.
BASSANIO	...	Mr. R. Power.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Crampton.
LORENZO	...	Mr. Dalton.
SALANIO	...	Mr. Waller.
ANTONIO	...	Mr. Rothe.
SHYLOCK	...	Mr. Becher.
TUBAL	...	Mr. Corry.
LAUNCELOT	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
PORTIA	...	Miss Walstein.
NERISSA	...	Miss Locke.
JESSICA	...	Mrs. Cooke.

RUGANTINO.

ANDREAS (*Duke of Venice*)		Mr. Donovan.
LOMELINO	...	Mr. Waller.
PATRIARCH OF VENICE		Mr. Palliser.
PAROZZI	...	Mr. R. Power.
CONTARINO	...	Mr. Gore.
MEMMO	...	Mr. Corry.
FALIERI	...	Mr. Dalton.
GONZAGA	...	Mr. Walker.
PISANI	...	Mr. Archbold.
STEPHANO	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
RUGANTINO	...	Mr. Crampton.
ROSABELLA	...	Miss Locke.
CAMILLA	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
DANCERS	...	Misses Dykes, &c.

Wednesday, 18*th October*, 1809.

EIGHTH NIGHT.

HAMLET.

CLAUDIUS	...	Mr. P. Fitzgerald.
HAMLET	...	Mr. R. Power.
POLONIUS	...	Mr. Corry.
LAERTES	...	Mr. Gore.
HORATIO	...	Mr. Becher.
ROSENCRANTZ	...	Mr. Waller.
GUILDENSTERN	...	Mr. Archbold.
OSRIC	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
MARCELLUS	...	Mr. Dalton.
PLAYER	...	Mr. Donovan.
GHOST	...	Mr. Rothe.
QUEEN	...	Miss Locke.
OPHELIA	...	Miss Walstein.
ACTRESS	...	Miss Dyke.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

VIGIL	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
CAPTAIN BELDARE	...	Mr. Magrath.
TOTTERTON	...	Mr. T. Cooke.
RISK	...	Mr. Moore.
SOLOMON LOB	...	Mr. Corry.
GRENADIERS	...	Mr. Waller.
LYDIA	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Friday, 20*th October*, 1809.

NINTH NIGHT.

THE REVENGE.

DON ALONZO	...	Mr. R. Power.
DON CARLOS	...	Mr. Becher.
DON ALVAREZ	...	Mr. Waller.
DON MANUEL	...	Mr. Walker.
ZANGA	...	Mr. Rothe.
LEONORA	...	Miss Walstein.
ISABELLA	...	Miss Dyke.

PEEPING TOM.

TOM	...	Mr. Moore.
MAYOR	...	Mr. Corry.
HAROLD	...	Mr. Waller.
CRAZY	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
EARL	...	Mr. R. Power.
MAUD	...	Mrs. Cooke.
EMMA	...	Miss Dyke.
LADY GODIVA	...	Miss E. Dyke.
MAYORESS	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

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Saturday, 21*st October*, 1809.

LAST NIGHT.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR	...	Mr. Gore.
OCTAVIUS	...	Mr. Dalton.
ANTONY	...	Mr. R. Power.
BRUTUS	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIUS	...	Mr. Becher.
CASCA	...	Mr. Walker.
TREBONIUS	...	Mr. Tatlow.
DECIUS BRUTUS	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
CINNA	...	Mr. Corry.
LUCIUS	...	Miss A. Dyke.
LEPIDUS	...	Mr. Archbold.
PORTIA	...	Miss Walstein.
CALPHURNIA	...	Miss Locke.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

RAISING THE WIND.

PLAINWAY	...	Mr. Archbold.
FAINWOU'D	...	Mr. Waller.
DIDDLER	...	Mr. Corry.
SAM	...	Mr. Fitzsimons.
RICHARD	...	Mr. Becher.
PEGGY	...	Miss Dyke.
MISS DURABLE	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

EPILOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 21*st of October*, 1809.

When Autumn's boist'rous blast the grove deforms,
And Winter sends her heralds forth in storms,
When the light wanderers of Earth and Air,
In social groups to shelter'd scenes repair,
Here, in confederate gaiety, we meet,
As sure, as flattery is the food of wit;
Sure, as *your* charms love's trembling fire can raise,
As sure, as every actor pants for praise,
So sure, we meet, our festive course to run,
When Scorpio first receives the waning sun.
Like other Theatres, our price is rais'd,
And justly—but our price is, *to be prais'd*.*
You, unlike other audiences, submit,
And promptly proffer an advance on wit.
And here, well pleased, my annual stand I take,
Our thanks *I* offer—your applause bespeak.
Oft have we prov'd this circle's magic skill,
Each care to dissipate, each hope fulfil.
Is there a Beauty sighing for a Beau?
Behold! he sits behind her in the row.
Is there a carping Critic prone to sneer?
My Friend! we furnish rich materials here!
Does care-worn, waking—Thoughtfulness lack rest,
Or anxious Terror load the labouring breast?
These scenes, the bliss of careless mirth, dispense,
And lively sallies soar o'er languid sense.
Does some * vain Poet for loud Plaudits itch?
You'll hear, he'll gain them, ere *I* close my speech!
Doth Pity pant, the wretched to relieve?
The grateful, apt occasion, here we give.
Here, undefiled by coarse or sordid cares,
By vulgar objects, or plebeian jars,
Here, uncontaminated pleasure reigns,
Here talents elevate, and taste restrains;
Hence no rude sot provokes the furious fray—
Nor prowling plund'rer lies in wait for prey—
No venal parasite his flatt'ry sells—
Nor crafty gamester lays his wily spells—
No *prurient* preacher cants for proselytes—
And * but *one Poet*, without genius, writes.
By what strange flights ambition soars to fame!
Some walk—some wake—some eat themselves a name.
Vast his renown, and wide his praise shall reach,
Who, for one thousand hours, could walk one mile in each,
Nor sleep the while, for two short hours together;
Surmounting walking, waking, wind and weather.†
How one's heart beats to read in the Gazette!
"We must inform the public, with regret,
"Last Night, the Captain got a little wet.
"Howe'er he eat his raw beef-steaks to day,
"And drank his pint of Port, his usual way,
"And, by the latest bulletin, this even,
"The bets are, that he wins, eleven to seven."
Who's he, that with such self-importance struts?
‡ He! in three minutes, crack'd three hundred nuts!
Nuts had the odds, at starting—but before
One minute pass'd—jaws had it, ten to four.
Proceed, aspiring youths—your country save,
And laurels earn, that bloom beyond the grave!
Still war's the word, and martial is each thought—
Ev'n taste and fashion is with warfare fraught.
From sanguin'd seas, and the embattled plain,
Your modish ornaments their names obtain:
Garters and hats to Trafalgar you owe;
Vimiera's mantle—Flushing's furbelow—
And poor Braganza's trimmings well we know.
Nay, had our gun boats with their zeal kept pace,
You'd now wear Lillo lappets—Antwerp lace.‖
Now, warlike ensigns decorate each hall,
From polish'd spears, the pendent curtains fall,
And banners, never furl'd, adorn the wall!
Are these new spoils, fresh landed from the fleet?
No—from the Trophy-warehouse, Cockspur-street:
Where, *cheaper than imported*, may be had,
Ensigns and spoils, and trophies *ready made*.
The war still storms—lest sudden foes assail,
Soft females shield their forms, in coats of mail,

* Alluding to the riots of Covent Garden, about raising the Prices of Admission at this period.

* The Author, it is supposed.

† This passage refers to Captain B. the celebrated Pedestrian, and to the various paragraphs respecting him, with which the Newspapers of that day were filled.

‡ Another Newspaper Anecdote of the day.

‖ The Walcheren Expedition failed about this time.

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Arm'd for each fray the cautious nymphs advance,
And, shap'd in steely armour, dare the dance.
We too, that boast this epidemic rage,
Whose duty 'tis to paint it on the stage,
With you, * kind foes, dramatic warfare wage,
Troy stood a ten years' siege—your patience bears
As stern a contest, and for equal years;
Oft, we've assail'd with follies, all our own,
Then borrow'd each absurdity from town:
Yet, your obdurate patience bears it all,
Our shafts fly short—our weapons witless fall:
What cause! what corslet! can your breasts have steel'd?
Your *cause* is Kindness—*Charity's* your *shield*.
Hence, our best generals advance, in vain,
Nor can one groan, or one desertion gain;
Our † Manager, with matchless force and art,
And every various power, subdues the heart;
You—tho' disposed to treat before you yield,
Reject an armistice, and keep the field.
Rothe leads his troops on, arm'd with hopes and fears,
With passion, feeling, tenderness and tears.
Yet, you, undaunted in your rows remain,
And, with *like* weapons, his assaults sustain.
Crampton's light forces, skirmishing around,
Fly to the flanks, and gain the doubtful ground,
Yet, with vain energy, his pow'r advancing,
Assails ‡ your well-defended front by dancing.
With veteran discipline, tho' young in war,
Becher's new levies for the strife prepare,
And with such strength and judgment fill their part,
As proves true genius paramount to art.
You, resting on your arms, his rout descry,
Resolved to *face* the *charge* before you fly.
Nay, your inveterate patience will submit,
Ev'n to quaint Epilogue's assaults on wit:
Yet here, I own, more active force you shew,
For with your favors—you o'erwhelm your foe.‖
Since nought then can dislodge you—nothing tire—
Nor follies—faults—or witchcraft, wake your ire—
One other desp'rate enterprise we'll make,
And all our trophies on the trial stake:
Bring forward ev'ry pow'r of ev'ry kind—
Of head, of heels, of magic, and of mind;
Next—when Septembrio's storms shall clear the sky,
Here, on these boards, the doubtful chance we'll try;
Come then!—and gallantly your benches man!
Come then!—and keep your patience—if you can!
My task is done—but ere the curtain drop,
Ere all mock woe and real transport stop;
Let me—no common undertaker—come
To bury all *our* frailties in the tomb:
But, with the purest gratitude, to raise,
For *you*, a lasting monument of praise.

* The Audience. † Mr. R. Power. ‡ To the Audience. ‖ The Author.

[*The Leinster Journal, Wednesday, October 4th*, 1809.] This City has once more become the seat of refined amusement, and useful gaiety.

The Theatre opened on Monday night, with the Tragedy of THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS, and the musical Afterpiece of THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA, both of which were admirably performed. The house was not crowded, but still was not inferior, in point of numbers present, to any first night's representation, which proves, that the Kilkenny Plays have lost none of their attractions.

A Prologue, written with great spirit by Mr. T. MOORE, was spoken by himself, in his own bewitching manner.

Miss WALSTEIN, in the character of *Eudocia*, had an opportunity of displaying much tenderness of expression; and the PHOCYAS of Mr. BECHER, forcible, and spirited, deserves a more detailed criticism, than we have time to enter on. Mr. CORRY in *Eumenes* was very successful, and so were the other gentlemen in the different parts allotted to them.

In the Afterpiece, Mrs. COOK's *Victoria* and Mrs. HITCHCOCK's *Isabella*, were much applauded; but Mr. MOORE's *Spado*, and the *Pedrillo* of Mr. CORRY were incomparable.

[*Leinster Journal, Saturday, October 7th*, 1809.]—On Wednesday night was performed SHAKESPEARE's Tragedy of JULIUS CÆSAR, and the Farce of PERMING TOM.

The whole strength of the Company was called up on this occasion, and there seemed to be a rivalry of talent, an honorable contest for pre-eminence among them, particularly among the leaders of our Corps, which produced the happiest effect in the representation. Mr. ROTHE is the inferior of no Actor, and the rival of the first; but though he be a POMPEY in our little theatrical world, his ambition is not so great but he can bear an equal. His voice is capable of expressing the sweetest under-tones of pity, or of giving out the loftiest terrors of offended pride; his BRUTUS was full of both. In his Address to the conspirators not to murder Antony after the death of Cæsar, beginning with the lines, "Our course will seem too bloody," &c. he gave us an example of the pathetic; but in the third scene of the fourth act, the scene between Brutus and Cassius, he displayed all the energies of a great Actor.

Mr. POWER was not less successful in *Mark Antony*. It would be difficult for the Critic to determine which of the two deserved the meed of superior applause, after beholding Mr. POWER mourning over the body of the fallen *Cæsar*. The artful and pathetic speech which SHAKESPEARE has put into the mouth of *Antony*, upon this occasion, was given in a manner, and with an effect, that drew down the loudest applause.

The Afterpiece was admirably supported; but the delight and darling of the Kilkenny audience appears to be *Anacreon Moore*. The vivacity, and *naiveté* of his manner, the ease, and archness of his humour, and the natural sweetness of his voice, have quite enamoured us. He speaks and moves, in a way that indicates genius in every turn, and we shall anxiously snatch at every opportunity of seeing on the Stage. We shall be envied by those who have not had that pleasure.

[*Kilkenny Journal, Wednesday, October 11th*, 1809.]—On Saturday Night was performed the Play of the MOUNTAINEERS, with the Musical Farce of the PADLOCK. The MOUNTAINEERS is remarkable for being the happiest production of Mr. COLMAN's muse; and the best mingled compound of fun and sentiment, perhaps, in the English language. The leading Character in it, however, is little

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understood. It is one which every *tyro* on the Stage attempts, but which is seldom or never conceived even by the most skilful veterans. COLMAN went out of nature's way in search of his *Octavian*. In real life he could not find him, but he is one of the most beautiful fictions of fancy,—the most bewitching *Floranthe* in the world, might wish for such a Lover; but poor human nature could not afford him, and she must be satisfied with his merely platonic existence in the Poet's imagination. We understand that Mr. ROTHE never saw *Octavian* acted by any Performer, and we rejoice at it, because he could then be no imitator, and his manner of representing it was left to his own refined taste, and original conception. But he *did* depart from the usual routine of Players in this Character; and though we saw Elliston, Young, and Johnston, in *Octavian*, yet we are of opinion, that even those respectable Performers made him a downright madman—a frothy raver of phrenetic sentiment, instead of the distracted, worn-out, melancholy-despairing lover; whose madness was only the agency of the heart, and who always mingled a recollection of the past, with the highest flights of his extravagance. Mr. ROTHE did not substitute the absence and vacancy of the lunatic, for the lethargy of despair; his starts of anguish, particularly after viewing the picture of *Floranthe*, shewed that he awoke more from the reverie of feeling, than from the abstraction of intellectual weakness. Before we saw Mr. ROTHE in this Character, we thought *Othello* and *Lear* his master-pieces; but if he knows his own excellence, he will value himself more on his representation of *Octavian*, than on that of any other Character in the whole range of the Drama.

In this Play we had an opportunity of seeing Mr. LANGRISHE in *Lopez Tocho*, and in witnessing the comic exertions of so great a favorite of the laughing muse; his classical correctness never suffers his delineation of humorous character to degenerate into vulgar grimace, nor permits him (if the expression will be permitted us) to *Farcify* his part. We have too often seen MUNDEN offer up his judgment as a sacrifice to the Upper Gallery, and prefer a gaping distortion of feature, to the simple and unrestrained expression of his own countenance. But as some of our readers may not have had an opportunity of seeing Mr. LANGRISHE, let them imagine a figure of the middle size, with an easy deportment, and every grace of motion; a face with small, intelligent and (what the Irish call) *scheming* eyes, and a cast of features irresistibly laughable, a various stage of chin, mocking at affected dignity; a sharp voice, well suited to the expression of bitter sarcasm; and a small French gesticulation, admirably calculated to mark the point of colloquial humour. If fancy can paint, and animate this picture, we think its *original* is Mr. LANGRISHE.

Of Mr. CORRY, we must say that, whoever has seen the various kinds of character he is able to sustain, the *Mayor* in PEEPING TOM, *Pedrillo*, *Eumenes*, and others equally opposite, must surely acknowledge, that he is the most general, and one of the most useful Performers in the Kilkenny Company.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Saturday, October 14th*, 1809.]—Mr. POWER shines more in genteel Comedy than in any other walk of the Drama; particularly in the persuasive, insinuating lover; and, therefore, his *Belcour* was an excellent performance; he *looked it* well, too, which is half the battle.

Mr. ROTHE gave that interest to *Stockwell*, with which he has the power of investing any character he undertakes. He often lends a spirit, not his own, to the representation of a minor part, and where the Poet seems to have flagged, the *vivida vis animi* of the Actor supplies the deficiency.

Mr. CRAMPTON appeared in *Major O'Flaherty*, and kept the upper gallery in a roar the whole night. CUMBERLAND has endeavoured to rescue the character of the Irishman from the vulgarity with which all the English play-wrights had loaded it, and, generally speaking, he has been successful. The Major, though blundering sometimes through the impetuosity of his ideas, is an accomplished soldier, who learned his politeness amongst the military gentlemen of the Continent, obtained a ribbon at the Court of France, and had the honor of kissing the Empress Queen's fair hand.

Mr. CORRY gave to the character of *Captain Dudley*, a sombre, melancholy, yet clear colouring; he appeared in all the serious, yet manly sorrow, of distress, and the scene with *Fulmer* shewed how strong are the workings of an honorable mind, though under the pressure of misfortune, when assaulted by insult. We think, in general, that Mr. CORRY is the most even Actor on our boards—We are grave and we roar when he pleases, for he is the master of our passions and emotions, whose conception of character, is only to be surpassed by the execution of it.

Mr. GORE went very respectably through the part of *Charles Dudley*; he was modest as *Charles* should be. Though rather tall for our Stage, and with a manner somewhat stiff, he is not devoid of grace, and ever looks, and moves, and speaks like a gentleman.

Mrs. HITCHCOCK, "Victorious o'er the frost of years," still continues to delight us; and Miss WALSTEIN seems to be gathering new laurels before our judicious, and refined audience.

Although it is not our intention to go into any critical detail of the merits of any of the female performers, yet we cannot help observing, that Miss LOCKE has gained a confidence on the Stage, since she came to Kilkenny, which has much improved her; we never saw her in Crow-street to half the advantage, in which she has appeared amongst us.

Since the establishment of the Kilkenny Theatricals, there never was such an assemblage of rank and fashion as our City can boast this season. How delightful thus to behold the genius of Pleasure walking hand in hand with Charity! to see the Loves and Graces dancing in the train of humanity! to view the "Crew of Mirth" laying their offerings at the Temple of Distress! wiping the tear of the Orphan, and pouring sympathy into the broken heart! As our sweet Poet expresses it, "May the moments during this, our solstice of the year, lingeringly

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move, and slowly sink to level life again."—Kilkenny may exclaim, with L'Allegro,

> Hence loathed Melancholy,
> Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
> In Stygian cave forlorn,
> 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs unholy,
> Find out some uncouth cell,
> And in the *narrow, selfish, sullen bosom* dwell.

We present our readers with a list of some of the distinguished Personages with whose presence our City has been honored. MARQUIS OF SLIGO, and party; EARL and COUNTESS OF MAYO; COUNTESSES OF CARRICK and ALDBOROUGH, Earl of BELMORE, Earl of DESART, Viscount and Viscountess LISMORE, Viscount IKERRIN, Lady SARAH BUTLER, Bishop of MEATH, and Family, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. JAMES BUTLER, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. BUTLER COOPER, Hon. Mr. O'CALLAGHAN, Mr. and Mrs. P. BUTLER, Mr. and Lady ELIZABETH KAVANAGH, General and Lady MATILDA WYNARD, Sir WILLIAM and Lady MORRES and Family, Sir WHEELER CUFFE, Sir JOHN BLUNDEN, The High Sheriff of the County Tipperary, and Family, Mr. and Mrs. PALLISER and Family, Mr. and Mrs. DAWSON and Family, Mr. and Mrs. TRENCH, of Haywood, and Family, Mrs. STEWART, of Killymoon, and Family, Mr. and Mrs. GOOLD and Family, Mr. and Mrs. ST.GEORGE and Family, Lieutenant Colonel LA TOUCHE, Colonel and Mrs. FALKNER, Mr. and Mrs. STAPLES, of Lissen, and Family, Mrs. POWER, of Snowhill, and Mr. NEWTON and Family.

Besides the Families of the County, consisting of the POWER's, DOYNE's, BUSHE's, ROTHE's, GORE's, KEARNEY's, BURKE's, LANGRISHE's, BRYAN's, FLOOD's, ELWOOD's, ELLIOTT's, MEARA's, BROWNE's, SMYTH's, TRENCH's, MORRISS's, WHEELER's, JACOB's, WEMYS's, BALL's, DENN's, and others too numerous to mention.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Wednesday, October 18th,* 1809.]—On Friday Night the 15th instant, the Play of the MOUNTAINEERS was repeated, with the Musical Afterpiece of the CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA; the Characters were filled as before, with the exception of *Kilmallock*, which was resigned to Mr. CRAMPTON, and of *Lopez Tocho*, undertaken by Mr. CORRY, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. LANGRISHE.

We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. ROTHE's *Octavian*, and have only now to add that, relieved from the anxiety which a first appearance in a difficult character must naturally excite, he exerted with more confidence his extraordinary powers, and, consequently, displayed new beauties. Mr. CORRY's *Lopez Tocho* was very successful, and *Kilmallock* was a true Irishman in the person of Mr. CRAMPTON.

At length we have seen Mr. BECHER in *Shylock*, and though our expectation of a high dramatic treat was sanguine, we can say, with truth, we were not disappointed. This Gentleman possesses a character of countenance, and a quality of voice which were great natural aids to him in the personation of this Character; and he has by nature too, a sedateness of manner that becomes the cool and calculating Jew. He seemed to aim at originality in his performance, for he laid aside the peculiar *dialect* which others have assumed in it. We will not decide whether Mr. BECHER deserves praise or not, for thus departing from great examples; and we cannot help admitting that the scattered descendants of Abraham are not so tenacious of their national distinctions as to remain isolated from the rest of mankind in language, as well as in dress and religion. They have ceased to speak their ancient tongue, and having adopted the language and pronunciation of whatever country they live in, we see no reason why *Shylock* should not speak the English language, on the English stage, but let this remain *sub judice*. It is, however, the daring of *talent* only that could embolden Mr. BECHER to differ so essentially from the great masters of the dramatic art. Even the errors of originality are sometimes splendid; whilst servile imitation never dares to stir from its allotted path, but is contented to toil on, in safe obscurity. Abstracted from this point, Mr. BECHER's *Shylock* demands our unqualified praise. The keen and deadly hatred of the Jew, was depicted on his countenance; and all the impassioned transitions in the scene with *Tubal*, were strongly and successfully given. It was, on the whole, a highly finished representation of a Character, which the most experienced Actor cannot attempt without trembling. Mr. ROTHE went through the part of *Antonio* with his usual pathos; and *Bassanio* was sustained with equal feeling by Mr. RICHARD POWER. Mr. DALTON, in *Lorenzo*, introduced a Song from the Melodies of Mr. MOORE, which he sung in his own sweet and unaffected manner, and was rapturously encored.

From this Play we may deduce one grand moral lesson, which is, to be *merciful*, and, therefore, we shall say nothing of *Rugantino*, that followed it.

And now let us be permitted to digress from Criticism, to that Poet of the heart, who has done more by his poetic effusions, for the revival of our national spirit, than all the political writers whom Ireland has seen for a century. His melancholy strains have got amongst the people, and the "Harp that hung in Tara's hall," now breathes through the Land,—Oh! Moore!

> "When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
> And eat the pyramid away;
> Turning that monument wherein men trust
> Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust,
> Then shall *thy* Epitaph remain, and be
> New-graven in Eternity."

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Saturday, October 21st,* 1809.]—The Entertainments on Wednesday, were HAMLET, and LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

HAMLET has been so often performed, and must be so familiar to every one's knowledge that it would be idle to dwell on the various requisites necessary for its just representation. Mr. POWER's *appearance* and *manner* are well suited to it, and he possesses a knowledge of the Stage that renders his action always effective. His Soliloquies were delivered with impressive solemnity, or hurried passion, according as occasion required; but he was particularly successful in that speech at the end of the second Act, beginning with

> "Oh what a wretch, and peasant slave am I—"

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a passage of the author, which we were rejoiced to find he had the good taste to preserve. His acting in the Play-scene was also entitled to high praise; but he seemed to reserve his best efforts for the Closet scene with his Mother. The performance displayed in it a cultivated taste, combined with that accurate judgment, which distinguishes Mr. POWER in the study of his characters. Mr. BECHER maintained, in *Horatio*, his well known reputation; and the *Polonius* of Mr. CORRY, and the *Laertes* of Mr. GORE were both very creditable performances. The *Ghost* did not give great scope to Mr. ROTHE's abilities; he was, however, impressive and pathetic, though not sufficiently audible.

The After-piece went off with great *eclat*. Mr. MOORE's *Risk* was as happy as any other of his performances. His presence always animates the Stage. The melody of his voice, the easy, yet modest self-possession of his manner, and his peculiar *enjouement*, make him one of the most interesting actors on the Stage. His Songs were, as usual, all encored.—The House was uncommonly crowded.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Wednesday, October 25th*, 1809.]-On Friday night, the 20th, was performed the Tragedy of the REVENGE. We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to Mr. ROTHE's *Zanga*, and Mr. POWER's *Alonzo*. On this occasion we had the pleasure to behold our two best Tragedians pitted against each other; and we were much gratified with the excellence elicited by their fair contention for dramatic fame. Mr. POWER rose superior to himself, he seemed to have caught a new fire every time that he appeared on the stage with Mr. ROTHE—he well expressed the tenderness, agony and rage, which Leonora's presence, his own love, and her supposed defection, were calculated to excite; but in the love-scene, where *Alonzo* enters, with intent to murder *Leonora*, and finds her sleeping, nothing could be more softly tender than his expression of the words,

"Oh, what a sight is here," &c.

His passionate start at the idea that she is dreaming of Carlos, when she smiled on his advancing to take the parting kiss, shewed his knowledge of the human heart, and evinced how well, and how justly, he could pourtray its emotions.

Mr. ROTHE had to support one of the most difficult, but, at the same time, one of the most splendid characters on the Stage. *Zanga* was indeed well calculated to display the combined powers of conception and delivery, which we have always witnessed in the tragic exertions of this gentleman. After his *Octavian*, we like him best in *Zanga*, where he was obliged to be apparently what he was not really, the seeming friend, whilst the sworn enemy, of *Alonzo*, and where, therefore, the talents of the great Actor were more necessary to feign what he could not feel, than in *Octavian*, whose sentiments flow with the generous current of the soul. In Mr. ROTHE's eye alone had we to look for the determined vengeance that fired the breast of *Zanga*, for his tongue was obliged to speak the language of friendship to *Alonzo*, even while he meditated his ruin. In the fourth act particularly, we were struck with this extraordinary contrast, when *Zanga* works up his friend to the murder of *Leonora*; and when he had accomplished his purpose, by gaining *Alonzo* to this terrible deed, the speech, congratulatory of the intent, beginning with the words, "That's truly great," &c. and ending with the climax

"Do that,
"And tread upon the Greek, and Roman Glory,"

was delivered with a feigned enthusiasm, which drew the loudest applause from the house; but when he disabused *Alonzo* of the errors into which he himself had seduced him, when he appeared in all the fire of his own wrongs, and in what, according to the Moor's morality, was the virtue of REVENGE, then did he reach the climax of his success, and attain our most unqualified admiration.

On Saturday Night we took a reluctant farewell of the Theatre, and, for this Season, we have ceased "to run at the Ring of pleasure."

Our Season closed with JULIUS CÆSAR, and the Farce of RAISING THE WIND. Between the Play and Farce Mr. LANGRISHE, who was greeted on his entrance by the loudest cheers from every part of the House, delivered an Epilogue, composed for the occasion by himself, full of point, and humour.

In a former paper we gave our remarks on the representation of JULIUS CÆSAR, which was performed in the early part of the Season, and we think it unnecessary to repeat them here. The novelty of Saturday Night, was Mr. CORRY in *Jeremy Didler*, through which Character he went with an archness, and vivacity, that raised him still higher in our estimation, as an useful, and general performer.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF KILKENNY.

At a General Meeting of the MEMBERS of the CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS of KILKENNY, it was unanimously Resolved, that a Committee should be appointed, to return Thanks, and present a suitable Address to Mr. R. POWER, and the GENTLEMEN of the Kilkenny Theatre, for the extraordinary Aid afforded to these Charities, since the commencement of their Theatrical Representations. The account of which stands as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
Received by the Charitable Society, from 1802 to 1808, inclusive	752	16	9½
Benevolent Society	684	12	0
Fever Hospital, ditto	150	0	0
Straw Society, ditto	91	2	9
Total	£1,678	11	6½

Exclusive of 100*l.* upon an average annually received by a Charity Sermon, in aid of the County Infirmary and Fever Hospital.

For which the Prayers of the numerous Objects relieved, will form the highest panegyric, and most grateful return.

By Order,

I. P. Mulhallen,
Treasurer.

Kilkenny, Nov. 10, 1809.

The produce of the current year shall be acknowledged when received.

(*Copy*)

1809.

ADDRESS

Of the Committee of the Charitable Institutions of Kilkenny, to Mr. R. Power, *and the* Gentlemen *of the Kilkenny Theatre.*

Gentlemen,

" Though it falls not within the compass of our power to appreciate those meritorious Exertions, which, for so many years, have reflected credit upon our County, and by attracting personages of the first rank, character and consequence to our City, have produced an influx of wealth, beneficially diffused through every part of the community; yet as Delegates of the Poor, whose Tears you have dried, and whose Sorrows you have contributed to assuage, we dare to add our humble tribute of Gratitude to that applause, which the general Voice of an admiring Country has so justly bestowed.

" While the *Wealthy* look forward with delight to the Anniversary which brings a return of such refined Pleasure, and rational Entertainment, the *Poor*, with equal earnestness, regard it as the *Jubilee Season* of Comfort and Consolation, and mingle, with their pious Thanks to Heaven, blessings upon their Benefactors' heads.

" In communicating their feelings, we are happy to do equal justice to their Gratitude, and your Bounty, whereby no less a Sum than One Thousand, Six Hundred and Seventy-eight Pounds, Eleven Shillings and Six Pence Halfpenny has been received within a few years. —That you may long live to continue a career so creditable to yourselves, and so beneficial to the cause of Humanity, sowing Bounty, and reaping Blessings, is the ardent wish of,

Gentlemen,

" Your faithful and obedient Servants,

" For the Committee,

(By Order) " I. P. MULHALLEN."

KILKENNY THEATRICALS.

General View of the Establishment of the Kilkenny Theatre, taken from the Dublin Evening Post.—*Tuesday, November 28th,* 1809.

" We have not hitherto been in the habit of noticing *private* theatricals; they do not generally deserve to come under the serious consideration of a *public* Print; but those instituted and performed at the Theatre of Kilkenny present at once a pleasing and striking exception to most of this species of entertainment."

" The Theatre of Kilkenny,—whether we consider its judicious arrangement in general, or the excellence and weight of the individual performers, or whether, extending our views beyond the scenes, we contemplate the purposes to which the surplus of the receipts is invariably applied,—while it gratifies the taste of the admirers of the Drama, tends also in a proportionate degree to satisfy the wishes of the philanthropist, and enables those who desire to contribute to the wants of their fellow creatures, to render their amusements subservient to that salutary purpose."

" The Athenians were censured, that in their passions for theatrical entertainments, they converted the funds intended for the *public* service, into a channel to administer to their *private* gratification. The gentlemen of the County of Kilkenny, to their honor be it proclaimed, have contrived to reduce the agent of their *private* gratification, to be the servant of *general* utility; and while the Dramatic Amateur is regaled with a display of theatrical ability, his sensations are enhanced by the grateful reflection of the uses to which the proceeds are to be applied. While we are delighted with the Mimic scenes of woe so powerfully represented by Messrs. Rothe, Power, &c. it is no trivial increase of gratification, that such powers are exerted to finally relieve real scenes of distress; and during the many combinations of the sprightly laughing Thalia, we receive an augmentation of our mirthful sensations, in the anticipation of those heart-rejoicing acts, which may restore the wretch to comparative affluence and comfort."

" But exclusive of the *local* advantages to be derived from the influence of this institution, a more general and *national* benefit accrues to this kingdom, from the patriotic results of this useful establishment. In the present situation of Ireland, whatever can tend, even in the most remote degree, to arrest the attention of the *resident* Proprietors, *and endear* their stay upon their native soil, cannot fail to produce the happiest effects, and such as deserve to be cherished by all lovers of their country. In England, where residence and commerce *continually* impel a vast influx of wealth, and where the poor are supported by public contributions, the operation of a mere *local* establishment is so overwhelmed by comparison, as not to merit much attention—but in Ireland the case is essentially different."

" From various and concurrent causes, too numerous to recapitulate, and too obvious to escape detection, until some more radical system can be safely adopted, the expedient of local and temporary relief is all that can be administered to its suffering inhabitants—Totally independent of Faction or Party, we never *publicly* commend what we do not *privately* approve—and considering the Theatre of Kilkenny under all the circumstances of the times, we have never recognised an establishment, wherein innocent amusement, and general utility, are more highly combined, or more strongly associated."

" The Drama, we conceive, of all other recreations, alone the most rational, the most elegant and refined, and it wanted but this felicitous application of its *proceeds*, to render it unexceptionable in all its departments. We presume that a young man of fashion may be as usefully and honorably employed in reciting the fine passages of Shakespeare and Otway, as in driving a dog-cart, or attending a *fete champetre*. If the mind is to govern the body, we must readily agree in the indulgence of *mental* above *corporeal* pursuits. Scipio was not less formidable to the enemies of his country, for having communed with the Dramatic writers of Rome; and Cicero was not less instrumental in rescuing the state from Cataline's conspiracy, by having delivered an eulogium on the merits of Roscius."

" Without therefore pretending to decide upon the minutiæ of this Establishment,—in the name of our Country, we thank the Gentlemen of the County of Kilkenny, for this appropriate application of their talents and their means —and while we avoid the particularity of individual criticism, unbiassed by party, and unswayed by partiality, we sincerely wish success to the amusements and objects of the Theatre of Kilkenny."

1810.

Tenth Season.

1810,

Commenced the 1st, and closed the 20th of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. E. Waller.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. Saurin.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. Gardiner.
Mr. Becher.	Lord Monck.
Mr. Ponsonby.	Mr. Monck.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. H. M. Mason.
Mr. Moore.	Mr. A. H. Hutchinson.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. T. Glascock.
Mr. Archbold.	Mr. W. Walker.
Mr. Dalton.	Sir J. Stevenson.
Mr. Bryan.	Master Langrishe.
Mr. Waller.	Sir W. Cuffe, Bart.

Miss Walstein.	Miss Dyke.
Miss Locke.	Miss A. Dyke.
Mrs. Hitchcock.	Mrs. Weston.
Mrs. Cooke.	Miss Weston.

Miss Lacy.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Langrishe, and spoken by Mr. R. Power, At the opening of the Theatre, the 1st of October, 1810.

When first, obedient to your call, I came,
A palpitating candidate for fame,
And thro' the ever-varying Drama's scan,
Aspir'd to picture party-colour'd man,
Thro' each progressive passion as I press'd,
Its due emotion fill'd my anxious breast;—
The Lover's ardour, or the Patriot's fire,
The Rival's rancour, or the Tyrant's ire,
Beat with appropriate impulse thro' my veins,
With warmth congenial to th' inspiring strains;
But *new* emotions now affect my *soul*,
Which taste can't teach, nor critic laws control,—
'Tis when true Nature dictates from the heart,
Above the feigning of the nicest Art.
'Tis—when to those we love, our ills we tell,
'Tis—when friends meet—to bid those friends farewell.
Yet the sad hour must come, the Fates decree,
Nor kindly leave the *when*, or *how*, to me,
That hour is near—yet, ere our doom you seal,
Hear us once more—it is our last appeal,
Before your awful judgment-seat we sue,
Our hopes—our fame—our feelings, rest with you,
For tho' you cannot change the laws of Fate,
Its last dread Horrors you can mitigate:
Since we must die—whatever you decree,
Help us to meet our doom with decency;
Aid our last labours—cheer our parting breath,
That *real* joys may spring from *mimic* death.
When some fair critic to her Couch retreats,
Pond'ring on plays, and our transcendent feats,
When she recalls these scenes with kind delight,
She'll say, " *well, Richard was himself to-night.*
" *What pity 'tis such pleasures cannot last!*
" *Too sure, the sweetest transport's soonest past;*
" *And yet, perhaps, 'tis wise to part in time,*
" *Assuming virtue, or evading crime:*
" *Ere they grow cold, e'en Lovers should retire,*
" *And Friends should sep'rate, long before they tire:*
" *I fear 'tis right—'tis pity—but 'tis reason,*
" *Then, truly I'll not miss one play this season.*"
Thanks, gentle critic—generous and just,
You plead *our* cause, and to that plea we trust.—
'Tis not fatigued, or listless, we refuse
To commune longer with the Classic muse:
Nor is it that our Charities are chill,
Or for good deeds we want, or means, or will;
Nor is it that your warm reception fails,
No, with redoubled ardour it prevails,—
But 'tis of praise that jealous avarice,
That *hoards* our gains—nor hazards their *decrease*,
That *vanity* of *parting with regret*,
Rememb'ring, with delight *how oft* we've met,
And closing *timely*, to secure the sigh
Of sorrow, that such pleasures e'er must die.
One kind word more—while yet the muse conveys
The faithful tribute of our warmest praise.—
I come, deputed by my friends, to tell,
With what fond sentiments their bosoms swell,
We *all* are grateful—but the debt *I* feel,
Thanks cannot reach—nor Eloquence reveal.
I came a casual Stranger to your town,
You cherish'd, favour'd, cheer'd me, as your own;
What recompense *for such* can I obtrude?
I can repay it but by *Gratitude*,
And while this heart can feel, or *joy*, or *pain*,
The deep—the dear impression shall remain.

Monday, 1st October, 1810.

First Night.

CORIOLANUS.

ROMANS.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus		Mr. Becher.
Young Marcius	...	Miss Weston.
Cominius	...	Mr. Corry.
Menenius	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Sicinius	...	Mr. W. Walker.
Brutus	...	Mr. Waller.
Officer	...	Mr. Rothe.
Citizens		Mr. Archbold. Mr. Gartliner. Mr. Hutchinson.

1810.

VOLSCIANS.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS	...	Mr. R. Power.
VOLUSIUS	...	Mr. Dalton.
OFFICER	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
VOLUMNIA	...	Miss Locke.
VIRGILIA	...	Miss Walstein.
VALERIA	...	Miss Dyke.
SERVILIA	...	Miss A. Dyke.
ROMAN LADIES	...	Mrs. Weston, &c.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FORTUNE'S FROLICS.

ROBIN ROUGH-HEAD	...	Mr. Moore.
SNACKS	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
MR. FRANK	...	Mr. W. Walker.
RATTLE	...	Mr. Gardiner.
CLOWN	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
VILLAGERS	...	Lord Monck. Mr. Corry. Mr. Monck, &c.
MISS NANCY	..	Miss Dyke.
DOLLY	...	Mrs. Cooke.
MARGERY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Wednesday, 3d October, 1810.

SECOND NIGHT.

WILD OATS.

SIR GEORGE THUNDER		Mr. Ponsonby.
ROVER	...	Mr. R. Power.
HARRY	...	Mr. Becher.
BANKS	...	Mr. Corry.
FARMER GAMMON	...	Mr. W. Walker.
LAMP	...	Mr. Archbold.
EPHRAIM SMOOTH	...	Mr. Waller.
SIM	...	Mr. Moore.
MIDGE	...	Mr. Gardiner.
TRAP	...	Mr. Hutchinson.
TWITCH	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
JOHN DORY	...	Mr. Crampton.
LADY AMARANTH	...	Miss Walstein.
AMELIA	...	Miss Locke.
JANE	...	Mrs. Cooke.

MELOLOGUE ON NATIONAL MUSIC.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

TRISTRAM FICKLE	...	Mr. Crampton.
OLD FICKLE	...	Mr. Ponsonby,
BRIEFWIT	..	Mr. Corry.
SNEER	...	Mr. Gardiner.
GARDENER	...	Mr. Archbold.
BARBER	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
VARIELLA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
READY	...	Mrs. Weston.

MELOLOGUE ON NATIONAL MUSIC,

Written by Mr. MOORE, *and Recited by him, at the Theatre, the 3d and 19th of October*, 1810.

(The Notes are taken from the Copy of the Melologue Published in London.)

(*Introductory Music.*)

There breathes the Language, known, and felt,
Far as the pure Air spreads its living zone;
Wherever Rage can rouse, or Pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt, and known,
From those meridian plains,
(Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant Love with such sweet power,
That, when she heard the lonely lay
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away.*)
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where beneath a sunless sky
The Lapland lover bids his Rein-deer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
As blithe, as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow—
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise, and fall, for thee!

(*Greek Air.*)

List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While from Ilissus' silvery springs
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;
And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return!
When Athens nurs'd her Olive bough
With hands, by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A Wreath, by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When Heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter;
When every arm was Freedom's Shield,
And every heart was Freedom's Altar!

†(*Greek Air resumed. Flourish of Trumpet.*)

Hark! 'tis the sound that charms
The War-steed's wakening ears!—
Oh! many a Mother folds her arms
Round her Boy-soldier, when that call she hears,
And, tho' her fond heart sinks with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound!

* A certain Spaniard one night late met an Indian woman in the streets of Cusco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, "For God's sake, Sir, let me go—for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband." *Garcilasso de la Vega. Sir Paul Ricaut's translation.*

† For the pretty Greek Melody introduced here, Mr. Moore was indebted to Mr. Gell, who brought it with him from Athens, among many other beautiful specimens of the wild mountain-music of Greece. The original words of the Air, beginning "I will go to the fountain for water," suggested the image of the girl singing beside the Ilissus.

1810.

See! from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom, he fights,
For slave, or despot—wrongs, or rights,
A conqueror oft—a Hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

Oh Music! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
There is an Air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks:—
Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these!
Vain, vain is then the Trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of Home—of Love—are all he hears,
And the stern eyes, that look'd for Blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in Tears!

(**Swiss Air.* Ranz des Vaches.†)

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
Oh War! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys!
Nor Music! thro' thy breathing sphere
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him, who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first Hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!

(‡ *Spanish Chorus.*)

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems, in every note, to swear,
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the Conqueror's glory!

(*Spanish Air.* "Ya Despierto."—*Chorus.*)

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's light,
Can break, or melt, that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded;
Of buried hopes remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honor faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin! thine!

(*Melancholy Irish Air* "*Gramachree,*" *succeeded by the lively Air* "*Fly not yet, 'tis just the Hour,*" *taken from the* Irish Melodies.)

Blest notes of mirth! you spring from sorrow's lay,
Like the blithe vesper of the bird that sings,
In the warm sunset of an April day,
While the cold shower yet hangs upon his wings!
Long may the Irish heart repeat
An Echo to those lively strains,
And when the Stranger's ear shall meet
That melody on distant plains,
Oh! he will feel his soul expand
With grateful warmth, and sighing say,
There speaks the Music of the Land,
Where Welcome ever lights the Stranger's way;
Where still, the woe of others to beguile,
Is even the gayest heart's most lov'd employ,
Where Grief herself can generously smile
Thro' her own tears, to share another's joy.—

* In the setting of the Rans des Vaches, Mr. Moore says "he followed Mr. Viotti, who plays it himself with all that magical effect which feeling and genius can give to the simplest notes."

† The strain is interrupted by a few sounds of the Trumpet, which enliven the dumb show of the Actor, and give him an opportunity of expressing the conflict of feeling between the duties that claim the soldier, and the recollections that soften the man.

‡ The passage introduced here forms the chorus of the Spanish Air that follows, which is one of the War Songs of the Spanish Patriots. The words to the chorus are "*Al arma al arma Ciudadanos, &c.*

Friday, 5th October, 1810.

Third Night.

SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

ENGLISH.

King Edward the Third	...	Mr. Archbold.
Harcourt	...	Mr. Mason.
Sir Walter Manny	...	Mr. W. Walker.
Heralds, &c.		*&c.*
Queen	...	Miss Locke.

FRENCH.

John De Vienne	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
Ribaumont	...	Mr. R. Power.
Eustache de St. Pierre		Mr. Rothe.
Officer	...	Mr. Dalton.
Sergeant	...	Mr. Corry.
O'Carrol	...	Mr. Crampton.
La Gloire	...	Mr. Moore.
First Workman	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
Second Workman	...	Mr. Gardiner.
First Citizen	...	Mr. Bryan.
Second Citizen	...	Mr. Waller.
Julia	...	Miss Walstein.
Madelon	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Nuns, Miss Dyke, Miss A. Dyke, Mrs. Weston, &c.

RAISING THE WIND.

Plainway	...	Mr. Archbold.
Fainwou'd	...	Mr. Waller.
Sam	...	Mr. Moore.
Servant	...	Mr. W. Walker.
Waiter	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
Diddler	...	Mr. Corry.
Peggy	...	Miss Dyke.
Miss Durable	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

1810.

Monday, 8th October, 1810.

FOURTH NIGHT.

THE INCONSTANT.

OLD MIRABEL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
YOUNG MIRABEL	...	Mr. R. Power.
DURETETE	...	Mr. Langrishe.
DUGARD	...	Mr. Gardiner.
PETIT	..	Mr. Corry.

BRAVOES, Messrs. Bryan, T. Glascock, Archbold, and W. Walker.

ORIANA	..	Miss Walstein.
BIZARRE	...	Miss Locke.
LAMORCE	...	Mrs. Weston.

THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

DON SCIPIO	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
RAMIREZ	...	Mr. Crampton.
SANGUINO	...	Mr. W. Walker.
CALVETTE	...	Mr. Gardiner.
DON JUAN	...	Mr. Bryan.
FERNANDO	...	Mr. Waller.
VASQUEZ	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
PEDRILLO	...	Mr. Corry.
SPADO	...	Mr. Moore.
VICTORIA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
ISABELLA	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Wednesday, 10th October, 1810.

FIFTH NIGHT.

THE GAMESTER.

BEVERLEY	...	Mr. Rothe.
LEWSON	...	Mr. R. Power.
STUKELY	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
JARVIS	...	Mr. Corry.
BATES	...	Mr. W. Walker.
DAWSON	...	Mr. Archbold.
MRS. BEVERLEY	...	Miss Walstein.
CHARLOTTE	...	Miss Locke.
LUCY	...	Miss Dyke.

TOM THUMB.

KING ARTHUR	...	Mr. Crampton.
TOM THUMB	...	Miss Weston.
LORD GRIZZLE	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
NOODLE	...	Lord Monck.
DOODLE	...	Mr. Corry.

LORDS, Messrs. R. Power, Saurin, Monck, &c.

QUEEN DOLLALOLLA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
HUNCAMUNCA	...	Mrs. Weston.

Magicians, Musicians, Maids of Honor, and others.

Friday, 12th October, 1810.

SIXTH NIGHT.

THE WEST INDIAN.

STOCKWELL	...	Mr. Rothe.
BELCOUR	...	Mr. R. Power.
MAJOR O'FLAHERTY	...	Mr. Crampton.
CAPTAIN DUDLEY	...	Mr. Corry.
ENSIGN DUDLEY	...	Mr. Gardiner.
VARLAND	...	Mr. W. Walker.
STUKELY	...	Mr. Archbold.
FULMER	...	Mr. Waller.
LADY RUSPORT	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
CHARLOTTE RUSPORT	...	Miss Walstein.
LOUISA DUDLEY	...	Miss Locke.
MRS. FULMER	...	Mrs. Weston.
LUCY	...	Miss Dyke.

FORTUNE'S FROLICS.

ROBIN ROUGH-HEAD	...	Mr. Moore.
SNACKS	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
MR. FRANK	...	Mr. W. Walker.
RATTLE	...	Mr. Gardiner.
CLOWN	...	Mr. T. Glascock.

VILLAGERS, Lord Monck, Mr. Corry, Mr. Monck, &c.

MISS NANCY	...	Miss Dyke.
DOLLY	...	Mrs. Cooke.
MARGERY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Saturday, 13th October, 1810.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

THE DRAMATIST.

LORD SCRATCH	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
HARRY NEVILLE	...	Mr. Becher.
FLORIVILLE	...	Mr. R. Power.
WILLOUGHBY	...	Mr. Waller.
ENNUI	...	Mr. Gardiner.
PETER	...	Mr. Archbold.
SERVANT	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
VAPID	...	Mr. Corry.
LOUISA COURTNEY	...	Miss Locke.
LADY WAITFORT	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
LETTY	...	Miss Dyke.
MARIANNE	...	Miss Walstein.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

SCOUT	...	Mr. Crampton.
SNARL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SHEEPFACE	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
JUSTICE MITTIMUS	...	Lord Monck.
MRS. SCOUT	...	Mrs. Weston.

1810.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. MOORE, *and spoken by* Mr. CORRY, *after the Play of the* DRAMATIST, *in the Character of* VAPID, *October 13th*, 1810.

(*Entering, as if to announce the Play.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen!—on Monday night,
For the *ninth* time.—Oh! accents of delight
To the poor author's ear, when *three times three*
With a *full bumper* crowns his Comedy!
When, long by *money*, and the *Muse*, forsaken,
He finds, at length, his *jokes* and *boxes* taken,
And sees his *play-bill* circulate—alas!
The only *bill* on which his name will pass.
Thus, Vapid, thus, shall Thespian scrolls of fame,
Thro' box, and gallery, waft your well-known name;
While critic eyes the happy cast shall con,
And learned Ladies spell your *Dram. Person.*
'Tis said, our worthy *Manager intends
To help my night, and *he*, you know, has friends—
Friends, did I say? for fixing *friends*, or *parts*,
Engaging *actors*, or engaging *hearts*,
There's nothing like him!—wits, at *his* request,
Are chang'd to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;
Soldiers, for *him*, good "trembling Cowards" make,
And Beaux, turn'd Clowns, look ugly for *his* sake;
For *him* even Lawyers *talk*—without a fee,
For *him*—oh friendship!—*I* act *Tragedy!*
In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks
Make *Boars* amusing, and put life in *Sticks!*
With *such* a Manager, we can't but please—
Tho' London sent us all her loud † O P's.
Let them come on, like snakes all hiss and rattle,
Arm'd with a thousand fans, we'd give them battle;
You on our side—‡ R P upon our banners,
Dam'me! we'd teach the saucy O P's manners:
And shew that *here*, howe'er John Bull may doubt,
In all *our* plays the Riot-Act's cut out;
And, while we skim the cream of many a jest,
Your well-tim'd thunder never sours its zest.

Oh! gently thus, when three short weeks are past,
At ‖ SHAKESPEARE'S ALTAR shall we breathe our last,
And, while this long-lov'd dome to ruin nods,
"Die all—die nobly—die like demi-gods!"

* Mr. Richard Power.

† The brief appellation by which those persons were distinguished, who, at the opening of the new Theatre at *Covent Garden*, clamoured for the continuance of the *old prices of* Admission.

‡ The Initials of the Manager's name.

‖ See page 63.

Monday, 15*th October*, 1810.

EIGHTH NIGHT.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

KING HENRY	...	Mr. Rothe.
PRINCE OF WALES	...	Master Langrishe.
DUKE OF YORK	...	Miss Weston.
DUKE OF GLOSTER	...	Mr. Becher.
BUCKINGHAM	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
RICHMOND	...	Mr. R. Power.
NORFOLK	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
RATCLIFFE	...	Mr. Gardiner.
CATESBY	...	Mr. Corry.
TRESSEL	...	Mr. Waller.
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON		Mr. Dalton.
STANLEY	...	Mr. Archbold.
LORD MAYOR	...	Lord Monck.
ALDERMEN	...	Messrs. Saurin and Monck.
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER		Mr. W. Walker.
QUEEN ELIZABETH	...	Miss Locke.
DUCHESS OF YORK	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
LADY ANNE	...	Miss Walstein.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

SIR ROWLAND	...	Mr. Archbold.
LORD ALFORD	...	Mr. Gardiner.
WALTER	...	Mr. Moore.
APATHY	...	Mr. Corry.
GABRIEL	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
OLIVER	...	Lord Monck.
HELEN	...	Miss Locke.
JOSEPHINE	...	Mrs. Cooke.
WINIFRED	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
BOY	...	Miss Lacy.
GIRL	...	Miss Weston.

Wednesday, 17*th October*, 1810.

NINTH NIGHT.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ORSINO	...	Mr. R. Power.
SEBASTIAN	...	Mr. Dalton.
ANTHONIO	...	Mr. W. Walker.
VALENTINE	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SIR TOBY BELCH	...	Mr. Becher.
SIR ANDREW AGUE CHEEK		Mr. Corry.
SEA CAPTAIN	...	Mr. Waller.
FABIAN	...	Mr. Archbold.
MALVOLIO	...	Mr. Langrishe.
CLOWN	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
OLIVIA	...	Miss Locke.
MARIA	...	Mrs. Weston.
VIOLA	...	Miss Walstein.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

CAPTAIN BELDARE	...	Mr. Dalton.
VIGIL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
TOTTERTON	...	Mr. Corry.
SOLOMON LOB	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
GRENADIER	...	Mr. Waller.
RISK	...	Mr. Moore.
LYDIA	...	Mrs. Cooke.

1810.

Friday, 19*th October*, 1810.

TENTH NIGHT.

MACBETH.

DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND		Mr. Waller.
MALCOLM	...	Mr. Archbold.
MACBETH	...	Mr. R. Power.
MACDUFF	...	Mr. Rothe.
BANQUO	...	Mr. Becher.
FLEANCE	...	Miss Lacy.
ROSSE	...	Mr. Corry.
LENOX	...	Mr. E. Waller.
OFFICER	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
HECATE	...	Mr. Crampton.
FIRST WITCH	...	Mr. Moore.
SECOND WITCH	...	Mr. Gardiner.
THIRD WITCH	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
SINGING WITCHES	...	Mrs. Cooke. Sir J. Stevenson. Mr. Dalton, &c.
LADY MACBETH	...	Miss Walstein.
GENTLEWOMAN	...	Mrs. Weston.

MELOLOGUE ON NATIONAL MUSIC.

THE PRIZE.

LENITIVE	...	Mr. Corry.
LABEL	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
CAPTAIN HEARTWELL	...	Mr. Waller.
MR. CADDY	...	Mr. Archbold.
MRS. CADDY	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.
CAROLINE	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Saturday, 20*th October*, 1810.

LAST NIGHT.

OTHELLO.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. W. Walker.
BRABANTIO	...	Mr. Corry.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Waller.
LODOVICO	...	Mr. Becher.
MONTANO	...	Mr. Dalton.
OTHELLO	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIO	...	Mr. Crampton.
IAGO	...	Mr. R. Power.
RODERIGO	...	Mr. Gardiner.
ANTONIO	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
JULIO	...	Mr. Archbold.
DESDEMONA	...	Miss Walstein.
EMILIA	...	Miss Locke.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

PEEPING TOM.

TOM	...	Mr. Moore.
MAYOR	...	Mr. Corry.
CRAZY	...	Mr. Ponsonby.
HAROLD	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
MAUD	...	Mrs. Cooke.
EMMA	...	Mrs. Weston.
LADY GODIVA	...	Miss Dyke.
LADY MAYORESS	...	Mrs. Hitchcock.

THE FAREWELL.

EPILOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Langrishe,

At the close of the Theatre, the 20th of October, 1810.

Some *ten years* past, it might have been my duty
To paint the Drama's moral ends, and beauty;
But now, its laws, effects, its bounds, and reach,
Its charms, and virtues, all the Stage can teach,
Whether pure principles of truth and taste,
Or social sympathies of heavenly cast;—
All you have felt,—the muses' wealth you share,
Your presence proves it, and your deeds declare.
Tho' each resplendent sentence may not lie
For ever graven on your memory;
Tho' the words vanish, yet their worth remains,
And the mind still the sentiment retains;
Souls, once in unison with sympathy,
Long keep attun'd to that celestial key;
And virtuous tendencies shall still survive
The fleeting images, that bade them live.
Thus have you felt and own'd the Drama's power,
The power, that crown'd with mirth each magic hour,
That brighten'd charity, that polish'd sense,
Taught mercy method—and restrain'd pretence,
Bade fashion bow before decorum's sway,
Made folly feel, and insolence obey,
Curb'd with light hand o'erweening zeal, that strove
To raise new doctrines sense and truth above,
Discourag'd party ferment, faction's strife,
And gave old loyalty *regenerate* life.
If such the Drama's power, and *our* success,
Which *you* with *willing* candour will confess;
'Tis time to pause, while yet the good we've done
Can lend pure brightness to our setting sun.
E'en should these sports for *ten years more* succeed,
Still they *must* cease, and still, our hearts must bleed;
And as *each* year progressive pleasure brings,
And wafts us higher on joy's silver wings,
Since the concluding pang at last must come,
The more these scenes delight, the more we'll mourn their doom.
Then, let us pause! ere that sad point we gain,
When recollected bliss is lost in parting pain.
Oft as the dull revolving year renews
This season, sacred to the playful muse,
With transports of deep interest you shall thrill,
Such, as even now, our panting bosoms fill;

1810.

With mingling Joy and Grief, this anxious hour
To fond remembrance, ever, shall recur—
Joy, when these pleasures you shall ponder o'er,
Grief, that such pleasures *may* arise no more.
With well meant efforts, we have shot our bolt,
And wing'd in course the Witling and the Dolt;
Each foe to taste that frivolous fashion forms,
Our pointed arrow reaches, and reforms.
We've * hit on high Barouche, ennobled Grooms,—
Warn'd vagrant politicians to their homes,—
Sham'd female elegance from feeding swine,—
Forc'd men of mode without made-meats to dine,—
Nay, we have dar'd to doubt the wit of *hoaxing*,
And question'd the *urbanity* of boxing.
Yet folly *still* retains a reigning evil,
Now—with adroitness 'tis † *to play the devil;*
And on *two sticks*,—not as in times of old,
When gay Asmodeus men and manners told;
To play the devil, of old possess'd some merit,
At least of ardour, enterprize, and spirit;—
But this *our modern devil* no power befriends,
And all his wit is at *his fingers' ends.*
'Tis time then that our classic sarcasm stops,
Since we've run down all fools but *humming tops.*
For Player, and his Instrument, are one,
Alike in feeling, intellect, and tone.
Oft I've aspir'd, and not in vain, the while
With playful jest to raise your ready smile;
But playfulness, the elder born of joy,
Shuns the sad heart, that labouring cares annoy;
Then, while the pangs of parting wring my breast,
In vain I force the fabricated jest.
One pang of parting we have felt before,
A deeper pang we never can deplore;
'Twas, when we mourn'd, surrounding LYSTER's bier,
Taking his leave of mortal pleasures here;
He was a man, in every trial prov'd,
Whenever seen, admir'd; when known, belov'd;
He was a man, so gifted, and so good,
In wit so playful, and in sense so shrewd,
In taste so true, in feeling so refin'd,
A type of all the worth of human kind.
What fortune's revolutionary sport
In time may bring to this her lov'd resort,
We can't foresee; but, if a Poet's fire
May somewhat to prophetic glance aspire,
This town shall still remain our Island's boast,
Nor mourn one glory set—one laurel lost.
This is no augury you may mistrust,
Tho' *second sight*, 'tis founded on a *first;*
This soil for *genius* has creative pow'r,
And dreads not a *degenerating* hour;
Here BERKELEY, CONGREVE, SWIFT, in days of yore,
Lisp'd the first accents of their classic lore—
Here BUSHE, here FLOOD, were born—here GRATTAN plann'd,
In early youth, the welfare of the land—
One, ‡ tho' MY SIRE, let me record beside,
With *equal* praise and fame, but *greater* pride!
These *you* can boast the splendour of the age!
These *we* can boast our *brothers* of the *stage!*

Nor, shall you want, as circling time rolls on,
Minds meet to fill our abdicated throne;
But time must toil, our vanity foresees,
Ere *any* group be found—more form'd to please,
More pure in motive, with intent more kind,
In wit more chaste, in friendship more combin'd,
More prompt to feel, and to inspire delight,
Than that sad group, that takes its leave to-night.
Line after line, each flecting thought I sue,
To shelter me from that dread word—*adieu;*
I come to bid you all—*a last farewell,*
With feelings more acute than words can tell;
Farewell! for vain's my falt'ring phrase, to prove
Our heartfelt gratitude, regret, and love.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Wednesday, October 3d,* 1810.]—It has been formally announced, that after the close of the present Season, the Gentlemen of the private Theatre mean to discontinue their annual representations. The motives in which these amusements originated, were public utility, and private gratification. The Gentlemen of the Theatre conceive, perhaps, that having given an increased activity to the various Charities of this City by the application of their Funds, whatever personal considerations may have mingled with their purer motives, and tended to excite their exertions, their objects are now obtained. Perhaps they fear that a repetition even of their best efforts, must at length grow wearisome, and that therefore it is wise to retire before their labours have ceased to be as attractive, as we feel them to have been useful. Be their motives what they may, we will not presume to canvass them; but we must deeply regret, that the stream of Public Bounty must hereafter flow in more confined channels, when this, its copious source, is dried up, and we can, with truth, assure the Gentlemen, that repetition has hitherto only added to their improvement in the Dramatic art, without causing satiety in the Audience. As a proof of our assertion we have only to state, that last year, the *ninth* return of these intellectual recreations, their Theatre was graced by a much more numerous assemblage than ever before attended the Plays. However we must lament their decision with respect to the future, we cannot but perceive that it is productive of present advantage. Visiters from far and near, are already crowding into the Town. The stranger has hastened to avail himself of this, his last, and only opportunity, of seeing what he has never seen before, and what he has heard so much admired by others. The accustomed Auditor is anxious to see once more what he has so much admired himself, and what he cannot see again. Thus, every one is repairing to Kilkenny to be present at those, the brightest, and the last of our Thespian festivities.

The Performances opened on MONDAY EVENING, the 1*st inst.* before a brilliant, and crowded Audience, with an occasional Prologue, written by Mr. LANGRISHE, and spoken by Mr. R. POWER. The Prologue chiefly alluded to the intention of the Performers of retiring from their Theatrical pursuits. All the varied sensations which such an occasion must naturally excite, both in Actors and Auditors, were faithfully and forcibly expressed. The whole Address was extremely appropriate, written with considerable eloquence, and delivered with corresponding feeling.

* In allusion to the different subjects of former Epilogues.

† Alluding to a fashionable play-thing of the day, called *the Devil on two Sticks.*

‡ Sir Hercules Langrishe, Bart.

1810.

One part, which more particularly expressed Mr. R. Power's situation and sentiments, excited an universal sensation. He felt it warmly himself, and communicated the sympathy to his hearers.

The Play was Coriolanus, a Tragedy, splendid from the exalted character of the Hero, and interesting from the variety of his fortunes. Mr. Becher was judiciously selected for the Roman. He represented the Patrician pride of the Character with distinguished dignity, and gave full force to all its martial ardour. Energetic, but not violent, he was never borne beyond the propriety of nature, or the extent of his own powers. He succeeded eminently also in the expression of that indignant scorn, and sarcastic contempt, with which *Coriolanus* treats the commonalty of Rome. In that scene, wherein *Volumnia* urges him to overmaster his native pride that, in which he canvasses for the Consulship, and that, wherein he addresses the Tribunes and People, on their passing the sentence of banishment on him, he was excellent, and afforded a convincing proof of the force, and the variety of his talents. His death-scene was strikingly grand. The entire performance, indeed, entitles him to the meed of high, and deserved admiration. Mr. G. Ponsonby gave a good effect to all the merriment of *Menenius*, without descending from that courtliness of manner which should characterize the friend of *Coriolanus*. He expressed also all the friendly zeal of the character, with just and natural warmth. Mr. Corry, in the Consul *Cominius*, was easy and expressive; and in *Tullus Aufidius* Mr. R. Power shewed his usual discriminating judgment in the study and execution of his character.

The Farce produced much laughter; Mr. T. Moore in *Robin Rough-head* was exceedingly comical. This Actor is always easy, self-possessed, and entertaining. In whatever character they put him, he attracts, and delights us. We are happy to hear his Melologue announced for this evening, when we shall see him in a more legitimate station.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Saturday, 6th October*, 1810.] On Wednesday Evening, the *3d inst.* was performed the Comedy of Wild Oats, with the Farce of the Weathercock. The wild and extravagant whimsicality of *Rover*; the abrupt changes from the mock-heroic of his flights, to the real sensibility of his character, the unthinking generosity of his disposition, and his ardent, and ungovernable nature, were all exhibited by Mr. R. Power with great warmth of expression, and a nice delicacy of discrimination. He was careless, volatile, impetuous, or serious, as each variety of the part required. In this line of Comedy Mr. R. Power always appears to considerable advantage, and is sure of receiving the general applause of the Audience. The generous, passionate, warm-hearted, brave veteran *Sir George Thunder*, found a very fit representative in Mr. G. Ponsonby. He was most ably seconded by Mr. Crampton in *John Dory*, the rough, intractable, and humorous companion of *Sir George*; both these gentlemen played their different scenes together with very great effect. Mr. Becher in *Harry* was easy, and gentlemanlike, it was all the part allowed of. Even in the little part of *Sim*, Mr. T. Moore contrived to be amusing and interesting. *Ephraim Smooth* was performed by Mr. Waller with a characteristic precision, and was by far the best of his representations on our Stage. We doubt if any Stage affords a better. *Banks* could not allow any scope for Mr. Corry's abilities, but we are happy to hear him announced for higher, and more appropriate characters. *Lady Amaranth* is a pleasing, interesting character, and was made much more so, by Miss Walstein's engaging representation. The Play, on the whole, went off with considerable eclat. Many apposite quotations, and happy allusions to the circumstances of the Theatre in particular, and to *Gentlemen* becoming Actors, gave it a peculiar and local interest, which added much to the general effect.

In the Farce of the Weathercock, Mr. Crampton exhibited great mimic powers, in adapting himself to all the variety of professions which *Tristram Fickle*, in imagination, rapidly assumes, and abandons. His speech, when he fancies himself the Lawyer, was most happily delivered, and produced universal applause. Mr. C. Gardiner, as his servant *Sneer*, played very successfully; this gentleman is a great acquisition to our Theatrical Company. We are always pleased with Mr. Ponsonby's performance of *Old Men*. The Farce, on the whole, was very diverting.

In the course of the Evening Mr. T. Moore recited his deservedly admired Melologue on National Music. We hardly ever heard a more beautiful composition, and never, perhaps, a more delightful piece of recitation. Mr. Moore's voice is to a degree musical, his accent pure, his elocution articulate, and his manner simple, spirited, and feeling. The effects of hearing the national strains of one's own native Land, were variously, and appropriately described, according to the peculiar character of each Country. The allusion to Ireland was painfully pathetic. We may truly say, that the composition was conceived in the genius of poetry, and delivered with all the fire of patriotism. We trust it will be again repeated.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Wednesday, October 10th*, 1810.]—The Surrender of Calais was performed on Friday, the *5th inst.* It is a combination of Tragedy, Comedy and Opera, ill composed as to language, but well calculated to produce Dramatic effect. Among the tragic characters *Eustache de St. Pierre* stands prominent, and allows great scope for the Actor's powers. Mr. Rothe availed himself of these opportunities, he was bold, dignified, and pathetic. In the scene wherein he offers himself up to be a victim for the City, in that wherein he takes leave of his Son, and lastly, when he lays the Keys of the City at *King Edward's* feet, he shewed the variety, and extent of his powers. Mr. R. Power was ardent, and interesting in *Ribaumont*. The tediousness of *Old John de Vienne* was greatly relieved by Mr. Ponsonby's diversified manner of representing the character. Mr. Moore, in *La Gloire*, was humorous, easy, and natural. Mr. Crampton represented *O'Carroll*; and need we say, that the character could not be better performed. Miss Walstein's *Julia*, and Mrs. Cooke's *Madelon* were excellent, and seldom have these Ladies appeared to greater advantage. The Play, on the whole, was very interesting, and not surpassed, as to effect, by any of the preceding ones.

The Farce of Raising the Wind was well chosen to exhibit Mr. Corry's comic talents. His *Didler* was an excellent, and amusing performance, throughout the whole of which, his untired spirits, and drollery of humour, afforded us much pleasure.

1810.

On Monday, the *8th inst.* the INCONSTANT, and THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA, attracted a most brilliant, and crowded Audience.

The joyous age of *Old Mirabel* lost nothing of its due effect in Mr. PONSONBY's representation of it; and Mr. R. POWER gave to *Young Mirabel* 'the light and airy sport' of the character, with all the ease of a man of fashion, and a gentleman. In the serious parts of the character he was most expressive, but in the last scene of the Play we felt an interest of that grave sort that almost belongs to Tragedy. *Duretete* is acknowledged to be one of Mr. LANGRISHE's happiest efforts. The whimsicality of the character was represented with the most exquisite effect, and all its sarcasms were given with that point, and terseness that are peculiarly his own.

In THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA the *Spado* of Mr. MOORE, and the *Pedrillo* of Mr. CORRY, maintained for them, and, perhaps, increased the reputation they have acquired in those characters. Some of the scenes, that brought them together on the stage, were very amusing.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Saturday, October 13th,* 1810.]—The Entertainments of the Theatre on Wednesday, the *10th inst.* were the GAMESTER, with the Musical *Extravaganza* of TOM THUMB.

In representing the hero of Tragedy, the *public* actor must, perhaps, be supposed to possess peculiar advantages over the *private* one, from his power of producing greater effects, by knowledge of Stage trick, and Theatrical *tactique*. In these exalted characters, nature is not expressed, but forced; and the delighted audience conceive they yield the tribute of applause to nature, which is, in fact, given to Pantomime, and the Posture-Master. But in *Domestic* Tragedy, which "comes home to the bosoms, and business of men," these advantages cease. The audience daily see the prototype before their eyes, and can, therefore, judge of the correctness of the imitation. Nature and feeling possess their proper station, and to exhibit them faithfully, is the actor's task; not that we mean to say it is easier to excel in these characters of common life; on the contrary, here, as in Comedy,

"We must confess,
"The task is harder, as th' indulgence 's less."

In representing these characters, therefore, it may be even admitted that the private actor has advantages over the public one, in as much, as he has less to unlearn, and less to assume; his daily and familiar demeanour may be almost said to be a rehearsal. These reflections naturally present themselves, on seeing Mr. ROTHE in *Beverly*. There is a pathetic tenderness in his voice, and a natural ease in his action, so very favourable to the representation of domestic life, that we cannot but consider this character as one of his most interesting performances. The frenzy of his despair, his struggles between feeling, and his unhappy passion for that vice which had been his ruin, the solemnity of his prayer, and, finally, the last sad close of all his sorrows, were given with a truth that was oppressively painful. Mr. R. POWER's *Lewson*, was spirited and interesting. His performance seemed the natural and unforced representation of a high-minded gentleman, indignant that a character of worth should be the dupe of cowardly, and contemptible artifice. Mr. G. PONSONBY forced his nature, to give *Stukely* with due effect, and Mr. CORRY's *Jarvis*, plain and pathetic, was the better represented, from his not attemping to give it any thing of Tragedy importance. We have never seen Miss WALSTEIN to greater advantage than in *Mrs. Beverly*.

The Burletta of TOM THUMB excited laughter and merriment, with its burlesque of pomp, and the *grotesqueries* of the dresses, and performance. It was a happy relief to the feelings of the Audience, after the effects of the Play.

MR. BECHER'S BALL.—Amongst the attractive entertainments held out to delight the visiters of Kilkenny, we should not omit to notice the Ball that was given by Mr. BECHER on Thursday last. In order to accommodate his numerous guests, a communication was made between the Club-House and the house adjoining, by a large breach in the common wall. Two spacious Rooms, extending *en suite*, were thereby opened for the merry crowd, who did not separate until a late hour, highly delighted with the kind, and hospitable attentions of their respected host.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Wednesday, October 17th,* 1810.]—The entertainments, on Friday, the *12th inst.* were THE WEST INDIAN, and FORTUNE'S FROLICS. Mr. R. POWER, acted *Belcour*. He gave it with the ease of the man of fashion, animated by the warmth of the climate from which he came, but in no part was he more successful than that wherein his volatile career is corrected by the sensibility of the heart. Mr. CRAMPTON's *Major O'Flaherty*, extended even his reputation in Irish Characters. His fine figure, his humour, strong, without being broad, and his perfect ease and knowledge of the Stage, contributed to make it an excellent, and delightful representation, and, in our eyes at least, deserved additional praise for representing the *Major* as a perfect gentleman. We presume that this is nothing more than what the *author* intended, and yet there is one scene in which his love of effect in dramatic composition appears to have led him too far, we mean that in which *O'Flaherty* brings Lady Rusport's letter to *Captain Dudley*, and insists upon the old gentleman obeying its mandates, he himself being ignorant of its contents. This, we hope, is not the conduct of an Irishman—we are certain it is not that of a Gentleman. Mr. CORRY was extremely well in *Old Dudley;* and Miss WALSTEIN, in *Charlotte Rusport*, was lively, arch, and interesting.

In the Farce of FORTUNE'S FROLICS, Mr. MOORE's *Robin Rough-head* was equal to his former representation of it. We need say no more!

THE DRAMATIST, on Saturday, the *13th inst.* gave a splendid opportunity to Mr. CORRY of shewing the variety of his powers. This Play depends almost entirely on *Vapid*, without any sordid obligation to wit, humour, or plot; it always succeeds, however, when the eccentric character of *Vapid* can be hit. Mr. CORRY certainly had that success, and his performance ranks him very high indeed among our Thespian Corps. He delivered, with great spirit and effect, an excellent Epilogue, written for the occasion by Mr. MOORE.

The VILLAGE LAWYER followed. Mr. CRAMPTON's *Scout* is well known, and admired; and Lord MONCK, in *Justice Mittimus*, continues to shew great promise.

1810.

On Monday, the 15*th inst.* RICHARD THE THIRD, and THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, drew a crowded audience.

Mr. BECHER performed the arduous character of *Richard.* The theatrical world has long been divided between COOKE and KEMBLE in this character. KEMBLE is more dignified, and COOKE more forcible and sarcastic. We do not intend to contrast Mr. BECHER with either of them; but we must be allowed to observe, that in the scene with LADY ANNE, he differed from both, and, in our opinion, judiciously. Their love is too sarcastic, and their hypocrisy too much revealed; but Mr. BECHER threw an earnestness into his manner, which appeared to be the better course, because obviously the more likely to succeed. His start from sleep was also very fine, and the whole of the performance did him great credit.—Mr. ROTHE's *King Henry* was interesting, resigned, andpathetic; and Mr. R. POWER gave to *Richmond* all the effect that the character admits of. The whole play was splendidly dressed.

The CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, was chosen for the Afterpiece, to give Mr. MOORE an opportunity of exhibiting in *Walter*, that combination of humour, and feeling, with which the character abounds. In some passages of his acting he was very successful; but with respect to his Songs, they were all warmly applauded, and often loudly *encored.*

Each successive week has added to the number of Visiters; and the town is now quite overflowing.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Wednesday, October 24th,* 1810.]—The *Macbeth* of Mr. R. POWER, on Friday the 19th instant, was a performance of distinguished excellence. To *attempt* MACBETH is no light undertaking; to *succeed* in it deserves no vulgar praise.—Mr. R. POWER conceived it with masterly judgment, and represented it with uncommon ability. He seemed perfectly identified with his character, expressing, in look, manner and gesture, all the conflicting passions of the Scottish tyrant. The struggles between his ambition, and the native nobleness of his mind, his yielding to his Wife's remonstrances, and reproofs, his alternate resolves, and relapses, his dismay, and horror, after he has committed the murder, his incoherent manner upon the discovery, and his own perplexed narration, his subsequent abandonment of all compunctions of conscience, his fixed determination to plunge deeper and deeper into guilt, his settled melancholy on his hearing of his Wife's death, expressive of his weariness of his own life, and the bold resolution which he assumes even from his despair, when convinced of the equivocation of the *Wierd Sisters*—were all expressed with that rare felicity of dramatic powers, which proves the genius of the actor, and constitutes the glory of his art. It is difficult, almost impossible, to select those parts wherein Mr. R. POWER most succeeded, nor is it material to detail them; but let Mr. R. POWER rest his dramatic fame upon his representation of this character of sublime conception, and he may contentedly repose under the laurels he has gained by it. Mr. ROTHE was uncommonly interesting and pathetic in *Macduff.* For the length of the Character, we can hardly point out one more calculated to shew Mr. ROTHE's powers, or to call forth the feelings of the Audience. Though Mr. CORRY excels more in the comic than in the tragic line, yet his performance of *Rosse* had very great merit. To add to the eclat and delight of this Tragedy, the music of the witches enchanted us with its harmony; and the dresses of the Characters dazzled us with their splendour. It is no small boast that a Company of gentlemen could so well get up, and represent a Play, requiring an union of such various talents, and which has always been held to be the master-piece of Shakespeare.

The Melologue on National Music, was repeated by Mr. MOORE. We have spoken before of the merits of this composition, and of Mr. MOORE's manner of reciting it; we need only say, that on a second representation, it pleased even as at first, and we would venture to say that "*decies repetita placebit.*"

In the PRIZE, which followed, Mr. CORRY, as he always does, exhilarated us with his comic humour, and surprised us with his versatility. His *Lenitive* yields to none of his happiest efforts. In whatever part we last see him, we are so pleased, that we think it is his best; and yet his *Sir Andrew Ague Cheek*, in TWELFTH NIGHT, is perhaps, after all, to be classed among the ablest pieces of his acting.

The Play on Saturday Night, the 20*th inst.* the last Night of our Performances, was the Tragedy of OTHELLO. The After-Piece was TOM THUMB.

Mr. ROTHE delighted us even to a degree of pain, in his *Beverly;* but he reserved his *Othello* for "the brightest, and the last" of his theatrical career, and, from the impression he has left upon the Audience, we think he was wise in so doing. In his conception of some parts of *Othello*, Mr. ROTHE struck us, as differing from others whom we have seen in this great Character, and differing even from himself, as he had acted it before; his alterations were all, with hardly any exception, much for the better, and well, surpassing well, as he had performed the Character, he never succeeded as he now has done. His narration before the Duke and Senate, combined modesty with dignity of demeanour, and was delivered, not with the accustomed monotony of manner, but with a pleasing, yet an appropriate variety of feeling. But nicely to appreciate his performance, from the time suspicion enters his mind, until the end, surpasses our powers of critical discrimination, and certainly its merits could not be heightened by our applause. Older and abler judges, who have seen good Actors, (and not a few), have pronounced it the best representation of the Character they have *ever* witnessed. We cannot forbear to select one scene in which he was pre-eminent, that which is called the handkerchief-scene, and which affected us most sensibly.—The Audience shewed their sympathy by their tears. Miss WALSTEIN is by much the most interesting, and affecting *Desdemona* we have seen for a long time.

An Epilogue was delivered, after the Play, by Mr. LANGRISHE, by whom it was written. It spoke eloquently to the feelings, and bade farewell in melancholy strains of real grief, which the speaker felt, and communicated.

PEEPING TOM followed, and amused us in spite of the effects of the Tragedy, and our sorrow for the conclusion of these attic nights.

After the conclusion of the Farce, a change of Scene ensued; a scenic Painting representing the Statue of

1810.

*Shakespeare on an elevated Pedestal, appeared in the centre of the Stage, round which was grouped the whole of the Theatrical Company, and, as they moved forward, a plaintive strain was sung by them, taking leave of the Audience. It was commenced by Mr. Moore, who was joined by the other vocal Performers. We give a copy of the words:

Here at the *Shrine we've lov'd so long,
To-night we breathe our parting Song,
And while our hearts with sorrow swell,
We bid our partial Friends Farewell.

Farewell—Farewell—Farewell.

We never witnessed a more impressive *spectacle* than what the stage, and the whole house exhibited. Friends who had for ten years annually assembled, mutually pleasing, and pleased with each other, were now about to bid a long, and sad adieu. Their grief was too great for utterance; but their silence, and their tears shewed the sincerity of their sorrow. Alas! shall we never see again these entertainments, refined by classic taste, and purified by charitable motive? Must *all end* here?

Among the visiters who have graced our Plays this season we have made out the following list of distinguished persons, but we hope we shall be pardoned by those who may happen to be omitted. In such a crowd it is not easy to be accurate. The Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford, Dowager Countess of Ormonde, Earl and Countess of Mayo, Earl of Ormonde, Earl of Desart, and the Ladies Cuffe, Countess of Carrick and Lady Sarah Butler, Viscount Ikerrin, Viscount and Lady Monck, Dowager Lady Monck, and the Miss Monck's, Lord and Lady Lismore, Mr. and Lady E. Cavendish, Lady C. Mahon, Lord Bradford, Lady Cahir, Lord and Lady Ashtown, Hon. Colonel, and Mrs. Butler, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Trench, Lord George Taylor, Hon. General Taylor, Mr. and Lady Emily La Touche, Mr. John La Touche, Mr. and Miss Vesey, Knight of Kerry and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Hon. and Rev. Arthur Vesey, Hon. Charles Vesey, Sir William and Lady Cumming Gordon, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. C. Butler, Hon. George Ponsonby, General and Lady Matilda Wynyard, Dowager Lady Blunden and Family, Hon. Mrs. Cooper Butler and Family, the Attorney-General, Lady Mary Saurin and Family, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Kavanagh, Mr. Mrs. and the Miss Gun's, Mr. and Mr s Crosbie, and Miss Kelly, Colonel, and Mrs. Falkiner, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Hon. Dean and Mrs. Bourke, the Provost, Captain and Mrs. Pratt, Rev. Mr. and the Miss Bury's, Mrs. O'Beirne and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth and Miss W. Edgeworth, Mr. Penrose, Mrs. Langrishe and Family, Dean and Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Flood and Family, Miss Grattan, Mr. and Mrs. Gervase Bushe, Mr. and Mrs. Doyne and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Master of the Rolls, Mr. and Mrs. Meara and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson and Family, Mrs. Kearney and Family, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kearney, Mr. and the Miss Staples, Captain and Mrs. Fleming, Miss Congreve, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Hamilton and Family, Miss Mitchells, Mrs. and the Miss Gore's, Mr. and Mrs. A. St. George and Family, Mr. and Mrs. R. St. George and Family, Colonel and Mrs. Gore and Family, Colonel and Mrs. Newton and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Ball and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Baker and Family, Colonel and Mrs. Wemys and Family, Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Admiral Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Verschoyle, Mrs. Crofton, Mrs. R. Baily and Family, Miss Healy, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Burrowes, Mr. and Miss Archbold, Mrs. Rothe and Family, Mrs. Power, Mrs. Corry, Colonel and Mrs. Finlay, Mrs. and Miss Johnson, Messrs. Bushe, Paliser, Waller, Talbot, Robinet, Wyse, Gardiner, Latham, Mitchell, William Ponsonby, Carew, Monck, Symes, Masons, &c. &c.

We have endeavoured, but without success, to obtain a copy of a Letter that is said to have been written by Miss Edgeworth, upon leaving Kilkenny, at the close of the Plays. The literary celebrity of our amiable countrywoman, is calculated to give authority to her opinions, and we were the more anxious therefore to procure her Letter. We were anxious too, because we have reason to believe, that it was highly complimentary to the various talents of the Gentlemen whom she saw upon our Stage. It was addressed to one of the Family of Kilfane, and to that accomplished Member of it, who was the Founder and is the President of the Theatrical Society, it pays a well deserved tribute of applause, for the kindness, and good feeling with which he must have soothed and reconciled the rival pretensions that could not fail to have encountered him, in distributing among its Members the business of the Drama. Miss Edgeworth only did him justice there. Mr. Richard Power has long presided over an Association of Gentlemen who are known to be united, not less by sympathy of taste, than a personal affection for each other. No Monarch, we believe, ever "bore his faculties more meekly," and none, perhaps from that very circumstance, ever reigned so completely in the hearts of his subjects. Miss Edgeworth's Letter made some courteous acknowledgments also, for an hospitable invitation to Kilfane, which circumstances prevented her from accepting, and was deemed, we presume, for all these reasons, of too personal a nature to appear in the columns of our Paper.

We must not omit to mention, a very magnificent Supper, that was given at the Castle, by the Hon. Mrs. James Butler, after the Play on Friday Night, the 19th instant. All the *Fashionables* in Town were present; the grand Gallery was thrown open on the occasion, presenting, as it always does, a splendid appearance, from which the Company did not retire till a late hour.

The Gentlemen of the Theatrical Society dined together on Sunday, the 21st instant. The song, and the jest, and the laugh, in gay succession, flew about the merry board, over which the spirit of Anacreon's self appeared to hover. The sweetest of his Poets was among them.

Long shall the memory of the Theatre of Kilkenny, and all the happiness that attended it, continue to dwell in our hearts, and often shall we sigh, and say, in looking back upon the past,

"We cannot but remember such things *were*,
"And *were most precious.*"

1810.

KILKENNY THEATRICALS.

Account of the close of the Theatrical Representations at Kilkenny, in October, 1810, *taken from the* CORRESPONDENT.

"It was with infinite regret that we witnessed the *final appearance* on our Theatre of the gentlemen whose talents have, for a considerable number of years, so highly distinguished this City. It not unfrequently happens, that what has been habitually viewed with indifference, or has afforded but slight gratification, assumes an important and affecting interest, when beheld for the last time.—"*The last time*"—is a sentence falling on the ear in melancholy cadence, which reaches to the heart with dark and powerful influence. If such be the common sensations at parting with that which has bestowed no extraordinary delight, could ours be other than deep, heartfelt emotion, at bidding farewell to an enjoyment, long accustomed, poignant, intellectual, and refined?"

"For *ten successive years*, Plays selected with the most discriminating taste, have been represented here in a way that does the highest honor to the performers, and, never can be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness Shakespeare's sublimest truths, and gayest fancies, displayed as though his own spirit were caught in their delineation. Life's brightest Hours are often those which burst forth in *unlooked for* splendour, and the sweetest Flowers springing from its paths arise from seeds scattered by the hand of Chance. How seldom does it happen, that distant Pleasure of the fairest promise is not found, when nearly approached, like the Cloud embraced by Ixion, an "unreal mockery?" But such fallacious seeming had no share in our dramatic pleasures.—Here expectation was high wrought, and disappointment never ensued.—Unfailingly as the revolving seasons brought round the period allotted for these entertainments, was the sober *certainty* of enjoyment realized. The period allotted for them was happily chosen. Just as the falling Leaf conveyed its sad import to fancy's listening ear, and when the darkened Sky disposed the mind to sombre musing on the departed glories of the year, it was attracted by the bright amends which man can make to himself when nature withdraws her loveliness: they came the harbingers of winter, and we no longer dreaded its approach. But those brilliant hours are past, and it is impossible not to deplore that we "ne'er shall look upon their like again." Yet our regrets must be all unavailing, and we have now only to offer the thanks of our community to the gentlemen whose combined talents have so long made this spot the envy and admiration of many a distant and prouder city.—Our theme of boast, it is true, is at an end, but that we have *ever* been so eminently distinguished, leaves us in possession of no vulgar triumph.

"To Mr. R. Power most particularly is our grateful homage due—to him we are indebted for the original design, for the zeal and judgment with which he conducted and superintended it, as well as for the pre-eminent and splendid force of dramatic talent which he brought to its support. It was fortunate for the benevolent purposes of the elegant and liberal enterprize, that the arduous duties of the Managerial office were unanimously consigned to him, and by him as kindly accepted.

"Indeed in any other hands it could scarcely be expected that the difficult undertaking, however spiritedly commenced, should be for so long a period steadily directed, with never failing success, to the brilliant termination we have witnessed, with such mingled sentiments of regret, admiration and gratitude. We fear not a dissentient voice from this opinion—When the peculiar nature of the undertaking is considered, a number of gentlemen resident in different parts of the Kingdom, uniting to exhibit to a refined audience, long familiar with the best histrionic models, a series of the most celebrated productions of the British stage, it must be admitted that to blend such a variety of untried materials into the delightful harmonious whole we have witnessed, and to give to every variety of talent the appropriate sphere suited to its peculiar powers, required such extensive acquaintance with the world, and with literature; such a critical knowledge and discernment in men as well as books, together with such polished and conciliating manners, as are rarely seen united in any individual; it required, in short, such an assemblage of high personal qualifications as we know not where to find, except in *our Accomplished Dramatic Petronius*, of whom we must now take leave in this Character, with feelings we should in vain attempt to express; but which shall follow him into the elegant circles of private life, of which we sincerely hope he may long continue the pride and ornament."

(*Copy.*)

POETICAL ADDRESS

To the Gentlemen of the Kilkenny Theatre, upon the termination of their Plays.

BY A LADY.

INSCRIBED TO RICHARD POWER, ESQ.

To our friends much admir'd, we Ladies in town
Beg leave to present this Petition,
And hope, both as lovers and men of renown,
You'll pity our anxious condition.

To see your performance, *three weeks* have we been
Well pleas'd with yourselves and your acting;
For when you had done with the *fanciful scene*,
At home you appear'd as attracting.

But rumour has said, that you'll give up the Stage,
Which you have embellish'd so long—
Where moral amusements delighted the age,
'Midst all the enchantments of Song.

But CHARITY pleads in support of *our* cause,
Which oft has been succour'd by you;
And, while she bestows you her grateful applause,
She bids you the Drama pursue.

1810.

Then as you improve, and amuse us, so well,
Continue your *playful* delights:
Next Season come here, in this way to excel,
And give us some *more happy nights.*

The Muses with pleasure will prop your designs,
Encourage your classical arts:
And to favour your Stage, *we* our smiles shall combine,
And fix your reward in our hearts.

Kilkenny, 20th October, 1810.

(*Copy.*)

ADDRESS

Of the Charitable Societies of Kilkenny, to Richard Power, Esq. and the Gentlemen of the Kilkenny Theatre, at the conclusion of the Plays.

SIR,

Delegated by the CHARITABLE SOCIETY, and the other CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF KILKENNY, we beg leave, in the name of those whom *we* represent, to address you, with mingled emotions of Gratitude and painful Regret; and to return you the warmest thanks which sincerity can offer, for the signal support they have now, for TEN YEARS, experienced from your liberal exertions, and those of the Gentlemen whom your indefatigable industry has associated with you in the work of mercy.

Hitherto has every Return of those rational, and refined Entertainments been *annually* hailed, by the WEALTHY, for their Pleasure, and the POOR, for the Blessings they bestowed. While we estimate their value in their beneficial effects—in the diffusion of Wealth, the enlivening of Commerce, the enriching the Manufacturer, and rendering the Pleasure of the Rich subservient to public benefit; but, above all, in imparting "bread to the hungry," and "administering to the bed of sickness comfort and support," we cannot but regard with the more painful Regret, the approaching moment of their Discontinuance; a moment of serious loss to the Community, and of despondence to the Poor, when the source of Charity shall fail, and the Spring of Benevolence be run dry.—Not insensible to the *Privations* to which you have so cheerfully submitted, the *Expenses* you have incurred, and the *labours* you have undergone, permit us yet to hope, that you have not *unalterably decided.*—The voice of the poor, the destitute, and friendless, is united with ours in deprecating the event. —In your bounty, they have hitherto found a resource under the miseries of life, and felt the visitation of God softened by the humanity of man. Whether they shall experience a sad reverse, and the curtain close upon their prospects for ever, now rests with you. Filled with *gratitude* for the *past*, and looking to the *future* not without *hope*, they invoke the sovereign Arbiter of life and death, to dispense his blessings bountifully on their Benefactors' heads, and that whatever doom may be reserved for them, *their* day may remain unclouded.

We have the honor to be, Sir, with the highest sentiments of personal esteem and respect, for you and your Associates,

Your faithful humble Servants,

Signed by Order,

JOHN HELSHAM,
Treasurer.

To RICHARD POWER, Esq.
Kilkenny, October 20th, 1810.

(*Copy.*)

REPLY

To the foregoing Address.

SIR,

I have communicated to the Gentlemen of the Kilkenny Theatre the Address, which you were so kind as to present to me from the DELEGATES of the CHARITABLE SOCIETIES of this City; and be assured that we feel most sensibly this very flattering tribute to our Institution. Among the many interesting recollections, which, at this moment, occupy all our hearts, there is none so delightful as the consciousness that we have been useful to the cause of humanity, and that we have been able to combine the object of amusing ourselves, with the much nobler task of alleviating the misfortunes of others.

To encourage a taste for the rational Pleasures of the DRAMA was, in itself, we trust, no unworthy undertaking; but to have mingled those gay pursuits with the serious offices of Benevolence, was such a happy mixture of Pleasures and Duties, as is not very often, in this life, attainable.

To you, however, Gentlemen, are chiefly to be attributed the beneficial effects, which have attended our association. Whatever little talent may have appeared among us, to the gentleness of your criticism we owe its encouragement; and whatever difficulties we may have had to encounter, by the zeal of your co-operation we were enabled to surmount them.

With respect to the future continuance of our Meetings, though I should consider it not only unwise, but unfeeling, to declare, by any irrevocable decision, that an Anniversary, whose return we have so often hailed with delight, should from this moment *cease for ever*, yet I cannot at *present* answer for the intentions of my friends and associates further, than to assure you that the interest which we all take in the pleasures and prosperity of the City of Kilkenny, is as lively as it was at the Commencement of our career,—and that I hope it may be yet in our power to prove the sincerity of this declaration.

I have the honor to be,
Your much obliged,
And very humble Servant,

RICHARD POWER.

To JOHN HELSHAM, Esq

(*Copy.*)

1812.

Eleventh Season.

1812,

Commenced the 5th, and closed the 17th of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. Cummin.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. T. Glascock.
Mr. Becher.	Mr. H. Walshe.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. J. Hutchinson.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. Gore, jun.
Mr. Gore.	Mr. Saurin.
Lord Monck.	Mr. M. Saurin.
Mr. Dalton.	Mr. L. Saurin.
Mr. H. Butler.	Mr. Carden.
Mr. H. A. Bushe.	Mr. Wade.
Mr. R. Glascock.	Mr. M'Casky.
Mr. H. M. Mason.	Mr. Loughnan.
Mr. Archbold.	Mr. Watters.
Mr. Waller.	Mr. Hook.
Miss O'Neill.	Mrs. C. Connor.
Miss Walstein.	Mrs. Cooke.
Miss Lacy.	Mrs. M'Culloch.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Langrishe, and spoken by Mr. R. Power, At the opening of the Theatre, the 5th of October, 1812.

We meet again.—Oh! for a strain inspir'd!
To breathe the bliss, with which my bosom 's fir'd!
Two tedious years I've *squander'd* on the world,
Since, from my classic Throne, by Fortune hurl'd,
But I *usurp'd* not the presumptuous seat,
To legislate, and rule this polish'd Feat;
Mere zeal was mine, *yours* was the fostering grace,
That rais'd me to the elevated place,
Perhaps unworthy, and perhaps unfit,
For Minister of Pleasure, Taste and Wit;
And *yet*—success, for ten succeeding years,
Supports my Vanities, and lulls my Fears.
Then, if not check'd by your forbidding frown,
I claim, once more, the abdicated Throne.
Have I your suffrage?—for no *hands*, but thine,
Our Brows with Laurel, ever shall entwine.
You'll ask, perhaps, why did these pastimes cease?
Is there a joy, long us'd, that dont decrease?
To give true zest to pleasure, make a pause,
Some difficulty, mixed attraction draws.
Give Time for Transport, satiate not with Bliss,
How doubly sweet is the retarded Kiss?
Create but doubts, and you ensure desires,
E'en Cupid slacks his bow, and Venus half retires.
Why, having ceas'd, you'll say, begin again?
What!—must we, ever, feel reluctant pain?
Although, our self-denying power is tried;
How it succeeded, let this group decide.
And, now, replete with classic pride, we find,
Years, but add lustre to th' enlighten'd mind.
Your Kindness, Feeling, Charity's the same,
As when, we first awak'd each kindred flame.
Bounty, by Taste embellish'd, brighter glows,
And, as the Mind expands, its Tribute flows.
And now, when Famine scarce has left the Land,
With grim Disease, and all her hideous Band,
'Tis yours, to heal the wounds the Demon made,
And give to Toil, and Want, reposing shade.
I see—'tis done—Mercy with Mind unites,
And the best impulse of the soul excites.
But I forget my duty, 'Tis to praise
The Audience, Actors, Orchestra, and Plays.
A Prologue should be—something—as it were—
A kind of smart, Dramatic Bill of Fare;
But we, old Cooks, have every Dish so ready,
Bespeak your Feast, and you will find us steady,
Our Larder 's stor'd with *Shakespeare's solid stuff*,
We can hash up a *Modern* well enough,
And we are celebrated for a *puff*.
But Metaphor apart, 'tis yours to say,
The favorite Actor, and the favorite Play.
Be kind, and candid, make your own selection,
Choose which you like, but Silence is rejection.
'Tis then to you, we for instruction look—
Your *Hand* our Prompter—and your *Face* our Book.

Monday, 5th October, 1812.

First Night.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

Lieutenant Worthington	...	Mr. Gore.
Corporal Foss	...	Mr. Crampton.
Sir Charles Cropland	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
Warner	...	Mr. Becher.
Sir Robert Bramble	...	Mr. Cummin.
Humphrey Dobbin	...	Mr. Waller.
Farmer Harrowby	...	Mr. Archbold.
Stephen Harrowby	...	Lord Monck.
Ollapod	...	Mr. Corry.
Frederick	...	Mr. R. Power.
Emily Worthington	...	Miss Walstein.
Miss Lucretia M'Tab		Mrs. M'Culloch.
Dame Harrowby	...	Mrs. C. Connor.
Mary	...	Mrs. Cooke.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Lovel		...	Lord Monck.
Trueman		...	Mr. Archbold.
Philip	*Servants to Lovel*	...	Mr. Waller.
Tom		...	Mr. Cummin.
Coachman		...	Mr. T. Glascock.
Kingston		...	Mr. H. Butler.
Kitty		...	Miss Walstein.
Cook		...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Lord Duke		...	Mr. Corry.
Sir Harry		...	Mr. Crampton.
Lady Bab		...	Mrs. Cooke.
Lady Charlotte		...	Mrs. C. Connor.

1812.

Wednesday, 7th October, 1812.

SECOND NIGHT.

VENICE PRESERVED.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Lord Monck.
PRIULI	...	Mr. Walsh.
BEDAMAR	...	Mr. Crampton.
PIERRE	...	Mr. Rothe.
JAFFIER	...	Mr. Becher.
RENAULT	...	Mr. R. Power.
ELLIOT	...	Mr. Waller.
SPINOZA	...	Mr. Cummin.
THEODORE	...	Mr. Archbold.
DURAND	...	Mr. Saurin.
OFFICER	...	Mr. Dalton.
BELVIDERA	...	Miss Walstein.

OUT OF PLACE.

OLD VALTELINE	...	Mr. Cummin.
YOUNG VALTELINE	...	Mr. Dalton.
CAVALIER POMPOSO	...	Mr. Waller.
COUNT VANCENZA	...	Mr. Archbold.
TIMOTHY	...	Mr. Corry.
LAURETTA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
CECILY	...	Miss Lacy.

Friday, 9th October, 1812.

THIRD NIGHT.

ALL IN THE WRONG.

SIR JOHN RESTLESS	...	Mr. Corry.
BEVERLEY	...	Mr. R. Power.
SIR WILLIAM BELMONT		Mr. Waller.
BELMONT	...	Mr. Gore.
BLANDFORD	...	Mr. Cummin.
ROBERT	...	Mr. Archbold.
BRUSH	...	Lord Monck.
LADY RESTLESS	...	Miss Walstein.
BELINDA	...	Miss O'Neill.
CLARISSA	...	Mrs. C. Connor.
TATTLE	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
TIPPET	...	Mrs. Cooke.
MARMALET	...	Miss Lacy.

THE CITIZEN.

OLD PHILPOT	...	Mr. Cummin.
YOUNG PHILPOT	...	Mr. Crampton.
SIR JASPER WILDING	...	Lord Monck.
YOUNG WILDING	...	Mr. Gore.
BEAUFORT	...	Mr. Waller.
QUILLDRIVE	...	Mr. Archbold.
MARIA	...	Miss O'Neill.
CORINNA	...	Mrs. C. Connor.

Saturday, 10th October, 1812.

FOURTH NIGHT.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR	...	Mr. Gore.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR	...	Mr. Dalton.
ANTHONY	...	Mr. R. Power.
BRUTUS	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIUS	...	Mr. Becher.
CASCA	...	Mr. Walshe.
TREBONIUS	...	Mr. Waller.
DECIUS BRUTUS	...	Mr. Archbold.
METELLUS	...	Lord Monck.
LUCIUS	...	Miss Lacy.

Plebcians, Mr. Corry, Mr. Carden, Mr. E. Glascock, Mr. Cummin, Mr. Gore, jun. Mr. H. A. Bushe, Mr. H. M. Mason, Mr. T. Glascock, Mr. J. Hutchinson, Mr. Watters, &c.

PORTIA	...	Miss Walstein.
CALPHURNIA	...	Mrs. C. Connor.

TOM THUMB.

KING ARTHUR	...	Mr. Crampton.
NOODLE	...	Mr. Cummin.
DOODLE	...	Mr. Corry.
LORD GRIZZLE	...	Lord Monck.
TOM THUMB	...	Miss Lacy.
QUEEN DOLLALOLLA	...	Mrs. Cooke.
PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA		Mrs. C. Connor.
GIANTESS QUEEN	...	Mr. Lacy.

Courtiers, Mr. Saurin, Mr. Archbold, &c.

Monday, 12th October, 1812.

FIFTH NIGHT.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

KING HENRY	...	Mr. Rothe.
PRINCE OF WALES	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
DUKE OF YORK	...	Miss Lacy.
DUKE OF GLOSTER	...	Mr. Becher.
BUCKINGHAM	...	Mr. R. Power.
RICHMOND	...	Mr. Gore.
NORFOLK	...	Mr. E. Glascock.
RATCLIFFE	...	Mr. Cummin.
TRESSEL	...	Mr. J. Hutchinson.
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON		Mr. Dalton.
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER		Mr. Watters.
STANLEY	...	Mr. Archbold.
LORD MAYOR	...	Lord Monck.

Lords, Mr. Saurin, Mr. M. Saurin, Mr. L. Saurin, Mr. Wade, Mr. Carden &c.

Murderers, &c.

LADY ANNE	...	Miss Walstein.
QUEEN ELIZABETH	...	Mrs. C. Connor.
DUCHESS OF YORK	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

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HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Lovel	...	Lord Monck.
Trueman	...	Mr. Archbold.
Philip	...	Mr. Waller.
Tom	...	Mr. Cummin.
Coachman	*Servants to*	Mr. T. Glascock.
Kingston	*Lovel* ...	Mr. H. Butler.
Kitty	...	Miss Walstein.
Cook	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Lord Duke	...	Mr. Corry.
Sir Harry	...	Mr. Crampton.
Lady Bab	...	Mrs. Cooke.
Lady Charlotte	...	Mrs. C. Connor.

Wednesday, 14*th October*, 1812.

Sixth Night.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Sir Charles Marlow	...	Mr. Archbold.
Young Marlow	...	Mr. R. Power.
Hastings	...	Mr. Crampton.
Old Hardcastle	...	Mr. Corry.
Diggory	...	Lord Monck.
Roger	...	Mr. Waller.
Jeremy	...	Mr. J. Hutchinson.
Stingo	...	Mr. E. Glascock.
Tony Lumpkin	...	Mr. Cummin.
Mrs. Hardcastle	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Miss Hardcastle	...	Miss Walstein.
Miss Neville	...	Mrs. C. Connor.
Dolly	...	Miss Lacy.

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

Sir Archy Macsarcasm		Mr. H. Bushe.
Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan		Mr. Crampton.
Beau Mordecai	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
Squire Groom	...	Mr. H. Butler.
Charlotte	...	Mrs. C. Connor.

Friday, 16*th October*, 1812.

Seventh Night.

MACBETH.

Duncan	...	Mr. Waller.
Malcolm	...	Mr. Archbold.
Macbeth	...	Mr. R. Power.
Macduff	...	Mr. Rothe.
Banquo	...	Mr. Gore.
Fleance	...	Miss Lacy.
Lenox	...	Mr. Loughnan.
Rosse	...	Mr. Corry.
Seyton	...	Mr. J. Hutchinson.
Physician	...	Mr. Watters.
Hecate	...	Mr. Crampton.
First Witch	...	Lord Monck.
Second Witch	...	Mr. Cummin.
Third Witch	...	Mr. M'Casky.

Witches, Mr. Dalton, Mr. M'Casky, Mr. E. Glascock, Mr. T. Glascock, Mr. Mason, Mr. Cummin, Mr. Hook, Mrs. Cooke, &c.

Lady Macbeth	...	Miss Walstein.
Gentlewoman	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

Vigil	...	Mr. E. Glascock.
Risk	...	Mr. Corry.
Captain Beldare	...	Mr. Dalton.
Totterton	...	Mr. Cummin.
Solomon Loe	...	Lord Monck.
Grenadier	...	Mr. Waller.
Lydia	...	Mrs. Cooke.

Saturday, 17*th October*, 1812.

Last Night.

OTHELLO.

Duke of Venice	...	Mr. Loughnan.
Brabantio	...	Mr. Cummin.
Gratiano	...	Mr. Waller.
Lodovico	...	Mr. Archbold.
Montano	...	Mr. Dalton.
Othello	...	Mr. Rothe.
Cassio	...	Mr. Crampton.
Iago	...	Mr. R. Power.
Roderigo	...	Mr. Corry.
Desdemona	...	Miss Walstein.
Emilia	...	Mrs. C. Connor.

MASK OF COMUS.

Comus	...	Mr. R. Power.
First Brother	...	Mr. J. Hutchinson.
Second Brother	...	Mr. T. Glascock.
Spirit	...	Mr. Gore.

Bacchanals, Mr. Dalton, Mr. M'Casky, Mr. E. Glascock, Lord Monck, Mr. Corry. Mr. H. Butler, Mr. Monck, Mr. Saurin, Mr. M. Saurin, Mr. L. Saurin, Mr. Wade, Mr. Carden, Mr. Waller, Mr. Hook, &c.

Lady	...	Miss Walstein.
Euphrosyne	...	Mrs. Cooke.

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[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Wednesday, October 7th*, 1812.]—The Kilkenny Theatre opened, after an interval-year of suspension, on Monday night, with the Comedy of THE POOR GENTLEMAN, and the Farce of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Here let us observe, before we proceed further, that in that year (1811) the THEATRICAL SOCIETY sent a Donation, out of their own private Subscriptions, of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, to the CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS of KILKENNY.

At the rising of the Curtain Mr. RICHARD POWER came forward, and delivered, with grace and expression, an occasional Prologue, that we understand is from the classic pen of Sir ROBERT LANGRISHE.

The House was unusually crowded, which we are able to ascertain, from the receipt of the Ticket-Money being nearly double what it was on any former Night of opening. A vast assemblage of rank, respectability and fortune, is now collected here, and every hour we witness fresh arrivals, hastening to join the joyous throng.

[*Kilkenny Chronicle, Thursday, October 15th*, 1812.]—We hail, with sincere delight, the return of our Theatrical Amusements, and our pleasure is the greater, because, it was supposed that they had ceased *for ever*. Their suspension for the last year was very satisfactorily accounted for in a neat Address delivered by Mr. RICHARD POWER, and we may now entertain the gratifying hope, that the Kilkenny Theatricals will continue annually to be the ornament and boast of our City. In whatever point of view we consider this Institution, it demands our unqualified praise; it originated in a spirit of local benevolence, and literary taste, and it has so thriven from its auspicious birth, that fame has rendered its existence a matter almost of National pride, while its utility has made it an object of National importance. In the present degraded state of this poor Province of Ireland, what can be more patriotic, than to establish a point of attraction, where the influence of wealth and rank may unite in the encouragement of humble industry, and the people can be occasionally reminded, even once a year, that all the Gentry of the Country have not taken flight along with her independence, and prosperity? We are often vauntingly told by our refined and polished fellow-subjects, at the other side of the Channel, that the great cause of all our evils, is the barbarous state of our Peasantry. Now suppose that to be true—The barbarism of the Peasant can only be removed by bringing him into constant intercourse with his Landlord, and therefore something must be done to keep the Landlord at home. To the attractions of the sister Country he will be apt to fly, unless pleasure is found for him here, and what pleasure is so likely to retain him, as that which is annually offered at KILKENNY? Gentlemen of the first rank, fashion, and attainments, are here associated together by one common sympathy, in the cause of elegant literature, disdaining the ordinary allurements with which folly satisfies the fools of fortune, and miraculously preferring books, thinking, and conversation, to dice, dogs, and jockeys. Men of this stamp are here zealously undergoing mental exertion, great personal expense, and no small portion of personal fatigue; and while their taste, and their genius contribute to the refined gratification of as brilliant an assemblage of beauty and fashion as could be collected, in the same space, from any part of the British Empire, they are largely contributing to the wants of their fellow-creatures, and making Pleasure the handmaid of Charity. Such men may well exult in the appropriate motto they have chosen for their Stage, "Whilst we smile, we sooth affliction," and every good Irishman must sincerely pray, that they may long continue their meritorious exertions.

The Play selected for the opening of the present Season, on Monday, the 5th of October, was, "THE POOR GENTLEMAN," one of COLMAN'S *Farces* in five Acts. To any single characteristic of legitimate *Comedy*, it has not the slightest pretension; its humour, for wit it has none, or rather its drollery, is low and broad; its delineations are mere caricature; and its dialogue consists of inflated sentimentality, or provincial vulgarism; the incidents are forced, clumsy and unnatural; and as for its plagiarisms, so admirably has Mr. COLMAN practised the Gipsey art of stealing children, that we defy their fathers, kindred, or friends, to know them. Poor STERNE would have wept had he lived to see some of the interesting personages of his affecting Narratives so cruelly metamorphosed, each of them possessing a heart full of "open, warm, and generous vessels," but converted by the deadly touch of this vile Parody, into "a clod of the valley."

The Play, if Play it *must* be called, was, however, acted much better than such a Play deserved to be. *Sir Robert Bramble*, was a first appearance, played by a Mr. CUMMIN, whose voice and manner are well calculated for Old-Men's parts; we suspect he has seen MUNDEN in *Sir Robert;* it was, however, a most successful *debut*. Mr. POWER played *Frederick* with great spirit, and made even some of COLMAN'S nauseous sentiments go down. Mr. GORE, in the *Poor Gentleman*, could not help *looking* the part well, and though evidently labouring under a cold, he evinced in it occasionally considerable feeling. We have not seen Lord MONCK, or Mr. WALLER, more successful than they were on this night, in their respective parts of *Stephen Harrowby* and *Humphry Dobbin*; and we doubt very much if HARRIS'S, or COLMAN'S boards, or even the comic strength of the LYCEUM, could furnish a better *Ollapod* than Mr. CORRY.

The excellent Farce of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS succeeded the Play. Mr. CORRY'S *Lord Duke* was very rich, but it would have been better with a little more of the Footman in it. Mr. CRAMPTON acted, danced, and looked *Sir Harry* to the life.

On Wednesday, the 7th, OTWAY'S noble Tragedy of VENICE PRESERVED, was performed throughout in a manner worthy of that exquisite exhibition of the keenest struggle between love and honor. Our limits will not permit us to enter into any thing like an adequate critique of Mr. BECHER'S *Jaffier*, or Mr. ROTHE'S *Pierre*; no living Actor, whom we have ever seen, has given a faultless delineation of either of these most arduous characters. KEMBLE'S *Pierre* has a pompous formality that occasionally eclipses the fiery boldness of the character, while his brother's *Jaffier* too often whines upon the ear, and makes his tenderness too tedious. Mr. BECHER'S general qualifications for the Stage, are well known, and of the first order, but we think his voice better calculated for the tones of bitter sarcasm, indignant rebuke, and high-toned vehemence, than

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for the softer touches of subdued sorrow, or the thrilling intonations of pathetic remonstrance. In the Scene with *Renault*, (admirably set off by Mr. Power's acting,) the fitful workings of his ill-concealed resentment, burst out into sudden flashes, that might have appalled a bolder villain; and, subsequently, in that most difficult speech, where turning from his weeping *Belvidera*, he conjures up the image of his murdered *Pierre*, he was equally successful. Mr. Rothe played *Pierre* in a manner different from any in which we have seen it represented. His conception of the part was bold, and evidently original, and we cannot convey to our readers a clearer idea of that conception, than by saying that *Pierre* never before appeared to us half so amiable, or so like a hero. This may be very wrong, but it was certainly very pleasing. The manly fervour of his friendship; his open, ingenuous confidence in his friend; the fearless zeal, that endangers the very cause itself, to vindicate his questioned faith; the honest scorn, and irreconcilable abhorrence of all perfidy, were blended into such bright, and cheerful colouring, that the light of the painting was rather relieved, than darkened, by the shading of the conspirator. There are none of Mr. Rothe's qualifications, to which he is more indebted than his voice, which, odd as it may appear, though neither strong, nor musical, has in it such a nervous tone of direct and cordial sincerity, that it comes upon the ear, as if echoing the pulses of the heart. Though we do not think *Pierre* the part best calculated to shew off Mr. Rothe's peculiar powers, there are two passages which those of our readers, who were present, will be glad to be reminded of—

" I have dealt nobly with you;
" I have brought my *all* into the public stock:
" I had but *one* friend, and *him* I'll share among ye."

The other was of an higher order of excellence; the bold unsuspecting confidence, exulting in his disdain of all suspicion of his friend's fidelity, though a prisoner, and produced as his accuser:

" These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
" Call us *traitors*: art *thou* one, my brother?"

These words were delivered in a tone that conveyed to us a more exquisite sense of the mute anguish of *Jaffier* at that moment, than even the perusal of the delightful poetry, in which he is made to warble forth his woes.

Mr. Richard Power's *Renault*, was, as before hinted, a very master-piece. In the delineation of that crafty, yet bold and sensual villain, he assumed the shattered voice, the palsied appearance, the harsh enunciation, and malicious eye, which were necessary to make up the identity of *Renault*.

A Mr. Walshe played *Priuli*; it was a first appearance, and certainly a most successful one. *Priuli* is a character which is generally thrown out amongst the minor disposable forces of a Theatre; and yet, though there is little to be said, or done in it, that little may, in the hands of a good actor, be pressed forward into the most interesting importance. *Priuli*, personated by Mr. Walshe, was more respectable on the stage than we have seen him before—the acter astonished the House: he at once displayed powers of the first order, and shewed that though he came on the stage as a dwarf, he was capable of appearing intellectually as a giant.

Miss Walstein's *Belvidera* is well known, and we can assure those who were so unfortunate as not to have been present on that evening, that this distinguished actress never played it better. We know not where the fault lies, but lie where it may, we must take the liberty of freely censuring the omission of the mad scene; it was absolutely cheating the Audience out of many of their tears.

A Musical After-Piece called Out of Place, taken, we believe, from the Lake of Lausanne, succeeded to the Play, and afforded to Mr. Corry an opportunity of giving us some excellent comic acting in the part of *Timothy*, especially in the shaving-scene. Some Airs introduced by Mr. Dalton, were most sweetly sung.

[*The Kilkenny Chronicle, Tuesday, October 20th*, 1812.]—The third night of performance was on Friday, the 9th of October. Murphy had the honor of supplying the bill of fare for the evening. His Comedy of All in the Wrong, being the Play, and his second best Farce, The Citizen, being the entertainment selected to follow it.

The Play is an avowed attempt to exhibit a laughable picture of the absurdities of *jealousy* in all their whimsical varieties, whether before, or after marriage. Murphy had read the *Cocu Imaginaire* of Moliere, and " on this hint he spoke." Our countryman, though Churchill bears no very favourable testimony of his powers as an actor, understood the business of the Stage right well. He had an easy skill in putting together a ready machinery of light contrivances, that either made his Audience laugh, or kept them in a temper to be pleased.

To genius, or indeed excellence of any kind, All in the Wrong makes no pretensions; yet there are few of our lighter Comedies that admit of better acting, and we believe that it has been seldom better acted, than it was on this evening. We are quite aware of the sneer to which all praise of actors, not *professional*, exposes us, but we confidently appeal to those who witnessed the performance, if they ever saw this Play go off with greater spirit. We are aware too, of a sneer of another description, one levelled more at our partiality, than our judgment, but we are much mistaken if we do not convince our readers, before we shall finally close our strictures upon the performances of this season, that few errors have escaped our notice, and that we have seen none, to which we have not adverted in the spirit of a candid criticism.

To commence, then, with as fine a piece of acting as any of the kind on the English stage—the *Lady Restless* of Miss Walstein. In this part she exhibited powers, of which, if we had not seen them, we never should have suspected her. Miss Duncan played it with an admirable, fidgety, locomotion that does all nominal justice to the character, but she wanted the earnest, inquisitive, impatient, keen and searching expression, that never leaves Miss Walstein's uneasy *eye*, unless to be succeeded by flashes of malignant joy, at the confirmation of her suspicions. Besides, Miss Walstein, though perhaps not sufficiently *restless*, contrives to give the part a deeper interest than it generally assumes in other hands, by constantly impressing us with the conviction, that

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her husband is the husband of her heart; so that she brings not only laughter, but sentiment, in aid of the moral; and while it is impossible not to laugh at the whimsical *etourderies* of her triumphant recriminations, we witness the agony of an aching heart, and wonder at the self-tormenting folly, the hungry importunity, with which jealousy is for ever on the search for its own food. It has been said, that Miss WALSTEIN's smile is not a comic smile; we certainly do not think that it in general throws light upon any witty or comic passage, but never did we witness a smile given with greater effect, than the one with which she proclaims her exultation at the discovery of *Belinda's* entrance, when *Lady Restless* exclaims to *Beverly*, "now Sir, you see she comes to *my very house* after him." Upon the whole, we never saw *Lady Restless* so well played, nor in all the characters in which we ever remember to have seen Miss WALSTEIN, did she, in all combined together, present to us as much talent, as she accumulates in this one part.

Mr. POWER acted *Beverly*, and was successful in every part of it. The letter scene, in the commencement of the fourth Act, was a happy display of captious irritability, struggling with relenting tenderness. It was excellent throughout, but there was one passing touch that actually thrilled us, where, after having announced, in a burst of vehement indignation, his resolution to break with *Belinda* for ever, he suddenly exclaims to his servant, "Oh!—she is"—and then, as suddenly recollecting himself subjoins—"but let me not so proclaim her shame"—This was given with a good feeling beyond all study. The delicacy of the real gentleman shrinking from so gross a vindication, appeared to have wrought him into a momentary delusion that he was at that instant *Beverly* himself—and *Beverly* so wronged. *He* must have felt it thus strongly, to have made *us* feel as we did.

Sir John Restless was ably sustained by Mr. CORRY. This gentleman is, of all the Company, the most familiar with Stage manner, and the most at home in his bye-acting; he comes on, and goes off, treads the Stage, moves his arms, head, eyes and limbs, soliloquizes the Pit, and looks the Audience full in the face, with all the easy confidence of a veteran Actor. His large eye, and prominent nose, make his serious countenance imposing, and add not a little to the good humoured archness of its droll expression. He did not come up to our expectations in the scene with *Robert;* but in that which is after the discovery of *Beverly* in the closet, he gave us, what we always expect from Mr. CORRY, a piece of first-rate acting.

Miss O'NEILL's *Belinda* was no small contribution to the general good acting of this evening. The lighter scenes were given with great vivacity, and in the more serious ones, where love is getting the better of resentment, she gave us some fine touches of genuine feeling. She was much, and deservedly applauded. Her voice must be capable of more softness, and sweetness, than sometimes she throws into it, for nothing short of either can we expect from a lovely, and delicate girl, of sweet, and captivating manners.

Mr. GORE, in young *Belmont*, found no difficulty in seeming to be on the Stage, what he is every where else, an easy gentleman of cheerful temper and ingenuous manner. Mr. ARCHBOLD had not much to do in *Robert*, but the little he had was done well. Mr. WALLER had even less to do in *Sir William Belmont;* but not a little of the general effect depends upon the manner in which even such minor parts are filled. He dressed and looked the old Gentleman well; every Actor should keep in mind, that the dressing of the character is a most material help to the just assumption of it. Of Mr. CUMMIN's *Blandford* we shall only say, that we should sincerely regret if he had not been afforded a larger field in subsequent characters, for the display of his superior talents. Lord MONCK played *Brush*, and played it very well—he took it up, perhaps, on a short notice, for we perceive that he omitted one of the most striking passages in his part, a passage that should not have escaped Lord MONCK, and ought not to have been omitted upon so classic a Stage. The passage we allude to, is a free, but not very spirited, translation of part of *Parmeno's* speech to his master, *Phædria*, the *Beverly*, in the *Eunuch* of *Terence*. Lord MONCK will not be displeased to be reminded of the original:

> Hæc verba, una, mehercle, falsa lacrumula,
> Quam, oculos terendo misere, vix vi expresserit,
> Restringuet, & te ultro accusabit.—

We are the more free in adverting to this omission, because Lord MONCK, we are sure, is much too good-natured, not freely to forgive us.—He is always ready to assist the business of the Stage, by taking upon himself any character, they wish him to fill, and always assiduous to make himself perfect in it, be it what it may. In truth, he encourages every one before, and behind the curtain, to regard him as a *friend*, by his kind, and conciliating manners. A most interesting young girl, a Miss LACY, played *Marmalet*, with great effect.

In the Farce of THE CITIZEN, Miss O'NEILL played *Maria*. It was, throughout, a spirited, lively and interesting piece of acting. Mr. CRAMPTON, as *Young Philpot*, was excellent in the description of the Poet's Garret, but in subsequent parts, he superinduced rather too much of his own, upon the language of MURPHY.

The strength of the Company, their dresses, and power of *spectacle*, were summoned into action for the representation of SHAKESPEARE's *Julius Cæsar*, on Saturday the 10th of October. Messrs. ROTHE, and BECHER, played *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, and played them in a manner worthy of their respective talents. Mr. BECHER, in his look, air and manner, diligently sustained the bitter melancholy of the repining *Cassius*, while Mr. ROTHE exhibited a masterly delineation of the easy magnanimity, sublime patriotism, lofty ingenuousness, and mild stoicism of "the most illustrious of all the Romans." In the tempting scene, Mr. BECHER was eminently happy, particularly in that part where he first sees evidence that his remonstrance was working upon *Brutus*:—"Why man he doth bestride the narrow world;" this whole passage was given with great effect. His bye-acting, when *Cæsar* was on the stage, was most judicious; the silent and settled malignancy of his fixed eye, fixed on *Cæsar* only, as the whole source of his wrongs, and the only object of his resentment, proved that he had studied the part with classic intelligence. His description of *Cæsar* to *Casca*, was also given with great force. The preceding part of his *Cassius* made us expect great things in the celebrated quarrel scene; but we were somewhat disappointed: we have no doubt that he could play the quarrel scene as well as any other in the Play. Mr. ROTHE's *Brutus* was quite thick with great and striking beauties.

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The speech to the conspirators, disdaining the necessity of an oath, to bind such men, in such a cause, was given with the lofty fervour of a mind, exalted beyond the low necessity of any such ordinary obligation. In the quarrel scene he was equally successful; his "away slight man," was given with a mild, and yet indignant rebuke that did honor to his conception of the part. There was another of his readings that particularly pleased us: "Go shew *your slaves* how choleric you are." KEMBLE gives this passage with all the mighty force of chiding sarcasm, and while he deals it forth, we feel that *Cassius* must have been more, or less than man, not to have resented its insulting tone; but Mr. ROTHE preserves the superiority of *Brutus*. The one gives us the overwhelming burst of an angry combatant, the other the dignified censure of the philosopher; the one rebukes the offender, the other the offence. KEMBLE indignantly tells *Cassius*, that *Brutus* is not his Slave, and dismisses him to the herd, he may bully with impunity; while ROTHE calmly insinuates the inconsistency between his general conduct, and his present infirmity, and sends him, as *Lycurgus* would have sent a Spartan surprised into momentary intemperance, to witness the depravity of drunkenness in the excesses of the intoxicated Helots, as if he would say, "Go shew your slaves *how fit* you are to rule over them." We presume not to decide between these two readings; perhaps the passionate language subsequently assigned to *Brutus* by SHAKESPEARE, is with KEMBLE; but certainly the general character of *Brutus* justifies Mr. ROTHE. Mr. POWER looked as became the polished, elegant and courtly *Anthony*, and played it with that ease, and accuracy of judgment, which always characterize his acting; his speech over the body of *Cæsar* was given with spirit, truth, and feeling.

We must not overlook the *Casca* of Mr. WALSHE, and though we may have already wearied our readers, we must beg, their patience for one or two passing observations on it. The costume of this gentleman was classically tasteful, appropriate, and altogether Roman. He looked very well, came on with great spirit, and rebuked the mob in the speech of, "Wherefore rejoice," &c. with an admirable mixture of indignant fire, and pathetic remonstrance. In the delivery of this speech, he was twice interrupted by the plaudits of the Theatre. His account of *Cæsar's* refusing the Crown, was far beyond the reach of FAWCET's powers in this part at least; his irony, however, in some parts appeared to us to be rather too refined; his raillery was not sufficiently blunt, and the bluntness he did assume, was rather too gentlemanly for *Casca*. There were, however, one or two passages that might have redeemed a host of errors: when he was asked "*who* offered him the Crown?" his short answer "why—Anthony," teemed with the pregnant intelligence of a Scholar; his reply respecting *Cicero*, "Aye he spoke Greek," was delivered with a surly sarcasm, that while it affected bluntness, betrayed the keen guile that engendered it. Mr. WALSHE ought not to have omitted the speech in the conspirators' scene. There was, to be sure, nothing in it to shew off the actor, but it was nevertheless necessary to give *Brutus* time to confer in the back scene with *Cassius;* he was equally censurable in omitting to wear the wreath of victory in the last scene. This gentleman has, however, appeared to such advantage, *on another Stage*, since our last critique was written, that we fear he will care little for our Theatrical praise, or censure.

The *Extravaganza* of TOM THUMB afforded a seasonable relief from the serious impressions produced by the Play.

[*Kilkenny Chronicle, Thursday, October 22d*, 1812.]—The Bills for Monday Evening, October 12th, announced RICHARD THE THIRD, and HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

SHAKESPEARE's old Play of THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD, has undergone the alterations of CIBBER, and GARRICK. These alterations were certainly necessary, to adapt it to theatrical representation; and even as it at present stands, there is no Play whose leading character requires more excellence in the actor who undertakes it, not merely because it is in itself so arduous, versatile, and complicated, but because the whole success of the Play rests on the performance of that *one* part, there being no other that affords any opening to genius. *Henry the Sixth* occasionally talks with the nervous vigour of SHAKESPEARE, but he never deeply interests. We once saw the famous COOKE play this part; the abuse of *Richard* he gave with an acrimony, and virulence that took, in some degree, from the horror of the murder he provoked; but still the part was heavy, even in his hands. The *Queen* was played by Mrs. SIDDONS last season, at Covent Garden, for CHARLES KEMBLE's benefit; but even *her* inimitable powers could only give it a temporary elevation above the level to which it has since fallen back.

We proceed to observe upon the performance. Our strictures, for the reasons already stated, will be principally confined to Mr. BECHER's *Richard*. From the style and character of Mr. BECHER's powers, we went prepared for a bold and vigorous outline, comprehending all the prominent features of the part. The sterner parts of his *Jaffier*, and the vindictive constancy of his *Cassius*, induced us to expect a spirited delineation of the crafty cruelty of *Gloster;* but either *our* conception of the character is false, or Mr. BECHER's usually sound, and shrewd judgment has for once forsaken him. *Richard* is not a gloomy tyrant: he is more of the gay and "bold-faced villain," than even OTWAY's hero. He *jests* at some of his murders, and his hypocrisy has a downright villainy, that disdains all varnish. He is, in the fullest sense, the villain that can "smile and smile, and be a villain still." Now, our main objection to Mr. BECHER's *Richard* was, that the light was too much sacrificed to the shade. In the tent scene, and in the battle, "*Richard* was himself;" but in the earlier part of the performance, the savage raillery, the hardened mockery of all ties, divine and human, which prove his heart to be as deformed as his person, and the greater monster of the two; these traits, constituting the more airy profligacy of the character, were not to be found in Mr. BECHER's representation of it. In thus freely animadverting on Mr. BECHER's exertions, we are bound to state two circumstances, that may considerably lower our reader's opinion of the justice of our general objections: one is, that Mr. BECHER was very generally applauded throughout, and that too by an Audience not often very noisy in their approbation; whether it be that a local fashion has crept in amongst them, and that no body is very anxious to do, what is not generally done, or that the Audience, being made up of such a majority of lovely women, who think, and justly too, that

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the lightning of their smile, or the sympathy of their tear, is a reward beyond the vulgar echo of the hand; be it what it may, certain it is, that here is not a Theatre in the united Kingdom, where genuine good acting, to use a technical phrase, gets *fewer hands*, than the Theatre of Kilkenny. The other confession we are about to make against ourselves is, that we are among the number of the very few who prefer Mr. KEMBLE's *Richard* to Mr. COOKE's. We cheerfully give to Mr. BECHER this two-fold evidence in his favour, and against our own verdict; but we deny that he reminded us of the excellence of either; once or twice something of the harsh energy of COOKE, grated upon the ear; but the arch side-glance, the ruthless murderer's bread, and merry sneer, were wanting. COOKE's side-look is, to be sure, beyond the optics, we believe, of any living Actor, but his judgment is within the larger comprehension of his studious, thinking, book-read rival. KEMBLE brings upon the stage a sublime genius, all informed with the spirit of literature; he is the MILTON among players, the scholar and the poet. Like MILTON, a miserable sonneteer; but in the lofty soarings of his art, without a rival. What GRATTAN said of FLOOD's genius, applies to KEMBLE's acting: "Put into his hand the distaff, and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it; but give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of a Jupiter." The character of *Richard* is, we think, sufficiently arduous to furnish materials proportionate to his powers. In the dignity of the King, fighting for his Crown, all will admit that COOKE is not to be compared with him. In the couch scene, COOKE's hoarse bellowing of his nightly terrors, excites in us no sympathy; but when KEMBLE, starting from his sleep, hurries to the front of the stage, and dropping, convulsed and powerless, on his knee, presents his livid face, and maniac eye, while a parched and gaping utterance struggles for delivery; then, indeed, the actor and the poet are forgotten in the moral; and we shudder at the silly insanity of the wretch, base enough, and stupid enough, to barter the invaluable peace of a pure conscience, for a dream here, and an awful eternity hereafter.

We know there are those who, giving up the claim of COOKE as to the uniformity of the character, contend for his superiority in certain passages. Upon this part of the question we are equally decisive, though, perhaps, but consistently erroneous. Compare both in certain notorious taunts of *Richard:*

"See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!"—
"Poor girl! what pains she takes to curse herself."—
"Was I not kind to send him thither, then?"—
"Take up the sword again, or take up me."—
"I have her, but I will not keep her long."—
"Sorrow's the mode,
"I'll not be out of fashion."—
"Amen, and make me die a good old man."—
"—— Where shall he keep his Court?
"Aye—the Tower."—
"So subtle, too, 'tis pity thou art short-lived."—

These and twenty others, we might select, and challenge the warmest admirers of COOKE to say he rivalled KEMBLE in the inimitable irony, and sarcasm, with which they were delivered: other passages

"I'll have you tell the world I *dote* on you."—
or —"Outlived my liking,"

were also given with the same superior strength. We know of no circumstance that, in our humble judgment, can apologize for the preference so generally given to COOKE's *Richard*. The new reading of "Draw archers, draw," &c. could not, however correct, justify the preference. We acknowledge that the exulting malice of COOKE's *smile* may be finely suited to the Tyrant, but what can be finer than the triumphant scorn of KEMBLE's withering sneer?

Mr. GORE gave more importance to the character of *Richmond*, than we have seen before; and the *Buckingham* of Mr. POWER was a valuable accession to the effect of the Play.

Mr. HUTCHINSON received great applause in the part of *Tressil;* his air, voice and manner, were greatly in his favour: his enunciation is distinct, and his delivery uncommonly graceful.

The excellent, and deservedly popular Farce of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS was repeated this Evening with increased effect, and a great accession of applause. We doubt much, if *any* Stage affords a better representation of it than our own.

[*The Kilkenny Chronicle, Saturday, October the 24th.*]

Goldsmith's admirable Comedy of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, was performed on the sixth night, Wednesday the 14th October.

The best piece of acting unquestionably, this evening, and the richest we have ever witnessed from Mr. POWER, was his *Marlow;* this is one of the parts in which an actor of feeling, and spirit, is in the greatest danger of being hurried out of nature into *caricatura;* the tempting opportunities for high colouring are so many, and so seductive, that we know not a more trying test in the Drama of what is generally called a chaste Actor, than the character of *Marlow;* on reflection we would perhaps except that of DOCTOR CANTWELL in the *Hypocrite*, and scarcely is the incomparable DOWTON himself more chaste in his inimitable delineation of the Methodist, than Mr. POWER was this evening in his exquisite portrait of *Marlow*. The first interview with *Miss Hardcastle* could not be called acting; the delusion came upon us irresistibly; we fancied ourselves in the same room with both, and beholding an actual scene of real life; and so completely lost did Mr. POWER seem to be in the sense of his own embarrassment, that when the bursts of laughter from the Audience struck upon his ear, he used to mechanically turn towards them, and look with such a countenance of agonized stupidity, that people absolutely turned aside to spare their muscles too violent a tension! He can never exceed, and we doubt if he can ever equal, this Night's performance of that scene.

Mr. CORRY's *Hardcastle* was in many parts excellent; but, as a whole it was not sufficiently mellow. He did not chuckle enough at his own stories, and was not as earnest in telling them as he ought to have been. His best scene was his passionate one with *Marlow*, and admirably acted it undoubtedly was, but the happiest and most characteristic touch in his personation of *Hardcastle*, was in the scene

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where he is drilling his awkward servants; with a countenance full of busy importance, he is charging them not to laugh when attending table, and even gets quite angry at his recollection of their former offences on this score; one of the servants remonstrates, and urges the impossibility of his not laughing if his master tells a certain story. Mr. CORRY's countenance, the moment the story is mentioned, changes, in the instant, its angry expression for a placid look of tickled self-conceit, and gradually relaxes into full, and cordial laughter. This one touch proved the hand of a master. By the by, he was excellently supported in this scene by the Servants; Lord MONCK gave us his best wig and broadest provincialism, and Mr. WALLER contrived to open his mouth in a way we never saw before; his laugh was that of a clown in the presence of his betters, struggling with the honest vehemence of nature. As for Mr. HUTCHINSON, the *ci-devant* graceful *Tressil*, he managed to come on with all his limbs at right angles: in short the three gentlemen looked as if they had been drilled through every evolution of awkwardness for the last six months, and the whole of this scene excited considerable laughter.

Mr. CUMMIN's *Tony Lumpkin* deserves more room than we can now afford it; his gallant remonstrance with *Miss Neville*, to desist from her tender persecution of him, was perfectly in the spirit of this gross boor. Mr. CUMMIN in playing this part, managed his voice with great dexterity; he pitched it high, and gave it that kind of vulgar broad squeak that a Clown, frequenting Ale-houses and Gin-shops, and much in the habit of hallooing in the open air, might be supposed to acquire. He read the letter well, but his defect in the conception of the part was not giving the *archness* of *Tony*, as well as his boorishness; there was not enough of low *cunning*, or self-applauding *glee*, in Mr. CUMMIN's representation. This Gentleman has since played the little part of *Totterton* in LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS, better than we ever saw it played before.

Miss WALSTEIN's *Miss Hardcastle* was immeasurably distant from the merit of her *Lady Restless*, she looked the *gentlewoman*, but was not sufficiently lively; and neither looked, nor acted the *bar-maid*.

Mrs. M'CULLOGH evinced considerable merit in *Mrs. Hardcastle*. This lady appears to us to have much greater talents than she generally gets credit for; we suspect she would make a better *Duenna*, than either Mrs. SPARKS or Mrs. DAVENPORT. We have not seen much of her, but we prefer her *Lucretia Mac Tab* to any on the London Boards. Mrs. C. CONNOR looked very handsome in *Miss Neville*. We shall have a fuller opportunity of adverting to this lady in observing upon her other characters.

LOVE A LA MODE amused us very much. *Sir Archy* gave us many a hearty laugh, and we saw in *Sir Callaghan* a true son of ST. PATRICK.

[*The Kilkenny Chronicle, Tuesday, October 27th*, 1812.] On the Seventh Night, Friday the 16th October, SHAKESPEARE's sublime Tragedy of MACBETH, was played to the fullest House we ever remember. There was an overflow from all parts a considerable time before the Curtain rose. If the Audience shall progressively increase as they have hitherto done, the one half of those who come to the Doors next season will be obliged to return, unless the Theatre be enlarged in the recess. However the Gentlemen concerned may determine with respect to the part of the House before the Curtain, it is but too evident that the *Stage* is inconveniently small; so much so, as materially to injure the delusion in all scenery of a grand, and imposing character: this is the more to be regretted in a Theatre where every thing else is so admirably got up. The Tragedy-Wardrobes, as we may judge from what we have seen on the Stage, must be most superb. In VENICE PRESERVED, for instance, there was not one of the mute conspirators whose dress might not have made a *Hero* upon the Crow-street boards, dazzle the eyes of his auditory, and be, perhaps, the most dazzling thing about him. The confined effect of the stage was never more striking than in the scene upon the heath; those who have witnessed this magnificent *spectacle* at the new Theatre of Covent-Garden, saw how the finest acting could be indebted to the grandest scenery; where a vast sweep of stage presents to the enchanted eye a heath interminable, here and there varying the distant prospect with mountains, masses of rocks, "looking tranquilly," as if intended for the monument of time itself; then hearing, through the desolation of this scene, the distant music announcing the approach of Macbeth's army; the music gaining more and more upon the ravished ear, till, at length, the advance of the army is in view; and after the nameless *many* pass, and that expectation has been wound up to its crisis, KEMBLE, in all his towering dignity, is seen upon the distant hills moving in the grace of victory: he descends towards the Stage, and marching with inimitable majesty to the front, presents himself amid the sweeter music of a thousand echoing hands.

Macbeth has now no adequate representative; even KEMBLE's exquisite judgment sinks beneath it: it is not a part to be sustained throughout by a few occasional bursts. It is a whole, of so complete and perfect a texture, that one error in the conception, is mortal to even a competent delineation. Such was our opinion of the part, and of Mr. POWER's line, that we went to the Theatre, morally certain that this gentleman's *Macbeth* would have been a failure; how agreeably disappointed we were, our readers may judge, when we conscientiously assure them, that, in our opinion, he played it, in many parts, equal to KEMBLE, and that his conception of the whole was more just. The first workings of the "suggestion," Mr. POWER's countenance betrayed to the commonest observer, and from that till the perpetration, he was, indeed, in all the "restless ecstacy" of a tortured mind. During the knocking, his limbs got stiff, and motionless, his eyes fixed, and all his senses seemed suddenly bereft of their respective faculties. His "wake Duncan," was given with an abrupt frenzy, admirably followed by a tone of the bitterest remorse—"Oh! would thou could'st." He was dragged off the stage amidst repeated bursts of applauses. In the banquet-scene, he was applauded throughout; but where we thought him most happy was, in the exhibition of a tortured conscience, after he had attained the summit of his ambition. In that scene where *Lady Macbeth*, in one of the finest passages of SHAKESPEARE, remonstrates with her husband upon his dejection, Mr. POWER evinced a most vigourous and masterly conception of his author—"Oh full of scorpions, is my mind, dear wife," was, as he spoke it, a keen, and forceful commentary upon "Thou shalt do no murder."

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There is now, we believe, no *Lady Macbeth* on the Stage. We would rather watch the varying wonders of Mrs. SIDDONS, while reading *Macbeth's* letter, than witness the combined efforts of all the remaining excellence, the deserted Drama can now boast of. Mr. ROTHE was the *Macduff*, and when did he fail in manly tenderness? His question to *Rosse*, "Stands Scotland where it did?" was given with the fond patriotism of a man, long absent from the unhappy Country of his heart. "He has no wife," was spoken with an impetuous burst of uncontrolable anguish that extorted unexpected tears. In electric touches, in taking sensibility by surprise, he has no equal on the Stage; and if KEMBLE had *his* feeling, he must have been the first Tragedian England ever saw. Mr. CORRY's *Rosse*, was excellent; and Mr. GORE's *Banquo*, was given with great discrimination. It is of vast importance to the success of the whole, that such parts should be respectably filled. Mr. HUTCHINSON delivered the Speech of the wounded Officer, with a spirit and intelligence seldom found in the exhibition of such parts. The Witches were very well sustained by Lord MONCK, Messrs. CUMMIN and M'CASKY. Mr. M'CASKY's petticoats were not sufficiently long; but the two former were most appropriately dressed. The singing went off with great eclat; to which, Mr. DALTON's sweetly plaintive tones, and Mr. M'CASKY's and Mr. COOKE's fine *bass* voices, very largely contributed.

The Musical Farce of LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS followed the Play. Mr. DALTON's *Captain Beldare* was full of harmony; he gave his Songs in a most effective style, and was rapturously encored. Mr. CUMMIN's *Totterton* was a powerful auxiliary to the arch humor of Mr. CORRY's *Risk*. In addition to the other Theatrical powers of Mr. CORRY, his musical talents appear to be of no ordinary kind, for he bore his part in some of the sweetest *Quintettes* in the Piece with the strictest accuracy, and as for his comic *Solo*, at the Grinding-Stone, "the unfortunate Miss Bailey," it was sung with a drollery of expression, that caused it to be loudly *encored*. LORD MONCK's *Solomon Lob* was excellent, and Mr. E. GLASCOCK gave us an accurate representation of *Old Vigil*. We have seldom heard Mrs. COOKE sing better, than in the character of *Lydia*.

[*Leinster Journal, Kilkenny, Wednesday, 28th October*, 1812.]—ANOTHER ACCOUNT.—On Friday Evening, the 16th, SHAKESPEARE's sublime Tragedy of *Macbeth* was played to a numerous and splendid auditory. Mr. RICHARD POWER's *Macbeth* excited feelings of unmixed admiration. We will not content ourselves with observing that this gentleman sustained the arduous character of the Scottish Tyrant with sensibility and correctness, for such an expression of approval were indeed wholly inadequate to convey our opinion of a piece of acting, which glowed with all the fervour of dramatic conception. To notice the several parts of the Play, in which his genius shone with unborrowed lustre, would be to quote its most prominent passages, and therefore we limit ourselves to a concise view. In that terrific scene, when Macbeth rushes forth from the Chamber of the King, with both the reeking daggers in his grasp, Mr. POWER's countenance assumed such a wild expression of accusing horror, as seemed to reach the very soul of sensibility; his attitude was strikingly just; that irresolution in his sanguinary purpose, that hectic of a momentary contrition which will sometimes palsy the arm of the boldest villain, were pourtrayed with irresistible effect. In the Banquet scene too, when the distracted conscience of the ruthless Tyrant conjures up unearthly terrors, and pictures to his agitated fancy, the ghostly form of the murdered *Banquo*, Mr. POWER was pre-eminently successful; no declamatory excess debased his acting, nor did he consign whole passages to insignificance in order to give contrasted emphasis to some leading effusion of the Poet. We are fully aware, that this is a favourite object with some of our greatest Tragedians; but it is surely a spot, that dims the full splendour of Theatric genius. Mr. POWER bestows a suitable attention on those parts of the dialogue, which may not improperly be termed expletive, while he delivers with corresponding energy, those passages of his Author, that flash from the spirit of eloquence.

Miss WALSTEIN's *Lady Macbeth* teemed with dramatic excellence. In the sleeping scene she displayed considerable ability. Her listless, inexpressive gaze, no longer spoke the waking energy of the mind. Her drowsy eye revealed not the secret movement of the passions. The unconscious tongue alone betrayed the sleepless agony of her soul. Her entire acting deserved and acquired universal approbation. Mr. CRAMPTON, as Hecate, merited unqualified approval. Mr. ROTHE's *Macduff* was fervid and impressive. The "*Weir'd Sisters*" were well personated by Lord MONCK, Mr. CUMMIN, and Mr. M'CASKY. The Music of the *Singing Witches* produced a charming effect; and all the subordinate characters of the scene were judiciously disposed of, and successfully filled.

[*Kilkenny Chronicle, Saturday, November 14th*, 1812.]—The excellence of Mr. ROTHE in the part of *Othello* is now so well known, and has been witnessed by so many, that it will not be necessary to do more than remind them of the more prominent beauties of this first-rate piece of Acting. His delineation of this character throughout, appears to be the result of spontaneous feeling at the moment. It is, if we may be allowed the phrase, *extemporary* playing; his look, air, voice and every movement, seemed the instantaneous effect of his situation in every scene, and fascinated the attention with all the charms of novelty, and the unlaboured richness of nature. Our readers will not suppose, that we therefore think Mr. ROTHE's *Othello* not studied, we rather suspect that it is the most studied part he plays, but *artis est celare artem*. He soon makes us forget the labours of Mr. ROTHE, in our admiration of the unvarnished simplicity of *Othello*. If there is one part where we fancied that the study betrayed itself, it is in Mr. ROTHE's uniform effort to make his *Othello* scrupulously plain, and almost elaborately unaffected. All the ordinary arts of Stage declamation, he utterly disclaims; he will not stoop to "snatch a grace," but goes on with fearless simplicity in the highway of nature. No one who ever saw YOUNGE, or KEMBLE play *Othello*, or even ELLISTON's attempt to play it, but must remember with what pompous dignity the first, with what earnestness the second, and with what vehemence the third, endeavours to give a majestic force to the following rebuke:—

> "Were it my *cue* to fight, I should have known it,
> "Without a prompter."

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Kemble makes this a biting sarcasm; Young a mere menace; Elliston, a bluster; Rothe hurries it over with a lofty indifference, and will not suffer the magnanimity of *Othello* to lend the stress of manner to any observation, containing so much of *self* in it. We will not say that this may not be a refinement; but it is unquestionably the refinement of a man of genius. In the Speech to the Senate, we were struck with one or two novelties; he commenced with the courage of a man confident in the ultimate success of a good cause, and continued in the same spirit until he came to the words "hath this extent —no more." Here he seemed impressed with the difficulties of addressing such an auditory; and after an inimitably-acted silent embarrassment, he proceeded, less assured: "Rude am I in speech," &c. &c. The excellence of this must have been witnessed, in order to have been duly felt. When charged with indirect and forced courses, the prompt proposal with which he challenged proof, "I beseech you send for the lady to the Sagittary," was made with a manly ingenuousness, exulting in the consciousness of innocence.

One of the most striking characteristics of this gentleman's general acting is, the spirit of classic thinking with which he sounds the intelligence of his author. In that part of the inimitable apology where *Othello* says, "She loved me for the dangers I had passed," Mr. Rothe introduces a reading altogether new. With a burst of impetuous tenderness, at once fond and joyful, he, as it were, generously boasts "she loved me," as if nothing could make him vain but that sweet consciousness, when suddenly struck with the humility of his personal pretensions to such a preference, he adds, with a modesty the most refined, and after a pause, eloquently impressive,—"for the dangers I had passed." To this reading, however full of thought, as it unquestionably is, we cannot altogether consent. *Othello* might have magnanimously confessed, "She loved me;" but such a man would never have descended to the trick of qualifying what he distinctly said, by a sinister construction of his meaning. *Othello* felt either that she loved him for himself, or for the dangers he had passed; in either case, he would have said what he felt; and what he once said, it was not in his nature to compromise.

In the tempting scene, where *Iago* first insinuates a doubt of the fidelity of *Desdemona*, the reply of *Othello* to the villain's affected fears, that such intelligence "had a little dashed his spirits," "*Not a jot; not a jot*," was given by Mr. Rothe with such a touching simplicity, that many could give him no other applause than the silent tribute of their tears. His manner of saying, "She had eyes, and chose me," we will not attempt, for we know not how, to describe; but the passage which electrified the House, and evinced a power of voice we had supposed to be beyond the compass of Mr. Rothe's, was, "If thou dost slander *her*, and torture *me*, never pray more;" the words "slander her," were dwelt on, with a frantic energy that made us shudder at the intolerable agony of his sufferings, and the hardened, unparalleled atrocity of *Iago*. Then, as if stunned by the shock of his own rage, he says, with an hesitating and distracted perplexity, "Nay stay, thou should'st be honest;" and immediately afterwards, giving loose to the same wild passion, "If there be cords or knives, poison or fire,—I'll not endure it."

Another beauty, arising from *contrast*, in the same scene, was "I'll have some proof," compared with the wayward dejection, with which he shortly afterwards exclaims, "would I were satisfied." In the handkerchief scene, Mr. Rothe differs from most of our *Othellos*. Pope, who, with all his faults, does not want feeling, gives the account of the handkerchief with a laboured solemnity; while Mr. Rothe hurries through it with an irritable impatience, progressively rising into indignant passion. This mode of giving it, certainly better accords with *Desdemona's* subsequent question: "Why do you speak so staringly and rash?" and yet there are plausible reasons for the other reading.

That inimitable speech, beginning "Had it pleased Heaven to try me with affliction," a passage that beggars praise, and which in the closet comes upon the heart with a truth, and force, no Theatrical effort can increase, lost not its intrinsic powers in the delivery of Mr. Rothe, and this is the highest praise we can bestow; again, "yet could I bear that too, well, very well," was given in a tone of such hopeless self commiseration, so utterly woe-gone, that he must be made of cold materials who could have heard it without emotion. There never was a finer expression of the listlessness of despair, than Mr. Rothe's look, voice, and manner, when he said, "Man but a *rush* against *Othello's* breast, and he retires."

Though we have already exceeded our limits, we cannot close without alluding to the unrivalled excellence of Mr. Rothe in the concluding speech, "Soft you, a word or two before you go." His cool desperate firmness of purpose, is obvious in the first line, and his manner, from the commencement excites, and to the end commands, an earnest, solemn interest, so exquisitely sustained, that instead of anticipating the "bloody period," the Audience, like *Lodovico*, are abruptly shocked at it.

We have not room at present to touch upon the other Characters in the greatest of all Shakespeare's Plays; we therefore must defer our observations upon them, and particularly on Mr. Power's delineation of the most arduous part upon the Stage. It is generally said, so far as we have been able to hear, that Mr. Rothe never played *Othello* so well as this Season.

The Mask of Comus was the Entertainment. This beautiful and sublime composition, was rendered still more attractive by the accessory decorations of scenery and dress. The musical talents of the Company were brought into action, and all was harmony, and bacchanalian merriment. The Arbour of Roses, in which the Court of Comus held their Orgies, must have been painted by some master of scenic effect. Mr. Dalton introduced the sweet and playful air of "Fly not yet," with great success. The grand National Chorus of "God save the King," terminated the amusements of the evening, and our Dramatic Season.

1812.

We have endeavoured to make out a list of the distinguished Company assembled here this Season, from occasional observations at the Theatre, and give it here; but we hope to be pardoned for any inaccuracies it may exhibit: The Countess Dowager of Ormonde and Ossory, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Lady Caroline Lamb, and the Hon. Mr. Lamb, Lady Ponsonby, Lady Harriet Ponsonby, and Miss Ponsonby, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. G. Ponsonby, the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. James Butler, the Countess Dowager of Carrick, the Earl of Carrick, and the Ladies Cuffe, the Knight of Kerry, the Countess of Mayo, the Viscountess Mountjoy and Miss Gardiner, Lord and Lady Ikerrin, Lord and Lady Dunally, the Hon. Major and Mrs. Butler, the Hon. Mrs. Butler Cooper, Viscount Monck, the Lords Clonbrock, Killeen and Cloncurry, the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, Mr. Henry and the Misses Grattan, Mr., Lady Anne and Miss Gregory, Lady Louisa Trench, the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Ossory and Mrs. Bourke, Colonel and Mrs. Falkiner, the Right Hon. the Attorney-General, Lady Mary, and the three Misses Saurin, the Right Hon. Sir John and Lady Newport, the Hon. Price Blackwood and Lady, Mr., Lady Harriet, and Miss Savage, Colonel Forde, of Seaforde, Colonel and Mrs. Bayly, of Norelands, Lady Langrishe and the Miss Langrishe's, the Hon. Major General Taylor, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vesey, the Hon. Colonel St. Leger, Sir John and Lady Blunden, Sir Wheeler Cuffe, Sir Richard and Lady St. George, Mr. Walter Kavanagh, of Borris, Mr. Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Kavanagh, Sir Hugh Crofton and Family, the Hon. Miss Monck, Miss Burgh, and the Misses Mason, Sir William Morris, Sir James Bond and Family, Archdeacon Warburton, Archdeacon and Mrs. De Lacey, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. French, and Mr. F. French, General Drummond, Family, and Staff, General and Mrs. Cockburne and the Miss Cockburne's, General and the Miss Fyers, and Miss Rogers, Colonel Bagwell, Dean and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Power of Kilfane, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan of Jenkinstown and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Power O'Shee, Mrs. Rothe and Family, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bushe, and Miss Bushe, Mrs. Kearney and Family, Mrs. James Corry, Mr. and Mrs. Doyne and Misses Uniacke, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Candler Browne, and Miss Lowry, the Rev. Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Cooke, and Miss French, Mr. and Mrs. Flood, the Rev. Archibald Douglas and Mr. Thorpe, the Rev. Mr. Wrixon, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and the Miss Greene's, Mr. and Mrs. Armstronge of Mount Heaton, and Mr. Synge, Mr. and Mrs. Greene of Greenville, Dean Stevenson, Mrs. and Miss Stevenson, Dr. Mrs. Pack and Miss Pack, Mrs. and Miss Dawson and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Monck and Family, Colonel Gore of Barrowmount, and Family, Colonel Arthur and Mrs. Gore, Colonel and Miss Newton, Mrs. Barton and Family, Mr. Chambre Ponsonby, Mr. and Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Moutray, Mr. and Miss Purcell, and Mr. Cadwallader Waddy, Mr. Gumbleton, Mr. Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, Mrs. Allen, Miss Sherlock and Miss Lyster, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur St. George, Mr. and Mrs. Robert St. George, Mr. William Newport, Colonel and Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. and Miss Magan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Cham. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wade, and Captain Carden, Mr. Humphry Butler, Major Wemys and Mr. Prendergast, Mr. and Mrs. Ruxton, Mr. Joy, of the Middle Temple, Dr. O'Meara, Mr. and Mrs. Bolger, Major and Mrs. Izod, Mrs. and Miss Westby and Miss Hayes, Mrs. Crosby and the Misses Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Mr. V. Maher, Archdeacon Langrishe, and Mr. P. O. Mitchell, Mr. H. Considine, Mr. Lidwell, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, of Garryhunden, Sir Henry Wilkinson and Family, Mr. Waller, Miss Waller, and Miss O'Dwyer, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Bolton, Counsellors Goold, Bushe, O'Driscoll, Wallace, Walshe, O'Dwyer, Arthur, Hobson, Ryan, Finn, &c. &c. &c. Messrs. P. Doyne, jun. H. Henry, R. La Touche, J. Wrixon, Robnett, Vaughan, Birmingham, Neville, Creagh, Harty, Sweetman, Nowlan, O'Connor, &c. &c. &c.

Amongst the many festivities which have distinguished our meeting, the Grand Supper at the Castle, given by the Hon. Mrs. James Butler, on Saturday night the 17th inst., cannot be passed over in silence. The long Gallery in the Castle, 150 feet in length, was brilliantly illuminated, and ranges of tables were placed along it, with covers for 300 guests. The portraits of the noble house of Ormonde, and other Paintings of "the olden time" displayed upon its walls, the long line of brilliant Lustres suspended from its ceiling, the profusion of Luxuries spread upon the Tables, the Rank and the Talent that were seated at them, the gay groups of young, and lovely Women who preferred to promenade about; their nodding feathers, as they moved along, in all the elegance of dress, increasing the effect of their charms, and appearing, as it were, "to fan the flame" of their attendant admirers.—All these things sent us back to the ancient days of the Castle of Kilkenny, the days of its Baronial magnificence, when "ducal Ormonde," the Lordly Ancestor of this illustrious Family, lived here in a style of almost Kingly splendour.

Here ducal Ormonde held his seat,
And Courts, and Senates filled his gate,
And dignified with regal state
His Castle.

His Heart, as his Domain, was wide,
With Nore's its generous current vied,
And rivall'd in heroic pride
His Castle.

Plaudite et valete.

1816.

Complimentary Dinner

Upon the recovery of RICHARD POWER, Esq. from a severe Indisposition at ROME, in the Spring of 1816.

(From the Correspondent, Thursday, June 27th, 1816.)

We trust we shall not be considered to offend against the privileges which *private* friendship enjoys, to select the objects that are dear to it, and in the privacy of life, to pay that tribute to worth and excellence, which spring from the warmest affections of the heart, by adverting to a late festive meeting which took place in this City, of the friends of Mr. RICHARD POWER, to give expression of their feelings and their happiness on the occasion of that Gentleman's recovery from a severe indisposition, by which he was lately attacked at ROME.

Mr. POWER's friends are of that class, who know how to appreciate virtues and accomplishments which have long rendered him one of the greatest ornaments of Irish Society. They number among them whatever is most distinguished for manly spirit and literary acquirements in this country; and when they met to commemorate an event which preserved an object of their love and attachment, it may be conceived with what genuine joy and refinement it was celebrated. Friendship can scarcely have a greater indulgence, or enter upon its gratification with more real sensibility, than in performing a duty of this, we may say, exalted nature.

Among the many opportunities which Mr. POWER has had of enlarging the scale of friendly connexion, perhaps none have contributed more to that purpose, than the circumstances which created and organized the KILKENNY THEATRICAL SOCIETY, over the classic pleasures, and Dramatic arrangements of which, he has presided many years. The attractions of this Association, it is generally known, collected, periodically, the greater portion of the rank, talent, and fashion of the country; and such very flattering attention to their exertions, gave a sort of durable constitution to the KILKENNY THEATRICAL SOCIETY, which still exists in a social form, though it has ceased to meet for any purposes of the Drama.

The Members of this Association, whose affection for their *Manager* will be as lasting as their memories, principally composed the Meeting to which we have alluded, and which was held at MORRISON's Tavern, on *Wednesday*, the 19*th inst.*; but it also included several distinguished friends of Mr. POWER, who anxiously seized upon an opportunity of testifying their esteem and regard for one they so highly valued. Among those were the Earl of CHARLEMONT, Viscount ENNISMORE, Baron SMITH, the SOLICITOR GENERAL, the Hon. and Rev. E. TAYLOR, Colonel CUFF, the SURGEON-GENERAL, Sir STEPHEN MAY, G. P. BUSHE, Esq. &c. &c.

The whole party, about SIXTY in number, sat down, at seven o'clock, to a most sumptuous dinner, served and conducted in the best style of Morrison's excellent system. The *Chair* was filled by Sir ROBERT LANGRISHE; Mr. ROTHE took that of the *Vice-President*, those gentlemen being the Senior Members of the Kilkenny Society: and thus the *official* departments of the table were very ably filled.

In the succession of courses, which presented luxury after luxury, various ornaments of confectionary were introduced, all of which presented some appropriate device, or bore some classic allusion to the object of the Meeting. Some neatly-executed Paintings of the Head of Mr. POWER were distributed along the tables, each of them connected, in some tasteful manner, with the ornaments of this Attic Feast. Under one we read

> " Where'er I go, whatever realms I see,
> " My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee."

Another was encircled with a scroll, containing, in large gold letters, the words " KILKENNY THEATRICAL SOCIETY," the ends of which were drawn in, between *two grasped hands*, the motto, or *arms* we may call them, of their Association, intimating, that its Members are not less united by the sympathies of a classical taste, than linked to each other by the ties of personal affection. Underneath appeared the following couplet:

> " A row of pearls ye are, and I,
> " The silken cord on which ye lie."

The Family Arms of Mr. POWER were emblazoned upon shapes of *Jelly*, *Blanc Mange*, and every where else, indeed, they could be well introduced; and wherever the motto " *pro Patria semper*," was read, it called forth a general expression, of how well it might be worn by the independent, and patriot Gentleman, in whose name they were assembled.

To what we may fairly term the satiety of indulgence, succeeded the cheerful, and exhilarating enjoyment of the bottle; the circulation of which was promoted by whatever enthusiastic friendship could dictate, or genius, wit, and taste suggest. On the health of Mr. POWER being given from the Chair, a burst of ardent feeling resounded through the room. It was announced in a manner to heighten the sensibility which was ready to honour it, and made impressions on the auditory, which it would be difficult indeed to describe in the formality of language. The eloquent and affecting Speech of Sir ROBERT LANGRISHE, upon this occasion, called up the EARL OF CHARLEMONT, who pronounced it to be, as well he might, " one of the most distinguished and elegant displays of *hereditary* tact, and talent he had ever witnessed," his Lordship concluded with giving the health of their beloved Chairman, which was long and loudly cheered. To this followed, in a short time, the health of MR. POWER's brother, Mr. JOHN POWER, which was received with equal enthusiasm. The round of toasts which succeeded, included all who had been connected with the Dramatic literature of our country, and none passed without those complimentary observations, which might be expected from men of cultivated taste, and Theatrical talents.

It was not till a late hour that their respected President retired from this attractive scene. Mr. CORRY was immediately called to the vacant Chair, and it would have been difficult to select a more competent successor in all the requisites for presiding in convivial life, nor one more warmly attached to the object of the Meeting. By the exercise of those talents which he possesses in a peculiar degree, the departure of his associates was protracted to a very late, we had almost said, a very *early* hour. The pleasures of the evening were in no small degree augmented by the vocal abilities of several *professional* gentlemen, in addition to the *amateurs* of the KILKENNY THEATRICAL SOCIETY.

1817.

Twelfth Season.

1817,

Commenced the 13th, and closed the 25th of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. J. Bushe.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. C. Bushe.
Mr. Becher.	Mr. T. Bushe.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. A. Bushe.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. P. Dalton.
Lord Monck.	Mr. Keatinge.
Mr. R. Langrishe.	Mr. G. Helsham.
Mr. R. Rothe.	Mr. R. Helsham.
Mr. J. Power, jun.	Mr. H. Helsham.
Mr. R. Power, jun.	Mr. Shee.
Mr. Roper.	Mr. M'Casky.
Mr. C. Fox.	Mr. Skinner.
Mr. Theoph. Butler.	Mr. Straker.
Mr. Cummin.	Mr. Broomfield.

Miss Walstein.	Miss Curtis.
Miss Kelly.	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Mrs. Clarke.	Mrs. N. Jones.

Miss Stewart.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. Barton.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Sir R. Langrishe, and spoken by Mr. Rothe, At the opening of the Theatre, the 13th of October, 1817.

Welcome! thrice welcome, soul inspiring sight!
We hail with rapture this long wish'd-for night,
For long the dreary interval hath been,
Since last our *friends* enjoyed this grateful scene.
Scenes that our faithful memory still endears—
Scenes of fond hopes fulfill'd, and half fictitious fears.
Since last we met, years have their courses run,
Whilst war's dark blood hath stained each setting sun,
High thrones o'erturned—the earth o'erwhelm'd with gore,
Carnage and crimes, unfelt, unknown before;
'Till one great man bade human misery cease,
And this distracted orb subdued to peace.
The world regain'd, the warrior sheath'd his sword,
And nations bless him for their rights restor'd.
But we, aloof from war's heroic throes,
Aspiring not beyond our mimic woes,
Have mourned, like Laplanders, our silent gloom,
Liv'd for your light to cheer us, and 'tis come.
Then let us hail this intellectual ray,
That wakes our torpid twilight into day.
Summon'd by you, your ready vot'ries throng,
With all their powers of pathos, jest and song:
Our Manager in foreign climes remote,
With transport heard the kind recalling note;—
Nor time, nor distance, could his zeal repel,
From friends so dear, and sports he loved so well.
Fir'd by the sound, his ardent spirits deem
The Alps a plain—the Ocean but a stream;
He comes to feel, from your more brilliant eyes,
A brighter beam than from Italian skies;
He comes our guide, our genius, and our shield,
To grace that sceptre he *alone* could wield.
With easier efforts we obey your call,
Speak but the word, and you command us all—
From foreign frolic, from domestic cheer,
From morbid indolence, or toil severe,
Cares or carousals, you shall find us here;
And we will treat you kindly, cull with care,
In just requital—rich yet wholesome fare;
Not the flat mummery of modern plays,
Cant words, old jokes, free thoughts, and vulgar phrase;
But our immortal Shakespeare shall impart,
All that can charm the mind, and warm the heart.
Our Dome, we own, hath felt time's mouldering sway,
Though we've done much his inroads to delay.
Not so our Corps—with ardent hopes imprest,
We feel new force from renovating rest;
And long may both fulfil their purpos'd ends—
To feast with classic fare our lib'ral friends.

Monday, 13th October, 1817.

First Night.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Julius Cæsar	...	Mr. Shee.
Octavius Cæsar	...	Mr. Skinner.
Anthony	...	Mr. R. Power
Brutus	...	Mr. Rothe.
Cassius	...	Mr. Becher.
Casca	...	Mr. Corry.
Trebonius	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Decius Brutus	...	Mr. Fox.
Lucius	...	Miss Stewart.
Cinna	...	Mr. J. Bushe.
Metellus	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Servius	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
Pindarus	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Flavius	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
Titinius	...	Mr. G. Helsham.

Plebeians, Lord Monck, Mr. Eyre, Mr. Cummin, Mr. J. Power, jun. Mr. C. Bushe, Mr. Straker, Mr. T. Butler, Mr. Broomfield, Mr. H. Helsham, &c.

Porcia	...	Miss Walstein.
Calphurnia	...	Miss Kelly.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Lovel	...	Lord Monck.
Trueman	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Philip	...	Mr. Eyre.
Tom	...	Mr. Cummin.
Coachman	*Servants to*	Mr. R. Helsham.
Kingston	*Lovel* ...	Master A. Bushe.
Cook	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Kitty	...	Miss Walstein.
Lord Duke	...	Mr. Corry.
Sir Harry	...	Mr. Crampton.

Lady Bab, Miss Kelly. Lady Charlotte, Mrs Clarke. Chloe, Miss Stewart.

1817.

Wednesday, 15th October, 1817.

SECOND NIGHT.

THE RIVALS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE	...	Mr. Corry.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	...	Mr. R. Power.
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER		Mr. Crampton.
FAULKLAND	...	Mr. Rothe.
ACRES	...	Mr. G. Helsham.
DAVID	...	Lord Monck.
FAG	...	Mr. Skinner.
COACHMAN	...	Mr. Straker.
SKIP	...	Master A. Bushe.
MRS. MALAPROP	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
JULIA	...	Miss Walstein.
LYDIA LANGUISH	...	Miss Kelly.
LUCY	...	Miss Curtis.

TOM THUMB.

KING ARTHUR	...	Mr. Crampton.
LORD GRIZZLE	...	Mr. Eyre.
TOM THUMB	...	Miss Stewart.
NOODLE	...	Lord Monck.
DOODLE	...	Mr. J. Bushe.
GHOST	...	Mr. Cummin.
MERLIN	...	Mr. R. Helsham.

Courtiers, Mr. R. Langrishe, Mr. R. Rothe, Mr. J. Power, jun. Mr. Roper, Mr. Skinner, Mr. C. Bushe, Mr. A. Bushe, &c.

QUEEN DOLLALOLLA	...	Miss Kelly.
PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA		Mrs. Clarke.
GIANTESS QUEEN	...	Mr. Fox.
FRIZALETTA	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
PLUMANTE	...	Miss Curtis.

Friday, 17*th October*, 1817.

THIRD NIGHT.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DUKE	...	Mr. Shee.
BASSANIO	...	Mr. R. Power.
ANTHONIO	...	Mr. Rothe.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Crampton.
LORENZO	...	Mr. M'Casky.
SHYLOCK	...	Mr. Becher.
SALANIO	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
SALARINO	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
TUBAL	...	Lord Monck.
LAUNCELOT	...	Mr. Corry.
OLD GOBBO	...	Mr. Cummin.
BALTHAZAR	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
LEONARDO	...	Mr. J. Bushe.

Senators, Mr. P. Dalton, Mr. T. Butler, Mr. J. Power, jun. Mr. Roper, &c.

PORCIA	...	Miss Walstein.
JESSICA	...	Miss Kelly.
NERISSA	...	Mrs. Clarke.

RAISING THE WIND.

JEREMY DIDLER	...	Mr. Corry.
PLAINWAY	...	Mr. Straker.
FAINWOU'D	...	Mr. Fox.
SAM	...	Lord Monck.
RICHARD	...	Master A. Bushe.
WAITER	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
JOHN	...	Mr. Roper.
PEGGY	...	Mrs. Clarke.
MISS DURABLE	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

Saturday, 18*th October*, 1817.

FOURTH NIGHT.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

SIR CHARLES MARLOW	...	Mr. Straker.
HARDCASTLE	...	Mr. Corry.
YOUNG MARLOW	...	Mr. R. Power.
HASTINGS	...	Mr. Crampton.
TONY LUMPKIN	...	Mr. Cummin.
STINGO	...	Mr. Fox.
DIGGORY	...	Lord Monck.
ROGER	...	Mr. Roper.
RALPH	...	Master A. Bushe.
GREGORY	...	Mr. G. Helsham.
TOM TWIST	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
JACK SLANG	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
TOM TICKLE	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
JEREMY	...	Mr. Eyre.
MAT MUGGINS	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
MRS. HARDCASTLE	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
MISS HARDCASTLE	...	Miss Walstein.
MISS NEVILLE	...	Miss Kelly.
DOLLY	...	Miss Curtis.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

LOVEL		...	Lord Monck.
TRUEMAN		...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
PHILIP	*Servants to Lovel*	...	Mr. Eyre.
TOM		...	Mr. Cummin.
COACHMAN			Mr. R. Helsham.
KINGSTON		...	Master A. Bushe.
COOK		...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
KITTY		...	Miss Walstein.
LORD DUKE		...	Mr. Corry.
SIR HARRY		...	Mr. Crampton.
LADY BAB		...	Miss Kelly.
LADY CHARLOTTE		...	Mrs. Clarke.
CHLOE		...	Miss Stewart.

1817.

Monday, 20th October, 1817.

FIFTH NIGHT.

ALL IN THE WRONG.

SIR JOHN RESTLESS	...	Mr. Corry.
BEVERLEY	...	Mr. R. Power.
SIR WILLIAM BELMONT		Lord Monck.
BELMONT	...	Mr. Skinner.
BLANDFORD	...	Mr. Cummin.
ROBERT	...	Mr. Fox.
BRUSH	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
WILLIAM	...	Mr. Roper.
THOMAS	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
LADY RESTLESS	...	Miss Walstein.
BELINDA	...	Mrs. Clarke.
CLARISSA	...	Miss Kelly.
TATTLE	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
TIPPET	...	Miss Curtis.
MARMALET	...	Mrs. Jones.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

CAPTAIN BELDARE	...	Mr. M'Casky.
VIGIL	...	Lord Monck.
TOTTERTON	...	Mr. Cummin.
SOLOMON LOB	...	Mr. G. Helsham.
GRENADIER	...	Mr. Skinner.
RISK	...	Mr. Corry.
LYDIA	...	Miss Kelly.

Wednesday, 22d October, 1817.

SIXTH NIGHT.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

JULIUS CÆSAR	...	Mr. Shee.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR	...	Mr. Skinner.
ANTONY	...	Mr. R. Power.
BRUTUS	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIUS	...	Mr. Becher.
CASCA	...	Mr. Corry.
TREBONIUS	...	Mr. Roper.
DECIUS BRUTUS	...	Mr. Fox.
LUCIUS	...	Miss Stewart.
CINNA	...	Mr. J. Bushe.
METELLUS	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
SERVIUS	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
PINDARUS	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
FLAVIUS	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
TITINIUS	...	Mr. Theoph. Butler.
SOOTHSAYER	...	Mr. Straker.

Plebeians, Lord Monck, Mr. Eyre, Mr. J. Power, jun. Mr. C. Bushe, Mr. Keating, Mr. Broomfield, Mr. H. Helsham, &c.

PORCIA	...	Miss Walstein.
CALPHURNIA	...	Miss Kelly.

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD		Mr. Crampton.
FUSTIAN	...	Mr. J. Bushe.
SERVANT	...	Mr. Fox.

A DIVERTISSEMENT.

FAVOURED LOVER	...	Mr. Crampton.
CLOWN LOVER	...	Mr. J. Bushe.
OLD PAINTER	...	Mr. Straker.
PAINTER'S WIFE	...	Lord Monck.
THEIR DAUGHTERS	...	Mr. Theoph. Butler. Mr. J. Power, jun.
ATTENDANT	...	Master A. Bushe.

Friday, 24th October, 1817.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

MACBETH.

DUNCAN	...	Mr. Straker.
MALCOLM	...	Mr. Skinner.
DONALBAIN	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
MACBETH	...	Mr. R. Power.
MACDUFF	...	Mr. Rothe.
BANQUO	...	Mr. Becher.
FLEANCE	...	Master Stewart.
LENOX	...	Mr. Roper.
ROSSE	...	Mr. Corry.
SIWARD	...	Mr. Shee.
SEYTON	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
PHYSICIAN	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
FIRST OFFICER	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
SECOND OFFICER	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
FIRST APPARITION	...	Miss Stewart.
SECOND APPARITION	...	Master A. Bushe.
HECATE	...	Mr. Crampton.
FIRST WITCH	...	Lord Monck.
SECOND WITCH	...	Mr. Theoph. Butler.
THIRD WITCH	...	Mr. Fox.
BLEEDING CAPTAIN	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
FIRST SINGING WITCH		Mr. M'Casky.
SECOND SINGING WITCH		Miss Kelly.
THIRD SINGING WITCH		Miss Stewart.

Other Witches, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Curtis, Mrs. Jones, &c.

LADY MACBETH	...	Miss Walstein.
GENTLEWOMAN	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

A DIVERTISSEMENT,

(*As before.*)

THE HOTEL.

DON PEDRO	...	Mr. Fox.
DON SANCHO	...	Mr. Straker.
OCTAVIO	...	Mr. Skinner.
FERDINAND	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
BORACHIO	...	Lord Monck.
LAZARILLO	...	Mr. Corry.
DONNA CLARA	...	Mrs. Clarke.
LEONORA	...	Miss Curtis.
FLORA	...	Mrs. Jones.

1817.

Saturday, 25th October, 1817.

LAST NIGHT.

OTHELLO.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Shee.
BRABANTIO	...	Mr. Corry.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. J. Bushe.
LODOVICO	...	Mr. Roper.
MONTANO	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
OTHELLO	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIO	...	Mr. Crampton.
IAGO	...	Mr. Becher.
RODERIGO	...	Mr. Skinner.
ANTONIO	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
JULIO	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
DESDEMONA	...	Miss Walstein.
EMILIA	...	Miss Kelly.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

DON SCIPIO	...	Lord Monck.
RAMIREZ	...	Mr. M'Casky.
DON FERNANDO	...	Mr. Skinner.
DON JUAN	...	Mr. Fox.
SPADO	...	Mr. G. Helsham.
PEDRILLO	...	Mr. Corry.
SANGUINO	...	Mr. J. Bushe.
CALVETTE	...	Mr. Roper.
VASQUEZ	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
VICTORIA	...	Miss Kelly.
ISABELLA	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Sir Robert Langrishe, and Spoken by Mr. Power.

Our Prologue did, in truth, my feelings tell,
" Nor time, nor distance could my zeal repel
From friends so dear, and sports I lov'd so well:"
And rich is my reward. Your wish'd-for praise
Lightens my labours, and my toil repays.
Where'er I've wander'd, this seducing scene
Still the fond object of my hopes hath been.
I've felt the influence of Italian rays,
And own each charm her cloudless sky displays;
But here are beams no sunshine can impart,
The social sympathy, the feeling heart—
The grateful welcome—friendship's fires that burn
To greet the way-worn wanderer's return.

Our Epilogues of old portray'd the times,
And cried down follies, ere they grew to crimes;
But since our last, the World, entranc'd by fame,
Disdains the " sweet absurd," our wonted game,
And yields scant food for ridicule, or shame.
Yet shall the rich caprice of human kind,
The precious inconsistencies of mind,
Yet shall they furnish, 'midst our pride and praise,
Some laughing stocks—ev'n in these glorious days.
Say! have not thousands, homespun heads and hearts,
But fir'd by frenzy to see foreign parts,
Wander'd abroad, unconscious where they've been,
And gaz'd at sights—unconscious what they've seen—
Then, wanting sense to judge, or taste to feel,
And witless e'en their follies to conceal—
Each wonder pass'd by, and each usage blam'd,
Have back return'd, robb'd, laugh'd at, and asham'd.

The full-fed Alderman, the world now free,
Pants to partake of foreign luxury;
But 'stead of solid joints, with horror sees
Thrice heated *fricandos* and *fricasees*,
" Their soup too meagre—and their wine too weak,"
He longs for home, old port, and rich beek-steak.
Another set there are, we can't o'erlook,
Trite trading travellers to make a book,
With step minute, they pace each field of glory,
And lay its soil and produce all before ye.
They tell you, from a limestone gravel-hole,
That Buonaparte to leave his army stole;
That from a hazel, not a hawthorn shade,
Our Wellington his noblest effort made.
They tell you where their children drank their tea;
And tell you things, they grieve they did not see.

I fire—when thus the triumphs of our nation
Sink unemblazon'd, in such mean narration—
Themes of our grandest pride, or deepest woes,
Debas'd in ditties, or more flimsy prose.

So much for wandering—but why, you'll say,
Should I 'gainst travellers such spleen display?
Why, 'tis *because* I've travell'd, and have scann'd
The worth and value of our native land,
The land of liberty, of power, of wealth,
The land of beauty, happiness, and health.

Too long I've trespass'd, and the hour is come,
I fear you'll deem, that kindly calls you home.
How we've succeeded, you alone can tell,
Self-love, and your applause, persuade us—well;
Then, if with wreaths of Bays our brows are grac'd,
We'll bless those *hands* by which the chaplet's plac'd.

On Wednesday, the 8th instant, a magnificent Dinner was given to RICHARD POWER, Esq. at the Hibernian Hotel, by the principal Gentlemen of the County of Kilkenny, to celebrate his return, in perfect health, amongst them; and to testify their joy at his resuming, once more, the direction of those classical pleasures, which have been so honorable to him and his associates, and a source of so much advantage, both public and private, to the City of Kilkenny. The HIGH SHERIFF took the Chair, about seven o'clock, supported, on his right, by Mr. R. POWER, and by Sir WM. MORRIS on his left. Mr. ROTHE, Major BRYAN, Mr. CORRY, and Mr. J. POWER, presided in other parts of the room; and the evening was spent with all that happiness and cordiality, which might have been expected from a meeting of Gentlemen, so much attached to each other; and all of them so devoted to that respected character, in honor of whom they had assembled. Among other pleasant circumstances which attended this Dinner, we see it has been the means of collecting, at an earlier day than usual, the whole of the *Corps Dramatique*, which will secure to them the advantages of a due preparation for their approaching labours.

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[*The Leinster Journal, and the Moderator, Kilkenny.*—FIRST NIGHT.—*Monday, October 13th*, 1817.] After a lapse of five years, we witnessed this evening the exhilarating sight of the opening of our Private Theatre. The internal part of it has just undergone an entire repair. Mr. BOYLAN of Dublin furnished most of the ornaments, and liberally made them a present to the Charity. Never, on any first Night heretofore, was there so numerous an assemblage. The neatness of the house, and the brilliancy of the Audience, struck the beholder with the most cheerful sensations; and the number, the rank, the beauty, and the talent, from all parts of Ireland, here collected, give a comment upon the merits of former exertions, to which the praises of the critic cannot add. It was, altogether, a scene of joyous elegance and classic festivity, as creditable as it was gratifying.

An appropriate Address, from the pen, we believe, of Sir ROBERT LANGRISHE, adapted to the feelings of the Audience, and the circumstances of the place, was admirably delivered by Mr. ROTHE, who, as well as all the known performers, was received with a warmth of applause that testified the public approbation of them, not only in their public, but their private characters.

The Play was JULIUS CÆSAR. The part of *Cassius* was performed by Mr. BECHER. His port, his countenance, his powerful voice, gave full effect to his thorough conception of the author. He also exhibited a great knowledge of Stage effect, particularly in the scene with *Brutus*, by the dexterity and variety of his by-play.

Mr. ROTHE was *Brutus*. He manifestly laboured under the effects of a cold; but, his genius and knowledge rose triumphant, particularly in the celebrated Tent Scene, where he had an opportunity of exhibiting that pathos and feeling, in which, we venture to say, he is not exceeded by any Actor.

Mr. POWER acted *Antony*. We rejoiced to find that the powers of our beloved *Manager* were not the least impaired by his illness abroad. He was long and loudly cheered on his entrance, and never was applause more cordial, or sincere. The very difficult speech from the tribune was delivered with a just and excellent taste, and the natural manner in which he occasionally checked himself with "*Brutus* is an honorable man," shewed his knowledge of the author, and proved how well he understands "the cunning of the Scene." His delivery of the speech over the body of the fallen *Cæsar* was another exhibition of great talent.

Mr. CORRY astonished us by his personation of *Casca;* his excellence in Comedy has been long known to us, but such is the variety of his talents, that we think he would be an acquisition to any Stage, in any department of the Drama.

We wish that whoever regulated the dress of Mr. SHEE had added a little more *drapery* to his Toga. Mr. SKINNER played *Octavius*, and a Mr. EYRE the *Cobler* of the mob; they promise to be desirable acquisitions to the *Corps Dramatique*. Mr. THOMAS BUSHE, as *Servius*, delivered the Message from *Antony* in a manner which gives a fair promise of future excellence.

Mr. FRAZER, of the 16th Regiment, is a Recruit, we believe, from North Britain. Those who investigate minutely the *affairs* of the Theatre, should prevent the Gentlemen of that Country from coming on the Stage in purely *Highland costume*.

There was a good humour and a desire to be happy *before* the Scenes, which, like an electric spark, communicated itself to those *behind* them, and gave a spirit and gaiety which "marked security to please." The Curtain rose upon us, with those impressions on our minds, to exhibit our favourite Farce of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

With all the partialities that we acknowledge to feel for our own little Theatre, we really believe we might challenge *any* Stage in England or Ireland, to produce this Farce in such an excellent style as our own. The *Lord Duke* of Mr. CORRY, the *Sir Harry* of Mr. CRAMPTON, and the *Mrs. Kitty* of Miss WALSTEIN, are not to be equalled by any thing we *ever* saw in the profession.—These Gentlemen dress and look their respective parts inimitably. The vulgar finery of their manners, each the very opposite of the other, the one with his slow, conceited, jaunty air, and the light and lively swagger of the other, gave us all the various follies of the Servants' Hall, in the establishments of high-life. Was ever Supper-table so gay as theirs? their happiness communicated itself to the House, and every laugh was *chorused* by the Audience. *Mrs. Kitty* did the honors of the merry crew with a low-bred affability, that was truly comical. In the Song and the Dance that followed, their lively spirit made the Stage so merry, that we wished to be among them. The Yorkshire Boy of Lord MONCK was truly given, and made him quite unfit for such *genteel* company. The quarrel of those two important Personages, *My Lord Duke* and *Sir Harry*, excited a most unfeeling share of merriment in the Audience, particularly where *Mrs. Kitty* exclaims, "there will be some *noble* blood spilt here," and swoons, amidst the cries of the company for "*Sally Volatile;*" but when the Master's knock is heard at the door, and our poor *Lord Duke* is desired to hide in the *coal-hole*, we beheld in the laughable humiliations that followed, a picture of the usual fate of *vanity*, in the higher concerns of the world. We protest, upon the whole, that we *never* saw a Farce so well got up, nor one which drew forth such tumultuous applause.

Colonel TOLLY, C. B. and the other Officers of the 16th Regiment, with a view to contribute to the pleasure of the many noble and fashionable Families now on a visit here, have, with true military gallantry, ordered the fine Band of that Corps, to play for several hours every day on the Parade during the Plays, which gives an air of gaiety to the Promenade, and, of course, increases the crowd there.

Having left a space for the Address, spoken by Mr. ROTHE, on the opening of the Theatre, but having failed in our efforts to obtain it, we now sit down to fill up that space with one of our own.

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AN ADDRESS,

Imagined to have been spoken at the opening of the Kilkenny Theatre.

The Curtain fell!—clos'd was the classic scene,
And long and lonely was the pause between;
With out-stretch'd wing the bird of silence sate
O'er regions once with Tragic pride elate.
'Twas dark and dreary all!—nor beauty smil'd,
To cheer the labours of the Drama's child;
Nor he, inspired by that electric spark,
Sent forth one sun-beam thro' the silent dark.
The ghost of *Shakespeare*, who for years had hung,
To list the lonely lays himself had sung,
Roll'd in his cloud, forsook the silent spot,
And sigh'd to think himself remember'd not.

The Curtain fell!—and at the very source,
One stream of Charity withheld its course;
The Curtain fell!—and friendless and forlorn,
The widow'd mother turn'd aside to mourn;
The sick man, tossing on his burning bed,
Look'd up to Heav'n, for earthly hope had fled;
Glanc'd thro' the fitful fever of his brain,
One sense awoke to retrospective pain;
One cold—cold thought—the hope of health was o'er!
And rest and comfort fled for evermore!

Five times the spring-bud came, the summer went,
The pause was breathless, and the veil unrent.
The Curtain fell! but did it fall for ever?
And did it fade for aye that bless'd endeavour?
No—it hath risen!—it faded not, nor slept,
Nor hath one damp upon its brightness crept:—
Like Vesta's Lamp, although unseen, it burn'd,
And now with richer ray it hath return'd!
Once more the pure proud feelings of the soul,
In mimic precedent, their high control
Shall re-assert;—once more the well-felt tear,
Or sparkling smile, shall speak their language here;
Once more the tear and smile of beauty's eye
Shall glisten bright in blissful sympathy.

And *other* tears shall fade while *ours* do flow—
And ours shall woo to rest another's wo;
The white rose shall be tinted, rich and red,
On cheeks, from whence such blushing bloom had fled;—
Young blood shall bound with renovated glow,
And age shall smile, and all forget their wo.
Hail to the high of heart, and bright of eye,
We meet to-night in fair variety!
Hail to this sparkling scene! as bright, and bland,
As ever shone in fancy's fairy land!
Fed by the fondness of your partial praise,
Our toils were lighten'd in more buoyant days:
Lend but that love again, and we are paid
For every pang our doubts and fears have made;
Lend but that love, and to our hearts we turn,
To bid it there with fullest feeling burn:—
Yes—to those hearts we turn, which never yet
One look of love or kindness could forget;
Which, like the centre of creation's light,
Absorb your love, to bring it back more bright.

[*Tuesday, October 14th*, 1817.]—There was a Grand Promenade Ball, and Supper, at the HIBERNIAN HOTEL, this evening, which brought together all the Fashionables now in Town. Dancing began about *ten*, and the Party did not separate till a late hour.

[SECOND NIGHT.—*Wednesday, October 15th*, 1817.]—SHERIDAN'S Comedy of THE RIVALS came before a House this Evening, full and brilliant, as usual.

Often have we witnessed the representation of this chaste and elegant Drama, but never did we see before a combination of talent so rare and so unique, as that by which it was supported on this present occasion: no link was wanted to the chain—scene after scene, character after character, followed each other in easy and natural connexion.

When we first understood that the RIVALS was to be got up this Season, every mind was on the stretch to ascertain the *Sir Anthony* of the Company. The finished and superior personation of that character, by Mr. LYSTER, could not be forgotten: it rose before us like the rich memory of rapture once enjoyed; and when even the name of Mr. CORRY himself became identified with the representation of that fine and difficult part, something like a doubt of his success irresistibly occurred to our imagination. When we say success, we mean to be understood as keeping our minds' eye attentively fixed upon the *Sir Anthony Absolute* of the lamented Gentleman already hinted at; and then, fully possessed with the excellence of its conception, and the truth, the force, and life of its delineation, no man will wonder, if, previous to this evening, we questioned even the *possibility* of beholding its counterpart; but we rejoice to say, that we have been most surprisingly disappointed, and sincerely delighted.

It were a delicate and probably a hazardous thing to say, that Mr. LYSTER has in this, his most finished piece of acting, been rivalled by Mr. CORRY. Enough to declare, that we could not wish to see *Sir Anthony Absolute* better supported; and if "departed Ghosts are e'er permitted to participate in the things or circumstances of this world," the spirit of LYSTER himself must have looked down with delight upon this represeniation.

In the "cool" scene, (according to his own account) the *Sir Anthony* of Mr. CORRY was nature itself. The strong, though, at the same time, impotent passion of that eccentric old character, was given with the most irresistible effect; but when, in the climax of his extravagance, the choleric Father tells his Son, that he "will *unget* him," we protest most solemnly, that the menace was accompanied by such a look, tone, and action, that, for an instant, we forgot its absurdity, in the serious violence with which he uttered it. But O, for language adequate to convey the overpowering risibility produced by the acting between *Sir Anthony*, *Jack Absolute*, and *Mrs. Malaprop*, while the former enjoyed his own suspicion of the cause of quarrel between the lovers! bursting with the bigness of his delight to be undeceived in his unfavourable opinion of *Jack's* prowess and gallantry. The delivery of the following sentence occupied eight minutes at least:—"Tell her 'tis *his* way Madam—tell her 'tis *my* way—tell her 'tis the way of *the family*, you dog!!" Through this

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little sentence the old fellow almost got into hysterics with delight, and fell very little short of producing the same effect upon his Audience.

Always chaste, easy, and impressive—Mr. ROTHE's *Faulkland* was a luxurious piece of acting. On this occasion, we thought him far beyond all his previous conceptions of that amiable but eccentric enthusiast. It must be difficult for a man of first-rate practice in Tragedy parts, and who never unbends to any thing light, to separate himself so much from the solemnity of manner, naturally acquired in that line, as to retain, in such a character as *Faulkland*, sufficient ease to move within its limits. That *ease* was observable in Mr. ROTHE, and there was a dignity combined with it, that we never saw before in any other *Faulkland*.

We doubt very much if a better *Jack Absolute* ever appeared upon the *public* Stage, than Mr. RICHARD POWER. *Jack* is an only Son, the darling of a fond and passionate Father, effecting every object near to his own heart, in the midst of an affected submission to the whims of the old Gentleman, whom he dearly loves, but, with the absurdity of whose character, he is always amusing himself. In our experience of the Drama, we never saw *one* before who gave us *this* idea of *Jack Absolute*, not one that banters so well the fond and choleric Father; not one, in short, that we ever saw, can exhibit, like him, the meaning of SHERIDAN, in this Character. There is a natural sedateness of manner about Mr. POWER that contrasts finely with the boisterous violence of *Sir Anthony*, and a roguish shifting of the *eye*, which eloquently tells the Audience how intent he is upon playing a game of *humbug* with the Father. His acting exhibited, through the whole of the Play, the conceptions of an educated and discriminating mind, for every part of it was *perfect*.

Mr. CRAMPTON gave us a *Sir Lucius* that we have long been anxious to behold. Sickened with the gross conceptions of *professional* Actors, who swagger, with great confidence, through this line of character, we hailed with delight the blunt matter-of-fact *Irish Gentleman* of the Old School. There was no *caricaturing* here, no over-done *brogue*, or bullying of manner; he gave us just enough of the native dialect to denote the Country from whence he came, and that firm, but simple ease of manner, that belongs to a Gentleman.

Mr. G. HELSHAM astonished us in *Acres*—a very youth, quite inexperienced in theatrical business, and yet he seemed perfectly at home in the *scatter-brained Squire*. His first scene was the best. We thought he bestowed too much attention on the replacing of his *shoe-buckle*, and this may have diverted his attention from his business: still, we repeat, he astonished us. We have but one more word for him—he should have had more respect for the veteran excellence of Messrs. ROTHE and POWER, than to break in upon their dialogue, as *Faulkland*, and *Jack Absolute*, by the continued cracking of his *whip* behind them. We own that *Acres* should be ridiculous; but this, indeed, was "overstepping the modesty of nature."

Lord MONCK, as *David*, was very good, and did not fail to draw down several rounds of applause. Messrs. SKINNER and STRAKER were very respectable. Miss WALSTEIN never excelled the beautiful piece of acting she went through this night. Her parting from *Faulkland* was quite affecting. Miss KELLY was a good *Lydia Languish;* but there is a Lady in the Company whom, on a former occasion, we have admired more in the same character.

The Burletta of TOM THUMB went off well; but we remember it to have been better supported here. *Grizzle* was wholly misconceived. Even in extravagance there is character to be sustained, and it requires some sense to sustain it with effect. We must not forget Mr. J. BUSHE, who was most excellent in *Doodle*. He knew what he had to do, and he did it well.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE RIVALS.—Having often given our views of the Tragic performances at this Theatre, it is our present task to make some observations on our Company of Comedians. THE RIVALS, the production of our Countryman, has met here with a congenial soil and climate.

There is not, in our opinion, a character in the whole Drama, that seems to be so much mistaken as that of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. As played in general, it might be taken for *Billy O'Rourke*, or *The Irishman in London;* yet nothing can be more manifest than the intention of the author, that he should be "if not as keen, yet certainly as polished as his sword."

In the exhibition of it this night, there was a perfection of gentleman-like ease, a military deportment, a significant gravity of countenance, and a characteristic composure, that were quite delightful. Nor did the Performer differ from his predecessors in these points more than in several of his *readings;* for instance, he said, "Mr. Acres, *I believe* you are little better than a *coward*," not with the usual kind of vulgar *bravado*, but rather with a surprise, at having found out in another, *very slowly*, after repeated proofs, a quality for which he had no corresponding feeling, either from nature, or habit. When we add to this, the advantage of a *form*, which *Mrs. Malaprop* would call *Atlantic*, and which, if dressed in Mr. NOWLAN's cloth, Ireland would not be ashamed to export, as a sample of her manufactures; we assert, that Mr. CRAMPTON is, we will not say the *best*, but the *only* SIR LUCIUS we have *ever* seen.

Considering the filial affection which the House entertained for the Gentleman who formerly filled the part of *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and that his performance of it was considered a model of acting, a standard to which others were referred, and by which they were judged; and aware that the vivacity of *first impression*, becomes a test in future judgment, high as we rate the talents of Mr. CORRY, we cannot but confess, that we considered the present as an awful opportunity for their exertion. But there is a courage in conscious ability that rises with the difficulties of the occasion, and is victorious over the sneers of the enemy, and the apprehension of the friend. How Mr. CORRY *did* perform it, is not for our words to convey; it was manifested by one common feeling among the Audience, expressed sometimes in the loudness of their applause, and sometimes by the more flattering approbation of their silence; we can well understand their feelings, for they never saw, upon

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the Public Stage, a better Sir Anthony Absolute than we gave them this night, upon our own.

Captain Absolute had the good fortune, which does not always happen to him, to have been represented by a perfect gentleman. In his scene with *Mrs. Malaprop*, there was a tone of voice so exactly in tune with the occasion, there was an archness and *finesse* in his waggery, an insinuation beaming in his eye, which, together with his appearance, suited so well to the character, that we consider this most perfect piece of acting to have raised Mr. Richard Power to the difficult pre-eminence of a finished Actor, in the highest order of genteel Comedy.

The *charity* of the Audience is so entirely given to the poor, that they have none for a young Performer; and yet, Mr. George Helsham, as we prophesied, received great and deserved applause. We think him a very promising Comedian, if he can overcome his bashfulness; and as we hope the Play will be repeated, we will venture upon a few hints. Though the promise of his *papillotes* augured great things, yet his hair, when dressed, had nothing *outre;* his coat was not in the fashion, and, notwithstanding his oath "*referential*," we do not think it was made by Skeeffe and Willis. We wish he would give half his skirts to *Julius Cæsar*. When he talked of his *anti-gallican* toes, we expected he would have turned them *in*, and that he would have made some awkward attempt at a movement, but instead of that, we had an *entre chat*, worthy of the best pupils of Monsieur St. Pierre. With a little experience, however, and a greater distinctness of delivery, we think he will be worthy to compete with the great talents that surround him.

[*Thursday, October 16th*, 1817.]—The Grand Ball at the Assembly Room on Thursday Evening, was fully equal to the anticipation which we indulged in our last. The great Room was literally crowded, but it was a crowd of elegance, loveliness, and fashion, such as is seldom witnessed any where, and which never was exceeded in Kilkenny.

[Third Night—*Friday, October 17th*, 1817.]—The Play of this Evening, which Shakespeare has most admirably managed from circumstances rather improbable in themselves, was The Merchant of Venice.

The story is said to be built on an occurrence which happened in some part of Italy, with this difference, indeed, that the cruelty was on the side of the Christian, the Jew being the unhappy sufferer, who actually fell beneath his rigid and barbarous resentment. Popular prejudice, however, vindicates our Author in the alteration he has made; and the delightful manner in which he has availed himself of the general character of the Jews, makes more than amends for his deviating from a matter of fact, to which he was by no means obliged to adhere. If boldness of design, strength of character, excellence of dialogue, and a prepossession in favour of the renowned author of this Play, can shield it from unfavourable observation, we are the more disposed to yield a respectful submission to all these considerations, from witnessing the perfect representation of it on this Evening.

We have always considered the *Shylock* of Mr. Becher as one of his happiest efforts; and never did he represent the character of the artful, and inexorable Jew, with more success than on this evening. The fixed revenge and hatred which he harbours against *Antonio*, were marked in a masterly manner, to which the expressive countenance of the Actor gave additional effect. The cringing bow and fawning address which he assumes on the first approach of *Antonio*, were master-pieces of the art; and the insinuating manner in which he addressed the Merchant, in the language of the poet—

> "Rest you fair, good Signior;
> Your worship was the last man in our mouths—"

called forth a burst of approbation from the whole Audience.

To follow Mr. Becher through the variety of excellencies he evinced in this character, would require more space than the limits of our Paper will allow; yet some of the passages, delivered by this gentleman, struck us so forcibly, that we cannot help dwelling on them.

In proposing the conditions of the bond, for the money he was about to lend—

> "Let the forfeit
> Be nominated for an equal pound
> Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
> In what part of your body pleaseth me."

Mr. Becher evinced that thorough knowledge of the meaning of his Author that can only be acquired by close study and superior intellect. There was a cunning in his whole behaviour that would have disarmed a less credulous mind than *Antonio's* of any suspicion. In the scene with *Tubal*, where he is tortured by the news of his daughter's flight, but exults at the distresses of *Antonio;* and, subsequently, in the trial scene, when he is foiled in his hatred towards the *Merchant*, and when he solicits that mercy which he himself had refused to grant, his whole manner so completely corresponded with his situation, as to fascinate the Audience.

Of Mr. Rothe's *Antonio*, we scarcely know how to express ourselves. He possesses the magic art of fixing attention, in every character he undertakes, beyond any performer we ever saw. His manner of addressing *Bassanio*, when he supposes he is about to suffer the penalty of forfeiture of the bond, could not be exceeded—

> "I am armed and well prepared—
> Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
> Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you!
> For herein Fortune shews herself more kind
> Than is her custom; it is still her use
> To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
> To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
> An age of poverty," &c.

This passage was delivered by Mr. Rothe with a dignity of deportment, and tenderness of feeling, which greatly delighted the Audience, and fully proved the power he possesses to interest us in any character where scope is given to his rich, cultivated, and energetic mind.

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The *Bassanio* of Mr. R. Power was an animated performance. In choosing the casket, his gentlemanly deportment and dignified manner imparted an interest to the scene, which we have rarely, if ever, known it to possess; and his regret on receiving the letter from *Antonio* relating his losses, was, both in countenance and delivery, admirably expressed.

Mr. Crampton, in the volatile *Gratiano*, gave spirit to the scenes in which he was concerned. Mr. M'Casky had strong claims upon our approbation in the character of *Lorenzo*. He introduced a beautiful Serenade Song, composed for the occasion, and entitled, "*List, dearest, List,*" which he executed in a masterly style, of which the Audience expressed their satisfaction by a rapturous and universal *encore*. He was in fine tone, and the rich and mellow volume of his voice was enchanting. Mr. Corry amused us very much in the little part of *Launcelot;* and that of *Old Gobbo* received an unusual interest from the performance of Mr. Cummin.

Mr. R. Rothe surprised us with a specimen of incipient talent in *Salanio*. We were powerfully struck with a strong similarity of tone and manner between him and his father. If it be acquired, this young gentleman should get rid of it as soon as possible; but if this coincidence be the result of hereditary feeling, physical organization, and involuntary habit, (and this we believe to be the fact,) we congratulate him, from the bottom of our hearts, upon the happy acquisition. He can never more effectually secure the admiration and respect of society than by resembling his father in every particular.

Mr. Shee was respectable in the character of the *Duke*, but not sufficiently audible. In *Julius Cæsar*, his declamation was distinct, and audible in every part of the House. His deficiency on this evening is therefore to be regretted. *Inaudibility* is the leading error of some of the new Members of this distinguished and enlightened Association, which we would strongly recommend them to correct. They must feel ambitious to excel, to which a free and flowing elocution, and a steady and audible delivery are essential, and we are confident none of them will be offended by advice, well intended, and respectfully offered.

Miss Walstein, in *Porcia*, acquitted herself very successfully. The speech upon mercy was judiciously delivered, and deservedly applauded. Miss Kelly was an excellent representative of *Jessica;* and Mrs. Clarke became her male attire very well.

In the Afterpiece of Raising the Wind, Mr. Corry exerted himself with his accustomed success, in the character of *Jeremy Diddler*. This gentleman possesses more *versatility* of talent than falls to the lot of most performers, who make the bustle of the Stage the business of their lives. When we mention the varied and opposite characters of the choleric *Sir Anthony*, the simple *Launcelot*, the consequential *Lord Duke*, and the merry *Diddler*, and say, that *all* of these parts have been, within these last few days, most ably filled by the *same person*, we doubt very much if we should be believed any where but among the Visiters of Kilkenny, in every one of whom we have a witness, that we only speak the truth. The value of such a Member of our Theatrical Society may, therefore, be easily estimated. Lord Monck performed the character of *Sam* with all the sheer cunning and low humour of the Yorkshire Waiter. His provincial dialect was admirably sustained. In characters of this description, his Lordship's performance merits the highest commendation. Mr. Straker and Mr. Fox performed the parts of *Plainway* and *Fainwould* as well as we could desire. Mrs. Clarke, and our old favourite Mrs. M'Culloch, represented the characters of *Peggy* and *Miss Durable*, with their accustomed excellence.

[Fourth Night.—*Saturday, October 18th*, 1817.]—This Evening Goldsmith's interesting Comedy of She Stoops to Conquer, was performed to a brilliant Audience.

A richer, or finer piece of acting, we never beheld, than Mr. Power's *Young Marlow*. This is one of the most difficult characters in genteel Comedy. It requires judgment, sprightliness, and diffidence. On *Marlow's* first introduction to *Miss Hardcastle*, Mr. Power's embarrassment was so unaffectedly diffident, that we were at a loss to conjecture what could induce *Lady Biddy Buckskin*, and the other discriminating Members of the *Ladies' Club*, to call him their "*Agreeable Rattle;*" we seriously believe that, had any of their Ladyships at that moment beheld him, he would certainly be expelled the Club on his return to the metropolis: on the contrary, could they have seen him making love to the bar-maid, they would as certainly have decreed him a niche in the Temple of Fashion. On a former occasion we expressed our opinion of this gentleman's talents, but this night's performance confirms us in the opinion, that in genteel Comedy he is equalled by few, and surpassed by none.

Mr. Corry played *Hardcastle* in a style of superior excellence. In the first scene with *Mrs. Hardcastle* he expressed his love "for every thing old" in so warm, so energetic, and so convincing a manner, that we too, for a moment, thought we could "*love for antiquity sake.*" On his first interview with *Marlow* and *Hastings*, his delineation of the officious, hospitable, talkative, and inquisitive old Gentleman was chaste to a letter; nor did he seem to lose his temper when he discovered that "*modern modesty*" resembled "*old fashioned impudence.*" But in the passionate scene with *Marlow*, he equalled himself in the most choleric moment of *Sir Anthony Absolute*.

Mr. Cummin played *Tony Lumpkin*—he conceived the part—he spoke it—and he acted it, well—but he did not *look* it—his *forte* appears to us to be the very opposite cast of character; any person who has seen him in *Old Gobbo*, or *Totterton*, must be convinced of the justice of this observation.

Mr. Crampton's *Hastings* was correct and respectable. But *Mr. Hastings* should become a Hibernian to ensure a perfect delineation by our "adorable *Sir Lucius O'Trigger.*"

Hardcastle's Servants were as awkward as any man could wish. Master A. Bushe is a very droll little boy, and is full of theatrical talent; but we are prouder to say, that he has evinced talents on *another* Stage, and of a higher order. So far as he has proceeded in his College studies, he has carried away all the honors of the University.

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Miss WALSTEIN played *Miss Hardcastle*. This character gives no opportunity for the developement of her peculiar talent. She makes but an indifferent *bar-maid*, but is a *gentlewoman* to the life. Mrs. M'CULLOCH, as *Mrs. Hardcastle*, Miss KELLY, as *Miss Neville*, and Miss CURTIS, as *Dolly*, acquitted themselves very respectably.

In the Afterpiece of HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS, all the Performers played with their accustomed excellence. Mr. CRAMPTON was encored in a pretty Dance he introduced, and most readily complied with the wishes of the Audience. We have often expressed our admiration of this Farce, and we feel that we like it the more, the oftener we see it.

In consequence of the admirable and judicious arrangements behind the scenes, the performance closed before eleven o'clock.

From the daily influx of fashionable company, we have no doubt that our private Theatricals this year will greatly redound to the advantage of the citizens, to the general benefit of the Charitable Institutions, and to the diffusion among our young gentlemen of a love of home, a contempt of the allurements of folly, and a taste for thinking, conversation, and literary pursuits.

[*Sunday, October 19th*, 1817.]—A very handsome Collection was made, this day, at ST. MARY'S Church, in aid of the Funds of the Fever Hospital. The Sermon was preached by the LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY. His Lordship, we regret to say, was rather indisposed, but he made a very powerful appeal to the humanity of his Auditors, which had a corresponding influence on their minds. Nor did his Lordship rest satisfied with personal exertion. His example illustrated the precepts he so ably enforced by a contribution of 10*l*. The Collectors were, the Countess of ORMONDE attended by Lord MONCK, the Countess of KILKENNY by Lord VALENTIA, the Hon. Mrs. FOWLER by RICHARD POWER, Esq. and Mrs. JOHN POWER, by the Hon. the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. As Donations are still sending in, we cannot tell the amount of the Receipts, but we have reason to believe that it will be greater than usual, from the vast influx of strangers in the Town. All the Gentlemen of the Theatre attended, according to annual custom.

[FIFTH NIGHT.—*Monday, October 20th*, 1817.]—This Evening the Comedy of ALL IN THE WRONG, with the Musical Farce of LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS, was performed to the most numerous and fashionable Audience that we have yet seen this season. The House was literally crowded to excess, and the Boxes exhibited a display of splendour, elegance, and beauty, such as, owing to the ruinous *Anglo-mania* that prevails among the higher classes, can seldom be collected together at any assembly in Ireland. Never have we witnessed a performance go off with more spirit, or one at which the Audience expressed a more unanimous and decided approbation.

Had we seen Mr. CORRY for the *first time* this evening, his performance of *Sir John Restless* would have been sufficient to stamp him, in our opinion, as an Actor of great and pre-eminent excellence. MURPHY'S Play of ALL IN THE WRONG is a Comedy of the *old School*, the materials of which are well put together, and it requires the Actors in it to possess a soundness of judgment, and nicety of discrimination, not very essential to the ephemeral productions of the *new School*.

The *Sir John Restless* of Mr. CORRY was a first-rate performance. This distinguished Actor always possesses himself of the spirit of his Author. Throughout the whole performance, a consistency of character was supported, which heightened the effect of every scene in which he was concerned. The earnestness with which he entreats his servant to give the information he desires, to the supposed paramour of *Lady Restless*, the uneasiness he expresses at her imaginary deviation from the path of rectitude, and his upbraiding of his Lady, all exhibited those nice and delicate touches, which we can never expect to see but in Performers of the highest eminence. We have no hesitation in stating it as our decided opinion, that the modern Stage cannot boast of a Performer superior to Mr. CORRY in this character.

The jealous, yet delicate, the angry, yet fond lover, found in Mr. POWER'S *Beverley*, an admirable representative. To those who know this highly esteemed and distinguished individual, it might be sufficient to say, that in characters which require a suavity of disposition and gentlemanly deportment, Mr. POWER appears to equal advantage on the stage, as in private life. He has an earnestness of manner, an intelligent eye and countenance, which give great effect to his acting; and we think *Mr. Beverley*, in this Play, one of his happiest efforts. His scene with *Lady Restless*, where she acquaints him with the supposed falsehood of his mistress, was a *chef d'œuvre*. His mind must have been worked into the idea, that he was the very *Beverley* himself—he saw no auditory—he was wrapt up in the contemplation of his own heart-rending disappointment; and so perfect was the illusion, that the whole Audience seemed to feel that his were *real* woes. Here is the line in which he shines unclouded; his chastened judgment, pure heart, and polished manners, all combine to place him among the foremost of this high walk of Comedy.

We congratulate Mr. SKINNER on a manifest improvement in his style of acting, since he first appeared on our boards. He has fully justified the opinion we expressed of his talents and good sense. His *Belmont* this evening was correct and animated, nor could we wish, or expect to see it better performed.

Sir William Belmont and *Mr. Blandford*, are not prominent characters in the Play; they were, however, ably represented by Lord MONCK and Mr. CUMMIN. The *Robert* of Mr. FOX was characteristic of the faithful domestic; and Mr. R. POWER, jun. acquitted himself with great credit in the part of *Brush*.

We never saw Miss WALSTEIN to greater advantage than in *Lady Restless*. She was faithful to her author, and animated in her illustration of his meaning; she exhibited throughout, the insatiable curiosity of the character with true *feminine* feeling and anxiety. No fair opinion of this lady's *Lady Restless* can be formed, except by personal attention to her performance of the character. Her uneasy eye, her keen and searching look, her agony of mind and malignant joy on the apparent confirmation of her suspicions as to the fidelity of a husband on whom she dotes, even when she appears to hate him, were exquisitely affect-

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ing. In a word, it was as fine a display of dramatic genius as any stage could afford.

Mrs. Clarke, in her performance of *Belinda*, sustained the reputation she has obtained at Kilkenny. The stage arrangements have not furnished many opportunities for this lady to appear in this line of acting. She pleased and surprised us in *Belinda*.

Miss Kelly was a capital representative of *Clarissa*; and the characters of *Tattle*, *Tippet*, and *Marmalet*, were well supported by Mrs. M'Culloch, Miss Curtis, and Mrs. Jones.

Love Laughs at Locksmiths was admirably performed throughout. Mr. M'Casky's *Captain Beldare* was in his usual style of excellence. He introduced, with fine effect, the celebrated Song of, "*As burns the charger when he hears the trumpet sound*," which was rapturously applauded. The *Risk* of Mr. Corry was in his own superior manner; and the Song of "*A Woman is like*," was universally *encored*. It would be impossible to bring forward a better *Totterton* than that of Mr. Cummin. Lord Monck gave another proof of his zeal and attention to character by his performance of *Vigil*. The *Solomon Lob* of Mr. George Helsham was better than we could have expected, but it might have been filled with more effect by others of the Company. Miss Kelly sustained the character of *Lydia* with great ability; and at the falling of the Curtain, expressions of delight were strongly proclaimed by the Audience, at the whole of the performances of this Evening.

[*Tuesday, October 21st*, 1817.]—The Right Hon. the Countess of Ormonde gave, this day, a splendid *fete champetre* to a very numerous party of the fashionable company who now honour Kilkenny by their presence, at her delightful mansion near Castlecomer. After the *dejeune*, the gay party enjoyed the beautiful scenery of her Ladyship's extensive demesne, for a considerable time. The large gardens, conservatories, &c. which are kept with a neatness and attention that cannot be surpassed, were all laid open to the company. The promenading of the party along the banks of the silvery lakes, under the shades of rich foliage, and the frequent emerging of groups of beauty and fashion from the groves and plantations, had a most enchanting effect. After enjoying the rural scene for some time, the happy company assembled on the lawn, by which time, a collation of the choicest viands was provided for their refreshment, to the excellency of which they did ample justice.

In the evening, a grand Ball and Supper was given by the lady of Michael Brenan, Esq. at that gentleman's house, in this City. Nearly 300 persons were present.—The attentions of the host and hostess were unremitting and general, throughout the whole evening. The Supper comprised every thing that wealth and judgment could command; and such were the pleasures of the entertainment, that the company did not separate till *five o'clock* in the morning.

[Sixth Night.—*Wednesday, October 22d*, 1817.]—As the time to which the gentlemen of the Theatrical Society have limited their exertions, this season, approximates to a termination, the anxiety of the public, to witness the performances, increases. On this evening the House literally overflowed, and even the lobbies were crowded; but, owing to the unceasing attentions of the Gentlemen who undertook the duties of Stewards, the most perfect order and regularity were preserved.

The Play was Julius Cæsar; the cast of the characters, with a few observations on the performance, appeared in *The Moderator* immediately subsequent to its former representation.

Mr. Rothe, who suffered from the effects of a severe cold when he last appeared in the character of *Brutus*, was in excellent voice, and gave to the character all that impressive force and dignity, which might be expected from the virtuous Patriot, the magnanimous Philosopher, "the most illustrious of all the Romans."

Mr. Power, as *Mark Antony*, looked the polished, the elegant, "Revelling" Roman, and performed the part with that truth and ease, by which his performances are so much distinguished. In the well-known Address to the multitude, over the body of the murdered *Cæsar*, his voice and manner were so suited to his purpose, that the deaf must have known he was an adroit Courtier, playing on the passions of an ignorant multitude.

Of Mr. Becher's *Cassius*, this evening, we can only say, he surpassed himself on the former representation of this Play. His whole performance was enriched with striking beauties.

In Mr. Corry's *Casca*, the portrait of the indignant and *cynical* Roman was painted with his usual felicity. The business and bustle of the last act were kept up with great spirit. The processions, incidental to the Piece, were magnificent and well arranged; and the whole performance went off with great *eclat*.

The Interlude of Sylvester Daggerwood was introduced, in consequence of the unavoidable postponement of the Afterpiece.

A Divertissement, highly amusing in its way, closed the Evening's Entertainment, in which Mr. Crampton, Mr. J. Power, jun. and Captain Butler, displayed some most excellent dancing. The two young *Ladies* captivated us by their appearance and manners. They danced with a *modesty*, and ease, that rendered them not unworthy of imitation among *other* Ladies we could mention. Lord Monck and Captain Straker were highly diverting as an *Old Woman*, and an *Old Man*. Mr. J. Bushe made a most excellent *Buffo* Lover; and nothing could exceed the gratification of the Audience at their Night's Entertainment.

After all we have said of the Plays, the Balls, and the Parties of the last fortnight, it will not surprise our readers at a distance, to learn, that fashionable arrivals are still taking place daily.

A very general wish prevails, that the gentlemen of the Theatrical Society would extend the season for another

week; and we have reason to believe, that there will be a general call, to that effect, in the house. Nearly as many ladies and gentlemen were unavoidably refused admission, last night, as were within the walls of the Theatre; and every seat is engaged already for this evening.

[*Thursday, October 23d*, 1817.]—The Ball at the Assembly Room this night, exceeded in splendour, rank, and numbers, any former meeting at that place. The receipts for admission produced a valuable accession to the Charitable Funds of the City. The grand and joyous party began to break up about *one o'clock*, and at *two*, nearly all the rank and fashion of the Town sat down to an elegant Supper at the PALACE. It is needless to say any thing of the entertainment: it was precisely what might be expected from the munificent hospitality of the LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY, and the refined taste of his amiable Lady.

[SEVENTH NIGHT.—*Friday, October 24th*, 1817.]—The House, this evening, was crowded beyond all precedent. The *coup d'œil* was grand in the extreme. The Entertainments for the night, were the Tragedy of MACBETH, and the Farce of THE HOTEL.

The Editors of SHAKESPEARE justly observe, that, in the Tragedy of MACBETH is combined all that is terrific and sublime. The story is founded on Scottish History, and may be found in the Chronicles of HOLLINSHED. It was this Tragedy which conferred upon SHAKESPEARE the distinguished honor of receiving a letter from his Sovereign, JAMES THE FIRST, written in his Majesty's own hand, to testify his admiration of this work. STEVENS calls it the first of all dramatic enjoyments, and the moral tendency of the piece, pointing to one great sacred precept, "Thou shalt do no murder," renders it one of the most useful, and impressive lessons, which the Stage exhibits.

The character of *Macbeth*, as drawn by our immortal bard, has ever been considered as one of the most difficult for an Actor to sustain with effect, and never was Mr. POWER, the hero of the night, more completely in the full exercise of all his former energies.

In the soliloquy, previous to the murder of *Duncan*, when he starts at the "air-drawn dagger," and in the one subsequent to the commission of the crime, he exhibited all the fear, the terror, the remorse, natural to a mind urged to the commission of a crime by ambition, and afterwards revolting at the atrocity of the act he had perpetrated. Mr. POWER has a singular command of countenance, and he marked the passages he delivered in these scenes with a felicity of expression, of which any remark of ours can give but a faint idea.

We were particularly struck with his delivery of the following passage:

"There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep."

"One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us."

When urged, by *Lady Macbeth*, to return to the Chamber which had been the scene of his crime, his manner of replying to her was peculiarly forcible—

"I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I *dare not*."

In the banquet scene, when alarmed by the vision of the ghost, Mr. POWER's sudden starts and writhings perfected the illusion, and the Audience testified their sense of his merit by long and continued applause. His delivery of the soliloquy, on being made acquainted with the death of the Queen, was highly impressive; and here the greatest possible effect was given to the lines of the Poet—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."—

In short, we have never seen Mr. POWER to greater advantage than on this evening; and we were delighted to find, that the health of this estimable gentleman was so perfectly restored, as to enable him to undertake, and so completely to succeed in, a task of so much difficulty, and one that requires so much exertion. Of his superior conception of the part we were perfectly aware.

The interesting character of *Macduff* found, in Mr. ROTHE, an excellent representative, and we frankly say, we never before saw it so well performed on any Stage. The heart-felt agony he expressed, on receiving the intelligence of the murder of his wife and children, came home to the hearts and feelings of his Auditors, whose sympathy was expressed by sighs, and tears.

Mr. BECHER imparted to the character of *Banquo* all the interest of which it is capable; and we scarcely think, after a critical observation of the leading Performers of the day, that the Metropolitan Theatre could furnish, in one Company, three *professional* Performers of greater talent than our *amateur* representatives of *Macbeth*, *Macduff*, and *Banquo*.

It is but little praise to Mr. CORRY to say, that the short though interesting character of *Rosse* was most admirably performed by this gentleman.

The *Hecate* of Mr. CRAMPTON was in his usual excellent style; and Mr. M'CASKY, whose vocal powers are of a very superior description, was in fine voice, as the first *Singing Witch*. The three *Speaking Witches* were well sustained by Lord MONCK, Captain BUTLER, and Mr. FOX; there was none of that mummery in their performance, with which we have been often disgusted by Actors of inferior judgment.

Miss WALSTEIN, as *Lady Macbeth*, appeared to much advantage. Every time we see her in those striking cha-

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racters that are more peculiarly in her own sphere, we are the more surprised that her talents have latterly been suffered to lie dormant in Dublin, a city noted for refined taste and discernment of talent.

The splendour of the banquet was rather suited, we must say, to a country of a cloudless sky, than to that of Scotia in the olden time. Instead of melons, peaches, jellies, and ices, "a gude cog of kale brose," would have been more characteristic of the manners of the age and country in which the scene is laid. With the exception of this error, one that universally prevails, the appointments were of the most elegant and appropriate nature; and the gratification of the Audience throughout, was manifested by loud and reiterated bursts of applause.

After the Play, the Divertissement noticed in our last was repeated, and the different Performers acquitted themselves in a way highly amusing to the Audience. The dancing, particularly the *waltzing*, was of a very superior description.

The Afterpiece was THE HOTEL. In the humorous character of *Lazarillo*, Mr. CORRY acquitted himself in his usual excellent manner. The ludicrous perplexities and difficulties of the servant with two masters, were highly amusing. Mrs. CLARKE, in the attire of the Spanish Cavalier, was graceful, easy, and spirited. Where humour and archness are required, she is always admirable. The other characters of this Farce, give but little scope to talent; but the whole was well supported, and the piece was carried through with great spirit and *eclat*.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF MACBETH.—To attempt such a Play, before such an Audience, as MACBETH, on a private Stage, required no little daring. There was to be encountered not only the appalling difficulty of the chief parts, but the extraordinary and unusual business behind the scenes, and the numerous underparts where fame could not be hoped. Besides, a chorus of Singing Witches was to be regulated, and if any *hitch* took place, the interest of the whole was sure to be destroyed. All was achieved—all was got up not only with propriety, but with imposing splendour; and the voluntary discipline which was observed, and the gratuitous exertions of all, gave the most unequivocal proof of their esteem for the Manager.

MACBETH is one of the master-pieces of our great Poet. Our limits do not admit of expatiating upon the grand conception, the perfect knowledge, the critical research, which were manifested by Mr. R. POWER in this arduous character. The general effect throughout, from the contention of feelings in the beginning, to the bustle at the end of the Play, was manifested by an enlightened Audience in every manner that rapturous admiration could adopt for its expression. His scene after the murder of the King, when every limb and every feature, exhibited a paralyzed suspension of his faculties, cannot be conceived by those who have not witnessed it. "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Aye, would thou couldst," was delivered in a manner so impregnated with feeling, and with such a sinking of the heart, that all our horror at the murder was softened, at the moment, into a sense of pity at the inward sufferings of the murderer; his subsequent exclamation of "Oh full of scorpions is my mind" appeared the more real, and was the more felt by the Audience.

On the whole, we speak here of Mr. RICHARD POWER, not as an *Amateur*, but as an Actor, who has succeeded in achieving what is the ambition of the greatest *professional* talent to arrive at: and we heartily congratulate him on having completely justified, on this night, the expectation of the fullest House *ever* known at our Theatre.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

This distinguished character, as announced in our last, arrived at the Hibernian Hotel this evening, and proceeded to the Theatre, which he reached shortly after the beginning of the Play. Efforts were made by the populace to Chair him to the House, which he succeeded in defeating; but he was not able to prevent an immense concourse of people from following him there, who cheered him all the way. Upon entering the Theatre, he was saluted from the Galleries with a general plaudit, which he respectfully acknowledged; but the progress of the performance suffered no further interruption for the remainder of the night. He remains here the whole of to-morrow, and will attend the Theatre again to-morrow night.

[EIGHTH AND LAST NIGHT.—*Saturday, October 25th*, 1817.]—This Evening, the KILKENNY THEATRICAL SOCIETY closed the Season, with the Tragedy of OTHELLO, and the Musical afterpiece of the CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

The *Othello* of Mr. ROTHE has been long known, and his success in that character is so fully acknowledged by the Nobility and Gentry who visit our City to witness the Kilkenny Theatricals, that we feel diffident in attempting a review of his performance this evening, which he certainly never surpassed. From the moment of his appearing on the Stage to the fall of the Curtain, his power over the Audience was as indescribable as their emotion. His Address to the Senate was given in a chaste and happy manner. There was none of that ranting or violence of expression, that so often disfigure the character. It was the simple utterance of the heart—a plain, unvarnished tale; but delivered with such feeling as to electrify the Audience for some minutes, who evinced their admiration by rapturous plaudits. The subsequent scenes, in which *Iago* plays upon the affections and credulity of *Othello*, until he draws him into a suspicion of his wife's fidelity, were admirably performed; and the final transport and passion of the *Moor*, at the imagined incontinence of his wife, were portrayed with the most happy effect. His delivery of the following passage excited the most lively and poignant sensations throughout the House—

O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* occupation's gone!

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Look here, *Iago;*
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis for aspicks' tongues!

During the whole of the performance, Mr. Rothe was entirely the *Othello* of the immortal Bard; of the truth of which opinion the Audience gave continued testimony, by the most rapturous applauses. If he appeared exhausted for a moment, it was precisely what might be expected from the whirlwind of his passion.

Mr. Becher performed the part of *Iago*. It was his first appearance in this arduous and difficult character, and it was a most successful one. We have seen another *Iago* upon our Boards, and seen him with that admiration that would have made us fearful of Mr. Becher's success, had we not seen his *Shylock;* but the consummate art and malignant disposition of the hypocritical *Iago* were portrayed by him in a most masterly manner. All the difficult points in this character were illustrated with a justness and discrimination which evinced a complete possession of the author, and the peculiar genius of the performer. He has a command of face and frame, in such characters, beyond that of most Actors. We do not except Kean, whose best touches are too often beyond nature. Mr. Becher always conceives strongly, but strictly according to truth.

Mr. Crampton was an admirable representative of *Cassio*, though, in the scene when he becomes inebriated, he did not support the assertion, that he had "but poor and unhappy brains for drinking," as he certainly quaffed, (we believe good claret,) with as much spirit as he played; and perhaps the pericranium of any one but that of a *bon vivant* would have been affected by his copious libations. Mr. Skinner supported the character of *Roderigo* very respectably; and Mr. Corry gave unusual importance to that of *Brabantio*.

Miss Walstein performed the part of *Desdemona* in her usual superior style. In the trying and painful scenes towards the close of the Piece, the language of her looks was strikingly impressive. Miss Kelly's *Emilia* was above mediocrity, but would have been still better if she had been a little more grave in her anger.

After the Play, Mr. Richard Power, the highly esteemed founder and manager of the Theatrical Society, came forward, and delivered, with exquisite taste, feeling, and effect, an appropriate Address, from the same classic pen, we believe, that supplied the opening one.

The Afterpiece was the Castle of Andalusia, in which, Mr. M'Casky performed the character of *Don Cæsar*, and was much and deservedly applauded in the songs of "Flow thou regal purple stream," and, "The Wolf." Mr. Corry was the representative of the whimsical *Pedrillo*, which he performed with his usual vivacity. Mr. George Helsham appeared in the amusing and difficult part of *Spado*. For so young a Performer, he was very successful in it, but we missed the *Spado* of former times, and we suspect that *Pedrillo* must have missed him too.

At the close of the Farce, all the Members of the Theatrical Society, then in town, and the different female Performers, came forward, and sang, "*God save the King;*" in the *chorus* of which, the Audience heartily joined. When the Curtain fell, there was a very general call for "another week's performance," on which, Mr. R. Power came forward, and, in a brief Address, which was loudly cheered, he assured the Audience, that a compliance with the general wish then expressed, would have afforded the highest gratification to the Members of the Society, but that, from their private arrangements previously made, he found it would be impracticable; that, as they parted however with reluctance, he hoped they should meet with pleasure next year; but that, for the *present*, he must respectfully bid them *farewel*.

Thus has terminated a Season of unexampled success, after a lapse of years which made us fear these elegant entertainments were abandoned for ever. The advantage to the Town and to the Charities has been great, and much gratitude is due by the Citizens, to the high and distinguished characters who compose the Theatrical Society.

[*Monday, October 27th*, 1817.]—The streets of Kilkenny present a very different aspect now from what they did the last fortnight. Then they were crowded with fashionable visiters: now, in the language of Bond-street, "all the world is out of town." The bustle of last week makes the stillness of the present peculiarly striking.

The point of attraction, this day, was Borris, the hospitable Mansion of Walter Kavanagh, Esq., where a very large party were sumptuously and elegantly entertained; and from which the strangers struck off to their respective homes. During the continuance of the Plays, the weather was fine, dry, and temperate, which greatly enhanced the pleasures of our visiters.—Late on Saturday evening the weather broke, and rain fell during the whole of the night. Sunday, however, was again fine, but the rain this morning was very heavy. The atmosphere cleared again about Eleven o'Clock in the forenoon, and the day continued favourable for the *fete* at Borris.

We have not space to enlarge on the advantages which the City has derived from the immense expenditure of money by the fashionable strangers who came to witness our Theatricals this season. The eight Plays produced £1040, the two Balls £180, and the Charity Sermon £110, amounting together to One Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty Pounds.

The very heavy expenses attending the refitting and getting up of the interior of the Theatre, &c. &c. will consume a great part of this sum. The Charitable Institutions will, however, receive a liberal proportion of it. Next year, which promises a fuller attendance than ever, the expenses will be comparatively trifling, and the proceeds for the Charities proportionably greater.

Our Visiters were composed of individuals of the highest rank, and of different political parties, yet all was harmony and happiness; for what have Politics to do with such a Meeting as ours? Sir Francis Burdett was surprised and gratified beyond measure, at the excellency of the

1817.

performances, the splendour of the House, and the beauty and fashion of the crowd he saw, and has expressed his determination to visit the elegant entertainments of our Theatre at some future Season.

ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD POWER, Esq.

On the closing of the Kilkenny Theatre in 1817.

BY A LADY.

The scene has clos'd, the mimic toil is o'er,
The Curtain falls,—to rise, alas! no more;
Falls,—while warm plaudits, free and unrepress'd,
Spontaneous burst from each delighted breast;
Falls,—and in vain the still unsated crowd,
With eager prayer, and supplication loud,
Hail the lov'd Ruler of this festive band,
Whose *word* is law, whose *wish* a soft command;
Whose subjects, glorying in the yoke they own,
Feel its soft pressure in their *hearts* alone,
And ask *his* mandate still for kind delays—
More classic nights—more social, joyous days.
Ah, no! such fairy moments soon are past,
Such halcyon days, too brilliant long to last:
With lingering steps, reluctant, all depart,
From scenes that glad the eye, and mend the heart;
And that *last* summons from the prompter's bell,
Seems, of departing gaiety, the knell!—

But see, while yet the brilliant pageant flies,
Pleasures in *other* semblance, quick arise.
Far *other* scenes each Actor's heart engage,
And win our classic heroes from the Stage:
Sports, half-forgot beneath the Drama's reign,
Now claim their eager votaries once again;
And those great powers that charm'd a listening throng,
And led our hearts, in magic chains, along,
Now leave such conquests for a nobler game,
And rest their glories on another fame—
A chase well follow'd, or a fence well cross'd,
And all the *Actor* 's in the *Sportsman* lost.

And now, when sated with a world's applause,
To tranquil shades our *Manager* withdraws;
In scenes domestic, shuns th' admiring gaze,
And o'er a narrow circle sheds his rays.
Oh say! may one, who feels the kindling glow
His *public talents* on the heart bestow,
And, prouder far the privilege, reveres
The *private virtue* that his home endears;
Who boasts no critic lore, no *kindred* fire,
Her only wish to see and to admire—
May *she* approach, with salutation rude,
The calm retreat of Genius, nor intrude,
To add one leaflet to his wreath of bays,
And one small voice to choruses of praise?
And oh! will he, whose excellence demands
The incense of a thousand hearts and hands,
To humbler tributes kind indulgence lend,
And shine alike, the *Actor*, and the *Friend*?

The following is a list of our Visiters this Season, unavoidably incomplete from the hurry in which it has been made:

Dowager Countess of Ormonde and Ossory, Earl and Countess of Desart, Earl and Countess of Carrick, Viscount Monck, Viscount Valentia, Countess of Kilkenny, Viscountess Mountjoy and the Hon. Miss Gardiner, the Bishop of Waterford and the Hon. Mrs. and Miss Bourke's, the Hon. Mrs. Fowler, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Kavanagh, the Solicitor-General, the Hon. Mrs. John Bushe, Mrs. and Miss Bushe's, Lady Elizabeth Nugent and Miss Crampton, Mr. C. Barker Ponsonby, Lady Harriet, Miss Ponsonby and Mr. John Ponsonby, Lady Cecilia and Misses La Touche, Colonel Robert La Touche, the Hon. Pierce Butler, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Wheeler and Lady Cuffe, Sir Robert and Lady Langrishe, Sir Richard and Lady Butler, Sir Judkin and Lady Fitzgerald, Sir William and Lady Charlotte Homan, Sir Willliam Borrowes, Sir John Blunden, Sir Henry and Lady Wilkinson, Sir William Stamer, Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Ossory and Mrs. Bourke, Dean of Lismore and Mrs. Scott, Archdeacon of Ossory and Mrs. Helsham, Hon. and Rev. James Butler, Mr. Kavanagh, of Borris, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Monck Mason, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. St. George, Mr. and Mrs. George Hill, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wall, Rev. James Marshall, Rev. Edward Hunt, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Kearney and Family, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lidiard, Mr. Gregory, and Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory, Colonel and Mrs. Kane, Colonel and Mrs. Wray Palliser, Mr. and the Misses Browne, General Brownrigg, General and Miss Fyers, Mrs. and the Misses Bruen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruen, Colonel and the Misses Gore, Mr. Flood, of Farmley, Colonel and Mr. F. Loftus, Mrs. Jephson, Miss Franks, Miss Kennington, Mr. French, Mr. Lombard, Mr. John Wrixon, Mrs. Meara, of Willbrook, and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greene, of Greenville, Mr. and Mrs. Power O'Shee, Mr. and Mrs. Power, of Belview, Mr. and Mrs. John Power, of Kilfane, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bushe, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bushe, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, of Johnstown, Mrs. Rothe and the Misses Rothe, Mrs. James Corry, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, the High Sheriff and Mrs. Neville, Captain and Mrs. Fleming, and the Misses Congreve, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, of the Grove, and Family, Mr. Henry Alcock, Major and Mrs. Izod, Mr. and the Misses Colclough, Mr. and Mrs. Creagh, Mrs. R. Butler and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Aylward and Family, Major Keatinge, C. B. and Miss Denn, Mr. Drought and Family, Mr. and the Misses Shee, Mr. and Miss Fitzgerald, Mr. Flood, of View-mount, and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Brenan and Family, Mrs. Hemsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Burgh, Mr. and the Misses Durdeon, Mr. J. Helsham and Family, Colonels Bedage, Brooke, Debbigg, Airy, Tolly, Wemys, &c. Captains Gore, Griffiths, &c. Messrs. Waring, Doyne, T. C. Duffy, Uniacke, Perry, Poe, &c. &c. &c.

1818.

Complimentary Dinner

TO

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

(Freeman's Journal, Wednesday, June 10th, 1818.)

A convivial Meeting was never yet assembled, more animated by enthusiasm, harmony, and good humour, nor one of a graver character ever more dignified, by a chaste and manly tone of patriotic feeling, than that which met at Dinner on *Monday* last, in compliment to Mr. Thomas Moore.

To claim *him*, as our *own*, in whom Genius of the very highest order is blended with all that is noble in public, and all that is amiable in private life, is the honorable distinction of our Country; but, that that Country is able to number among her sons so many, who have heads to comprehend, and hearts to feel, and courage to avow their affection for him, is still a prouder boast.

The Earl of Charlemont was in the Chair. "The Bard of Erin" sat on the right hand of his Lordship; the venerable father of the Poet was on his left. The Chair of the Vice-President was filled by the Viscount Allen.

Morrison's Great Room was full on the occasion, for the number of persons present was little short of Three Hundred.

* * *

[*We are aware that the proceedings of a* Public Meeting, *intended as a complimentary tribute to the poetical talents, and personal worth of* Mr. Moore, *do not immediately connect themselves with the present collection, but still we venture to believe, that an* extract *of what passed, upon the following* Toast *being announced from the Chair, will not be deemed wholly irrelevant.*]

* * *

The Noble Chairman then gave,

"Richard Power, Esq. and the Kilkenny Theatrical Society, of which Mr. Moore is a distinguished Member."

After the general applause with which the toast was received had in some degree subsided, Mr. Corry, one of the Members of this Society, rose and said:—

My Lord Charlemont and Gentlemen, in the name of Mr. Richard Power, and of the Association at Kilkenny, over which he presides, I beg leave to thank you for the honor which you have conferred upon him, and them. It is the pride and boast of the little Stage of Kilkenny, that Mr. Moore has often enlivened it by his comic talents, and for ever distinguished it, by having recited on its boards, some of the sweetest effusions of his own Poetry. That his talents should have been conspicuous among us as a Dramatic Poet, you can easily understand, but it is curious, and amusing to observe, that he was no less distinguished, for being one of the best Actors of us all.—(*Laughter and Applause.*)

It may be thought presumptuous to speak of an Establishment, the occupations of which appear, perhaps, to those at a distance, to bear too much the character of *levity* to be a fit subject for any *serious* notice; but let it be remembered that it is one, which is at least productive of much friendly association, a desirable object to effect in any country, but particularly in one, where hostile feelings too often separate those, whose common interest it is to live in harmony, and happiness with each other; nor let it be forgotten of the Kilkenny Theatre, that while it contributes to the pleasures of the affluent, it has been able to effect the much nobler purpose of alleviating the misfortunes of the indigent.—(*Long and loud cheering.*)

But if, my Lord, apology were necessary, for dwelling for a moment, upon such an institution, none I am sure is requisite for speaking, with less reserve, of the estimable, and amiable character, who presides over it, (*tumultuous applause*) one whose absence from the kingdom at present, we have so much reason to regret; a man—how shall I venture to describe him—who by the possession of every accomplishment, and the practice of every virtue that can adorn, or dignify our nature, is respected, and beloved among every association of Irishmen, of every rank, and condition whatever. I cannot raise him more, my Lord, in the estimation of those, whom I have the honor to address, than by saying, that he is distinguished, in the highest degree, by your Lordship's friendship; but, Gentlemen, he must be dear to us all, as the devoted, and enthusiastic admirer, the fast and firm friend, of our highly gifted countryman, whose worth and talents we are met to celebrate.

* * *

1818.

Thirteenth Season.

1818,

Commenced the 21st September, and closed the 10th October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. E. Glascock.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. Dixon.
Mr. Becher.	Mr. M'Casky.
Mr. Crampton.	Mr. Belli.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. A. Mac Lean, jun.
Lord Monck.	Mr. Robert Burke.
Mr. Annesley.	Mr. Anderson.
Mr. H. B. Gyles.	Mr. Luard.
Mr. R. Langrishe.	Mr. Bryan.
Mr. R. Rothe.	Mr. Bourke.
Mr. Roper.	Mr. G. Rothe.
Mr. H. A. Bushe.	Mr. T. Hill.
Mr. C. Bushe.	Mr. R. Helsham.
Mr. T. Bushe.	Mr. Shee.
Mr. A. Bushe.	Mr. Keatinge.
Mr. J. Power, jun.	Mr. Greene.
Mr. R. Power, jun.	Mr. Fleming.
Mr. Smyly.	Mr. Marshall.

Masters L. Rothe, and G. Dalton.

Miss Walstein.	Miss Stephens.
Miss A. Walstein.	Miss Rock.
Miss Kelly.	Miss Curtis.
Mrs. Clarke.	Mrs. M'Culloch.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. Barton.

PROLOGUE

Written by Mrs. Power, and Spoken by Mr. R. Power.

To Congress now debating monarchs hie,
Resolv'd to settle Europe's destiny;
Whilst equal cares within our bosoms beat—
We, mimic monarchs of the buskin, meet,
Anxious to keep, amidst revolving years,
Our ancient empire o'er your smiles, and tears.

Tho' threat'ning clouds hung o'er our classic Dome,
Hope's cheering influence dissipates the gloom,
Bids us come forth, and lightens half our pain,
With happier omens here we meet again;
Here, on this spot, endear'd by every tie
Of friendship, beauty, kindness, charity:
And proud our boast, if, in our native Isle,
Our humble efforts teach those lips to smile,
Or, from such beauteous eyes, their tears beguile.

Oh, much lov'd Erin! would thy sons, who roam,
Exert their talents, not despise their home;
Then might this Isle, depress'd and sunk in fame,
With other nations proudly rank her name.
Has not their genius shone through foreign climes
In Wellington, the wonder of our times?
Whose glorious deeds the vanquish'd e'en revere;
Transcendent talents mark his bright career!
To him united Europe trusts the sword,
To draw, or sheathe it, as he gives the word.
With pride old Leinster sent her warriors forth,
Renown'd in arms, belov'd for private worth.
What name more high than Pack among the brave?
Or Ponsonby, just rescu'd from the grave?
Boast we not Grattan's high unsullied name,
The truest Patriot in the list of Fame?
Who, scorning party praise, and blame withstood,
One glorious object his—his Country's good.
Does Erin want a Bard her name to raise,
While Moore, fresh-crown'd with never-fading bays,
Unrivall'd, sings his own harmonious lays?
What varied talents to our Bar belong,
Applauding senates hang on Plunket's tongue;
And in our Bushe's gifted mind conspire
The Statesman's wisdom, with the Poet's fire.
Then fair O'Neil ranks first on Britain's Stage,
While Edgeworth gives to youth the sense of age,
And all admire O'Donnell's Patriot page.

With such rare talents is our Isle still blest,
How many more, alas! have sunk to rest.
For thee, sublimest Burke, shall memory glow,
For Sheridan our tears still fondly flow:
But he shall live while genius holds her seat,
His classic Plays present our proudest treat:
Nor would immortal Shakespeare's self refuse
To share your plaudits with our much lov'd muse.

Thus while I try to paint my Country's merits,
And shew what native gifts this Isle inherits,
Still every dearer blessing she derives
From her fair maidens, and her peerless wives;
And we, from High authority can boast,
That Erin's Daughters was our Viceroy's toast.

Then let us prize those gifts that we possess,
Nor by contemning, make our little less;
Let each his efforts try—on us depends
That happy task—to please indulgent friends;
Be it our pride to find, where'er we roam,
" Our first, best Country ever is at home."

Monday, 21st September, 1818.

First Night.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Sir Bashful Constant		Mr. Corry.
Sir Brilliant Fashion		Mr. Crampton.
Lovemore	...	Mr. R. Power.
William	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
Sideboard	...	Lord Monck.
John	...	Mr. Smyly.
Pompey	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Lady Constant	...	Miss Curtis.
Widow Belmour	...	Miss Walstein.
Mrs. Lovemore	...	Miss Kelly.
Muslin	...	Mrs. Clarke.
Mignionet	...	Miss Rock.
Furnish	...	Mrs. M'Culloch,

1818.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

Tristram Fickle	...	Mr. Crampton.
Old Fickle	...	Mr. Roper.
Briefwit	...	Lord Monck.
Sneer	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Gardener	...	Mr. Smyly.
Barber	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
Variella	...	Miss Rock.
Ready	...	Miss Curtis.

Wednesday, 23d September, 1818.

Second Night.

CORIOLANUS.

ROMANS.

Coriolanus	...	Mr. Becher.
Young Marcius	...	Master Gustav. Dalton.
Cominius	...	Mr. Annesley.
Menenius	...	Mr. Roper.
Sicinius	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Brutus	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Fulvius	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
Appius	...	Mr. Shee.
Citizens	...	Mr. Crampton. Mr. Smyly. Mr. T. Bushe.
Volumnia	...	Miss Walstein.
Virgilia	...	Miss Kelly.
Valeria	...	Mrs. Clarke.
Servilia	...	Miss Curtis.

VOLSCIANS.

Tullus Aufidius	...	Mr. R. Power.
Volusius	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Sextus	...	Mr. Marshall.
Lucius	...	Mr. Dixon.
Officer	...	Mr. J. Power, jun.

THE LIAR.

Old Wilding	...	Mr. Corry.
Young Wilding	...	Mr. R. Power.
Papillion	...	Mr. Crampton.
Sir James Elliot	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
James	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
John	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Miss Grantham	...	Miss Kelly.
Miss Godfrey	...	Miss Curtis.
Kitty	...	Mrs. Clarke.

Friday, 25th September, 1818.

Third Night.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle	...	Mr. Corry.
Sir Oliver Surface	...	M. Becher.
Joseph Surface	...	Mr. Rothe.
Charles Surface	...	Mr. R. Power.
Careless	...	Mr. Smyly.
Crabtree	...	Mr. Crampton.
Sir Benjamin Backbite		Mr. Annesley.
Rowley	...	Mr. Roper.
Moses	...	Lord Monck.
Trip	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Snake	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
James	...	Mr. Gyles.

Visiters, Mr. Keating, Mr. Green, Mr. J. Power, jun, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Anderson.

Lady Teazle	...	Miss Walstein.
Lady Sneerwell	...	Mrs. Clarke.
Mrs. Candour	...	Miss Kelly.
Maria	...	Miss Curtis.

OF AGE TO-MORROW.

Frederick	...	Mr. Crampton.
Baron Pifflesberg	...	Lord Monck.
Moleus	...	Mr. Annesley.
Friz	...	Mr. Smyly.
Lady Brumback	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Maria	...	Miss Rock.
Sophia	...	Miss Curtis.

Monday, 28th September, 1818.

Fourth Night.

THE WEST INDIAN.

Belcour	...	Mr. R. Power.
Stockwell	...	Mr. Shee.
Major O'Flaherty	...	Mr. Crampton.
Captain Dudley	...	Mr. Corry.
Ensign Dudley	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Varland	...	Lord Monck.
Fulmer	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Sailor	...	Mr. Gyles.
Stukely	...	Mr. Roper.
Lady Rusport	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Charlotte Rusport	...	Miss Walstein.
Louisa Dudley	...	Miss Curtis.
Mrs. Fulmer	...	Mrs. Clarke.
Lucy	...	Miss Rock.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER.

Robin	...	Mr. Crampton.
Frederick	...	Mr. Glascock.
Crop	...	Mr. M'Casky.
William	...	Mr. Dixon.
Endless	...	Lord Monck.

Sailors, Mr. A. Mac Lean, jun. Mr. Robert Burke.

Margaretta	...	Miss Stephens.
Dorothy	...	Miss Kelly.
Nelly	...	Miss Rock.

1818.

Tuesday, 29th September, 1818.

FIFTH NIGHT.

HAMLET.

KING OF DENMARK	...	Mr. Annesley.
HAMLET	...	Mr. R. Power.
HORATIO	...	Mr. Rothe.
POLONIUS	...	Mr. Corry.
LAERTES	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
MARCELLUS	...	Mr. Dixon.
BERNARDO	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
FRANCISCO	...	Mr. Roper.
OSRICK	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
ROSENCRANTZ	...	Mr. Smyly.
GUILDENSTERN	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
FIRST ACTOR	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
SECOND ACTOR	...	Mr. Marshall.
FRIAR	...	Mr. Shee.
FIRST GRAVE DIGGER	...	Lord Monck.
SECOND GRAVE DIGGER		Mr. Gyles.
GHOST	...	Mr. Becher.
QUEEN OF DENMARK	...	Miss Kelly.
OPHELIA	...	Miss Stephens.
ACTRESS	...	Miss Curtis.

A SELECTION OF MUSIC:

WITH

A DANCE.

Thursday, 1st October, 1818.

SIXTH NIGHT.

RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE.

DUKE OF MEDINA	...	Mr. Shee.
JUAN DE CASTRO	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
MICHAEL PEREZ	...	Mr. Corry.
ALONZO	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
SANCHO	...	Mr. Roper.
LEON	...	Mr. Rothe.
CACAFOGO	...	Lord Monck.
LORENZO	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
VASCO	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
MARGARETTA	...	Miss Kelly.
ESTIFANIA	...	Mrs. Clarke.
ALTEA	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
OLD WOMAN	...	Mr. H. A. Bushe.
MAID SERVANT	...	Mr. Annesley.

THE DIVORCE.

SIR HARRY TRIFLE	...	Mr. R. Power.
QUI TAM	...	Mr. Gyles.
DENNIS DOHERTY	...	Mr. Crampton.
TOM	...	Lord Monck.
LADY HARRIET TRIFLE		Mrs. Clarke.
MRS. ANNISEED	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
BIDDY	...	Miss Curtis.

Saturday, 3d October, 1818.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

KING LEAR.

KING LEAR	...	Mr. Rothe.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
DUKE OF CORNWALL	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
DUKE OF ALBANY	...	Mr. Roper.
EARL OF KENT	...	Mr. Becher.
EARL OF GLOSTER	...	Mr. Annesley.
EDGAR	...	Mr. R. Power.
EDMUND	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
FIRST KNIGHT	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
SECOND KNIGHT	...	Mr. Luard.
THIRD KNIGHT	...	Mr. Dixon.
PHYSICIAN	...	Mr. Bryan.
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD		Mr. Belli.
OFFICER	...	Mr. J. Power, jun.
OSWALD	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
PAGE TO GONERIL	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
PAGE TO REGAN	...	Mr. Fleming.
OLD MAN	...	Mr. Smyly.
EDWARD	...	Mr. Marshall.

Ruffians, Mr. Gyles, Mr. Shee.

CORDELIA	...	Miss A. Walstein.
GONERIL	...	Miss Curtis.
REGAN	...	Mrs. Clarke.
ARANTHE	...	Miss Kelly.

RURAL DIVERTISSEMENT

By Messrs. Crampton, Gyles, T. Bushe, Simon, Miss Rock, &c.

Monday, 5th October, 1818.

EIGHTH NIGHT.

KING JOHN.

JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND		Mr. R. Power.
PRINCE HENRY	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
EARL OF PEMBROKE	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
EARL OF ESSEX	...	Lord Monck.
EARL OF SALISBURY	...	Mr. Roper.
HUBERT	...	Mr. Rothe.
FAULCONBRIDGE	...	Mr. Becher.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE		Mr. Shee.
ENGLISH HERALD	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
FIRST EXECUTIONER	...	Mr. Gyles.
SECOND EXECUTIONER		Mr. J. Power, jun.
PHILIP, KING of FRANCE		Mr. Annesley.
LEWIS, THE DAUPHIN	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
PRINCE ARTHUR	...	Miss Rock.
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA		Mr. Dixon.
CARDINAL PANDULPH	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
CHATILLON	...	Mr. Smyly.
FRENCH HERALD	...	Mr. Luard.
CITIZENS OF ANGIERS	...	Mr. Marshall. Mr. Fleming. Mr. Bourke.
QUEEN ELINOR	...	Miss Kelly.
LADY CONSTANCE	...	Miss Walstein.
BLANCH OF CASTILE	...	Miss Curtis.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE		Mrs. M'Culloch.

1818.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Sir Charles Racket	...	Mr. Corry.
Drugget	...	Lord Monck.
Lady Racket	...	Miss Walstein.
Dimity	...	Mrs. Clarke.

Wednesday, 7th October, 1818.

Ninth Night.

THE GAMESTER.

Beverley	...	Mr. Rothe.
Lewson	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Stukely	...	Mr. R. Power.
Jarvis	...	Mr. Corry.
Bates	...	Mr. Smyly.
Dawson	...	Mr. Roper.
Waiter	...	Mr. Fleming.
Mrs. Beverley	...	Miss Walstein.
Charlotte	...	Miss Kelly.
Lucy	...	Miss Curtis.

THE REVIEW.

Captain Beaugard	...	Mr. Roper.
Deputy Bull	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Caleb Quotem	...	Mr. Gyles.
Sergeant Higginbottom		Mr Smyly.
Looney Mac Toulter		Mr. Annesley.
John Lump	...	Lord Monck.
Dubbs	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Grace Gaylove	...	Miss Curtis.
Lucy	...	Miss Kelly.

Friday, 9th October, 1818.

Tenth Night.

THE RIVALS.

Sir Anthony Absolute		Mr. Corry.
Captain Absolute	...	Mr. R. Power.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger		Mr. Crampton.
Faulkland	...	Mr. Rothe.
Acres	...	Mr. Annesley.
David	...	Lord Monck.
Fag	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Skip	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
John	...	Mr. Fleming.
Mrs. Malaprop	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Julia	...	Miss Walstein.
Lydia Languish	...	Miss Kelly.
Lucy	...	Miss Curtis.

KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Petruchio	...	Mr. Becher.
Baptista	...	Mr. Gyles.
Hortensio	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Music Master	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Biondello	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
Pedro	...	Mr. Smyly.
Grumio	...	Mr. Annesley.
Cook	...	Mr. Fleming.
Nathaniel	...	Mr. G. Rothe.
Gabriel	...	Master L. Rothe.
Gregory	...	Mr. T. Hill.
Adam	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
Walter	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Katharine	...	Miss Walstein.
Bianca	...	Miss Curtis.
Curtis	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.

Saturday, 10th October, 1818.

Eleventh and Last Night.

MACBETH.

Duncan	...	Mr. Smyly.
Malcolm	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Donalbain	...	Mr. Fleming.
Macbeth	...	Mr. R. Power.
Banquo	...	Mr. Becher.
Macduff	...	Mr. Rothe.
Lenox	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
Rosse	...	Mr. Corry.
Fleance	...	Master L. Rothe.
Siward	...	Mr. Shee.
Seyton	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
Physician	...	Mr. R. Rothe.

Officers, Mr. R. Power, jun. Mr. Gyles, &c.

Apparitions, Mr. A. Bushe, Mr. G. Rothe, &c.

Lady Macbeth	...	Miss Walstein.
Gentlewoman	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Hecate	...	Mr. Crampton.

Speaking Witches, Lord Monck, Mr. Annesley, Mr. Roper.

Singing Witches, Mr. M'Casky, Miss Kelly, Miss Rock.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Lovel	...	Lord Monck.
Freeman	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Philip	...	Mr. Smyly.
Tom	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
Coachman	*Servants to*	Mr. Annesley.
Kingston	*Lovel* ...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Cook	...	Mrs. M'Culloch.
Mrs. Kitty	...	Miss Kelly.
Lord Duke	...	Mr. Corry.
Sir Harry	...	Mr. Crampton.
Lady Bab	...	Miss Curtis.
Lady Charlotte	...	Mrs. Clarke.

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The Stage was filled by *all* the Gentlemen who form the Theatrical Society of Kilkenny, and each, as he advanced to speak, was long and loudly cheered; Messrs. R. Power and W. W. Becher came forward first, in front of the whole.

EPILOGUE.

Mr. Becher.
Thus far, thus well,—but are things quite in vogue,
Without a Motto, or an Epilogue?

Mr. Power.
To speak it we could manage, but to write it,
That is the question—

Mr. Becher.
Langrishe will indite it.

Mr. Power.
Full oft did he, with master-hand, portray
The fleeting follies of the various day,
And earn entranc'd applause; yet, would *his* verse
Want half its point, did not *himself* rehearse.

Mr. Becher.
Where then is Harry Bushe?—for him go search ye,

Mr. Power.
He's learning to speak *Scotch*, to play *Sir Archy*.

Mr. Becher.
Where's Gravy Bushe?—he too has been a Poet;

Mr. Power.
"He's done the State some service," and we know it.
He's too much business; what, for nothing count ye,
That he is *Lord Chief Justice* of the *County*?

Mr. Becher.
Well, 'mongst the *youngsters* you may find one handy;

Mr. Power.
How! ask that long tail'd insect call'd a Dandy?
Shall such a thing presume t' assert the Bays,
With iron neckcloth, stiff, and tighten'd stays?
Oh, no; the well curl'd head of such an elf
Is full of little, but its little self.

Mr. Becher.
Well, try the Ladies;—

Mr. Power.
They will ne'er be able,
'Midst all the chaos and the din of * *Babel;*
Besides, already in each part has beauty,
Audience and Actor, well perform'd its duty.

Mr. Becher.
Well then, let's each, as he can best proceed,
Take his unwilling leave;—Agreed.

Mr. Power.——————Agreed.

Omnes.——————Agreed.

* A familiar appellation given to the usual Supper after the Play, where every one had something to *say*, but not always plenty to *eat*.—*Vox et præterea nihil.*

Mr. Power.
Ladies and Gentlemen, most vain 't would be,
In th' hour of pride, to affect humility;
Yes, I am proud, most proud, while I survey
My enlarg'd dominions, and extended sway;
(*Pointing to the splendid Green-Room newly built.*)
And prouder still to think what stars benign,
So thick, so brilliant, on those regions shine;
Where one-night monarchs hold their short-liv'd reign,
The next fair Venus, and her dancing train.

Mr. Becher.
Here Caius Coriolanus bends, t' entreat
(A suppliant Candidate,) your "*voices sweet;*"
Should you elect him, ever 't will appear,
He held his country, than himself, more dear.

Mr. Crampton.
Secure to meet, (whate'er the humble cause,)
Indulgence kind, or more than just applause;
Howe'er each character his parts may suit,
Crampton is always yours, from head to * *foot.*

Miss. Walstein.
Macbeth's Queen curtsies; nor could Neptune find
Enough to wash your kindness from her mind;
Her vaunting, high ambition here you load,
Ev'n to the top, "with honours deep, and broad."

Mr. Corry.
"†The man who does not in his inmost heart
Feel the warm glow that ever should impart"—
Where do I run—that was for Joseph meant,
Nothing Sir Peter hates like sentiment;
But Oh, what full rewards *their* efforts bless,
Who *act* up to whatever they profess!

Mr. Rothe.
With heavy heart I bend.—To me it fell,
To bid around the lingering last farewel;
Farewel—"ye ‡ *plumed* troops," ah, farewel all,
At noon the visit, and at night the ball;
Farewel ye papers, that, each following day,
Bade ye live o'er again the last night's Play.
Farewel ye plaudits of Box, Gallery, Pit,
"That Jove's immortal thunders counterfeit;
"Pride, pomp, and circumstance," so late the *ton*,
"Farewel—Othello's occupation's gone."

* In allusion to Mr. Crampton's excellence in the Dance.
† Mr. Corry had shortly before played Sir Peter Teazle.
‡ The fair and *feathered* Ladies in the Dress-Circle.

[*The Moderator, and the Leinster Journal, Kilkenny.*—First Night.—*Monday, September 21st*, 1818.]—Our Attic Theatre opened this Evening. The Entertainments attracted a brilliant and fashionable attendance; and we have no reason to doubt, that the season just commenced will afford to the lovers of Dramatic exhibition as ample a variety of exalted pleasures, as they have heretofore derived from the splendid and benevolent labours of our Theatrical Society.

We have formerly noticed the very great alterations and improvements made in the interior of the House since last

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season. The separate passages to the Pit, along the Box-lobbies, must afford, on crowded nights, considerable advantages in the management of places; not to say how much the alteration has added to the comfort and uniformity of the House in other respects. The addition of a spacious *Green-Room*, in rere of the Stage, has also contributed essentially to the general embellishment; and considering the great inconvenience to which the want of such a thing had previously subjected the Performers, it must be with them a luxury indeed. The scenery is almost all entirely new—the *Proscenium* completely so; and both together reflect great credit, as well on the judgment of the artist, Mr. CHALMERS, as on the taste of the gentlemen who employed him.

We have obtained the following list of the NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN who have contributed to the erection of the NEW GREEN ROOM, with the sums respectively subscribed by them, which we believe to be accurate:

MARQUIS OF ORMONDE,	£25	0	0
EARL OF BESBOROUGH,	25	0	0
EARL OF DESART,	10	0	0
VISCOUNT MONCK,	10	0	0
Aylward, Nicholas, Esq.	5	13	9
Bailey, William, Esq.	5	13	9
Barwis, John, Esq.	5	0	0
Becher W. W. Esq.	25	0	0
Bookey, Thomas, Esq.	5	0	0
Bookey, William, Esq.	5	0	0
Brenan, Michael, Esq.	5	13	9
Brownlow, Rev. James	20	0	0
Bryan, George, Esq.	25	0	0
Bryan, George, jun. Esq.	25	0	0
Bushe, G. P. Esq.	3	8	3
Butler, Hon. James,	5	0	0
Comerford, John, Esq.	5	0	0
Corry, James, Esq.	5	0	0
Cuffe, Sir Wheeler D. Bart.	25	0	0
Cronyn, Mr. Thomas,	5	0	0
Cummin, George, Esq.	3	8	3
Downey, Mr.	1	2	9
Duffy, T. C. Esq.	5	0	0
Flood, John, Esq.	5	13	9
Flood, Robert, Esq.	5	0	0
Flood, John, Esq. C. P.	5	0	0
Fowler, Robert, Esq.	5	13	9
Glascock, E. Esq.	3	0	0
Greene, Joseph, Esq.	5	0	0
Helsham, Mrs. John,	5	0	0
Henderson, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Keatinge, Major, C. B.	3	8	3
Langrishe, Sir Robert, Bart.	5	0	0
Latham, Oliver, Esq.	5	9	9
Loftus, Sir Nicholas, Bart.	3	8	3
M'Cormick, Mr.	3	0	0
M'Donnell, John, Esq.	5	0	0
Meighan, Mr. John,	5	0	0
Meighan, Mr. F.	1	2	9
O'Shee, Power R. Esq.	5	0	0
Poe, T. R. Esq.	3	8	3
Ponsonby, Hon. F.	5	0	0
Ponsonby, Lady Harriett,	£5	13	9
Power, John, Esq.	20	0	0
Power, Richard, Esq.	50	0	0
Robertson, W. Esq.	5	0	0
Roper, Charles, Esq.	2	0	0
Rothe, George, Esq.	5	13	9
Scott, Rev. Dean,	5	0	0
Shee, John, Esq.	3	0	0
Smithwick, Mr. John,	5	0	0
St. George, Richard, Esq.	2	5	6
Verschoyle, R. Esq.	5	0	0
Waring, W. Esq.	2	0	0

We should not neglect to notice the ornamental painting on the Boxes, which is also new; those little devices evidently exhibit the conceptions of a classical mind, fully capable of entering into its subject with that fitness and propriety which characterize talent even in details.

The top of the Curtain is peculiarly handsome; a rich scarlet drapery half conceals the pillars on either side, and two chubby boys, emerging from it, support a shield immediately over the middle of the stage, containing the CITY ARMS!!!

Conjecture is afloat to account for this eccentric choice of a central ornament. In the first place, says one, it was put up in compliment to the *Mayor;* the *City Arms* belonging officially to him for the time being. The *Mayor* is charitable, and the *Plays* are charitable; therefore, the Mayor's seal is charitable; and, therefore, than the Mayor's seal, what could associate better with so charitable an occasion? We will not believe that our TOLL-and-CUSTOM-CORPORATION is in favour with any of those distinguished characters who compose the THEATRICAL SOCIETY; but any further inquiry into the subject, whatever *local* interest it may have with us, would only detain us too long from adverting to the performances of this evening.

They opened with a Prologue, written for the occasion, and delivered by Mr. POWER, of which, we hope to be able to procure a copy. All its patriotic allusions to home, and country, were instantly caught, and applauded, and we have seldom, if ever, heard any Prologue delivered from our Stage, that was received with more general enthusiasm.

The Play was THE WAY TO KEEP HIM, the Farce was THE WEATHERCOCK.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM is a Comedy of the old school; it was written by our countryman ARTHUR MURPHY, and possesses all those distinguishing traits of excellence requisite to place it amongst the best of our Dramatic productions. The characters require abilities of the first order to sustain them with any degree of success.

That of *Sir Bashful Constant* is so peculiarly drawn, that very few Actors of the present day have been found adequate to its performance; and we believe this character, since the retirement of Mr. BANNISTER, with the exception of Mr. W. FARREN, has not found an efficient representative on the London boards. It is, therefore, a circumstance that gives peculiar credit to the efforts of Mr. COBBY, in this

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difficult undertaking, that his success was as complete, and as decided, as the opinions of the most rigid critics could pronounce it.

In observing on a performance which embraced such varied and brilliant points of comic interest, there is, of course, much difficulty in selecting passages of *peculiar* merit. We cannot, however, avoid noticing *two* scenes of the Play, in which the stupid, and incongruous vanity of *Sir Bashful* is very ludicrously drawn out, and in which Mr. Corry appeared in decided excellence. The *first* scene was that, where, in the presence of his servants, he reproaches his Lady for her extravagant propensities, with a boisterous violence which he mistakes for the effusion of independent spirit, but which, on the departure of *Muslin* and *Furnish*, rapidly subsides into unexpected tenderness, and, as quickly, in his silly dread of exposure, re-assumes its control over his affections. The *second* scene which derived a striking interest from the acting of Mr. Corry, was, as we conceive, when the artifice of *Lovemore* substitutes a Letter of his own for that in which *Sir Bashful* had addressed a *humiliating* declaration of his love to *Lady Constant*. The ludicrous distress to which the supposed rejection of his proffered love reduces *Sir Bashful*, was conveyed in a manner irresistibly comic.

We do not hesitate to pronounce the exertion of comic powers, presented by Mr. Corry's performance, throughout the difficult alternations of feeling which it involves, *a finished piece of acting*; and this we venture to declare, with the excellency of Mr. Bannister's performance in the same character, full in our recollection.

The *Lovemore* of Mr. Power was most excellent. His whole scene with his Lady in the *fifth Act* was a masterly piece of Acting. We believe his idea of loosening different parts of his dress, previous to retiring to bed, was new; whether or not, it had a most natural effect, and was quite of a piece with the cold indifference, almost approaching to rudeness, with which the negligent husband, absorbed in another amour, might have been supposed to treat a domestic wife in an evening's *tête-à-tête*. In Genteel Comedy, Mr. Power has no *equal* on the Kilkenny stage; his mind is richly cultivated; he studies his author till he embodies every thought of him into what he conceives a fit expression of it on the stage; and his manner, air, appearance, and deportment, carry so much of *fashionable life* about them, that the whole representation is perfect.

The character of *Sir Brilliant* is not so well calculated for the display of the excellent talents of Mr. Crampton, as many in which we have had the gratification of seeing him; *Sir Brilliant* is a man of fashion: but the author meant to infuse into the part a mixture of the *petit maitre*, the *dandy* of the old school. Mr. Crampton's manly figure and general deportment, are better adapted to the forcible delineation of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, than to the foppery and effeminacy of *Sir Brilliant Fashion*.

Mr. T. Bushe both astonished and delighted the Audience in the character of *William*; his improvement in air, and the manly appearance which his figure has assumed since the last meeting, were subjects of general admiration.

We congratulate Miss Curtis upon the rapid improvement she has made in her professional walk. She was an excellent representative of *Lady Constant*; her manner was perfectly agreeable and unaffected, and her general performance was marked with good sense and judgment.

The *Widow Belmour* was performed by Miss Walstein, with all that point, vivacity, and elegance, with which she so ably personates the gay, and accomplished woman of fashion.

Miss Kelly's figure is admirably adapted for the character of *Mrs. Lovemore*; but she did not seem so perfectly acquainted with the *words* of the author as on other occasions; this was, perhaps, a defect arising from a first performance, and the hurry of preparation. She often makes a *natural* point, and this is the more surprising when we consider the systematic *affectation* of her stage manner. Her truly lovely figure often becomes disagreeable from contortion, and she appears more anxious to preserve, by the constant application of her tongue, "the natural ruby of her lips," than to follow up a just conception of character, with easy and natural action.

Had we never seen Mrs. Clarke before this evening, her excellent performance of *Muslin* would have entitled her to our warmest admiration. Mrs. Clarke has an archness of feature, a richness of humour, and a peculiar *naïveté* that admirably adapt her for characters of this description.

The Farce of the Weathercock followed, in which Mr. Crampton gave to the part of *Tristram Fickle* all the whim, bustle, and spirit of this ever restless and changing character. His performance throughout occasioned universal laughter and good humour in the Audience. Lord Monck represented the character of the taciturn Lawyer, *Briefwit*, with considerable effect. The part of *Old Fickle* was performed by Mr. Roper, who appeared with more success in it than his youth and figure would have allowed us to expect.

[Second Night.—*Wednesday, September 23d*, 1818.]—The Performances of this Evening were Coriolanus and The Liar.

The excellent manner in which the interesting Tragedy of Coriolanus was got up, and performed, justifies our warmest commendation.

Mr. Becher, the Hero of the Piece, was greeted, on his appearance, with an ardour of welcome, as creditable to the Audience, as it must have been gratifying to the Performer.

Mr. Becher's merits have long been known, and highly appreciated by the distinguished visiters at our Theatrical carnival, and never, we believe, was he seen to greater advantage than on this night. In figure, and in manner, we do not think that the Stage of the present day can offer a better model for the representation of the high-minded Roman, than was given in the person of Mr. Becher. His delivery was bold, and animated, and the Audience were loud in their applause.

In the last Act, and in what we conceive the grand scene of the Play, Mr. Becher rose to a pitch of excellence which could not be surpassed. The manner in which the

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following lines were delivered, on the approach of his mother with his wife and child, on whose intercession hung the fate of Rome, was quite masterly:

" My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—(VIRGILIA *bows.*)
What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—(VOLUMNIA *bows.*)
My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, " Deny not"—Let the Volscians
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy;
I'll stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

The effect produced by the group was greatly heightened by the happy manner of the lovely child who personated the character of *Young Marcius*, Master GUSTAVUS DALTON. The attention paid by this fine boy to the business of the scene, was scarcely to be expected in one of his tender years, and excited an uncommon degree of interest.

The climax of excellence in Mr. BECHER's delineation of this difficult character was the burst of passion at the taunting of *Aufidius*. The sensation which the acting of this scene created throughout the house is indescribable. It is impossible to conceive any thing more animated than the manner in which Mr. BECHER delivered the following speech, after the reproach of *Aufidius* on proclaiming him " a boy of tears." His whole soul starting into his eye, and indignation flashing in his face, he exclaims—

" Measureless Liar! thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.—*Boy!*
Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—*Boy!*
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it."—

The burst of applause that followed this speech equalled any manifestation of feeling we ever saw evinced at our Theatre. In short, Mr. BECHER's *Coriolanus* may be considered a *chef d' œuvre*, and we have great pleasure in giving our tribute of approbation to the complete success of his efforts in a part of such extraordinary difficulty.

Of Mr. POWER's *Tullus Aufidius* it is only necessary to say, that it was marked by all the nicety of discrimination, and accuracy of judgment, with which this Gentleman portrays the characters of our immortal poet. The grand effect of the last Act was considerably heightened by his perfect representation of the Volscian General.

The minor characters of the Play were, in general, well supported. Mr. CRAMPTON, who excels in every performance of the manly kind, was an excellent representative of the hardy leader of the Roman Citizens, and his description of the manner in which *Coriolanus* asked and received " the voices of the people," was most appropriately given. Mr. ROPER was very correct in the character of *Menenius*, and was justly applauded. Mr. R. LANGRISHE shewed strict attention to the spirit of the Author, and very creditably sustained the character of *Volusius*. *Sicinius* and *Brutus* were performed by Mr. R. POWER, jun. and Mr. R. ROTHE, in a manner that clearly indicated great promise of future excellence. Mr. ANNESLEY, whose preparation was unavoidably very brief, delivered several speeches of *Cominius*, particularly his Address to the Senate, with a soundness of discrimination, and justness of emphasis, that made us regret he was not equally perfect in the less important dialogues of the Drama. We hope we may be permitted here to recommend most earnestly to the younger branches of our distinguished association, to study, as models for their imitation, the highly gifted individuals who first promoted the establishment of our Theatrical Society, and to whose unwearied exertions to *prepare* themselves for whatever they undertake, is to be attributed the high character of our Institution, in the fashionable and Theatrical world.

There is little scope for a display of talent in the female characters of this Play, except in that of *Volumnia*, and to this Miss WALSTEIN gave all the characteristic dignity and feeling of the Roman matron. Her performance in the last scene was particularly interesting, and drew forth the warmest plaudits. We cannot speak in the same terms of Miss KELLY's *Virgilia*. This character, though trifling in itself, may receive an interest from the performer which was not imparted to it by Miss KELLY. Miss KELLY's tenderness seemed more to express the sickly love of a Boarding School Miss, than the dignified affection of the *Virgilia* of Rome. She certainly possesses great qualifications for the Stage, and if she could be induced to divest herself of a manner bordering upon *affectation*, her performance would be much more pleasing.

In the Afterpiece of THE LIAR, Mr. POWER personated the character of *Young Wilding* with a spirit and vivacity which delighted the Audience. He seemed in high spirits, and this was sufficient to impart pleasure, and diffuse good humour, through the fashionable assemblage which filled the House, to whom that circumstance alone would be a source of unmixed gratification. The *Papillion* of Mr. CRAMPTON was excellent throughout; and Mr. CORRY gave to the indifferent character of *Old Wilding*, an importance which we thought it was incapable of receiving. The scene between *Young Wilding*, *Papillion*, and *Old Wilding*, in which the former tells the story of his trumped-up marriage, was as well acted as it could be on any Stage, and had a powerful effect on the risible faculties of the Audience. We thought we should have died with laughing at the marvellous narrative about the *Cat*, and the stupid credulity with which it is received by the old Gentleman. Mr. R. ROTHE performed the part of *Sir James Elliot* with an ease and animation which would have been creditable to the veterans of the Stage. His handsome appearance, and gentlemanly deportment, had their due share of interest with the Audience, particularly with the lovelier part of them.

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[*Thursday, September 24th*, 1817.—THEATRICAL SOCIETY BALL.]—There was a Grand Ball at the Theatre this evening, and the *spectacle* was one of the most enchanting ever witnessed in Kilkenny. Scarcely any person who visited the Theatre on last night would have imagined it *possible* that the interior could have undergone such a transformation by to-night, and without interrupting the rehearsals.

The Pit was completely covered over on a level with the Stage, as neatly, and firmly, as if intended for a permanent Ball-room. The Stage wings were removed, leaving not a trace behind; and the GRAND SALOON, in the rere of the Stage, erected in the course of the present year, was completely thrown open, the whole forming one long, and splendid room. The House was brilliantly illuminated; the magnificent and costly lustre, suspended in the centre of the Saloon, was lighted up, and the *coup d'œil*, after the promenading had commenced, was quite charming.

The Ball was opened by RICHARD POWER, Esq. and Miss KAVANAGH, of BORRIS. If possible, the fascination of the scene was enhanced when the Country Dances were relieved by *Quadrilles*, as the greater number of those who did not "trip it on the light fantastic toe" retired to the Boxes, giving to the whole an expansion of scene, and a diffusion of beauty, elegance, and taste, sparkling with magnificence. The plan by which the Theatre may be converted into a Ball-room is certainly one of the most useful and ingenious improvements that have been made since the last season; and we understand that Mr. ROBERTSON has so simplified and perfected the plan, that his men may, at any future time, transform it either into a Ball-room, or a Theatre, *in one hour!* It is needless to dwell on the pleasures of the Evening. The Quadrilles were regulated by the Messrs. SIMON, from Dublin, who attended to give out the changes, and direct the Music. The entire Band of the 44th Regiment, in full dress, was placed in front of the Lettice-Circle, and played during the intervals of the Dance with delightful effect. The company did not separate till *three* o'clock in the Morning.

MISS STEPHENS.

The Visiters of KILKENNY will learn with considerable pleasure that Miss STEPHENS will arrive in Town on Sunday, and intends to add the charm of her vocal powers to our Dramatic Entertainments.—This justly celebrated Singer is to grace our boards on *Monday Evening*. She will appear in the interesting character of *Margaretta*, in NO SONG NO SUPPER; and will also perform on *Tuesday Evening* the part of *Ophelia* in HAMLET. We congratulate KILKENNY on this accession to the amusements of our Theatrical meeting.

[THIRD NIGHT.—*Friday, September 25th*, 1818.]—We derive considerable pleasure from observing with what decided success the performances of our Theatre, since the commencement of the present Season, have been distinguished. Indeed, when the various and discouraging circumstances which must necessarily incumber the exertions of our Theatrical Society are considered, the precision and completeness with which every thing is executed, cannot but occasion surprise. The Gentlemen of the Theatre are exposed to perpetual interruptions, and the consequent difficulty of completing a united preparation, must formidably embarrass their exertions. The very brilliant success which has attended our Performances is, therefore, the more creditable to their talents and assiduity.

The Comedy of THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and the Farce OF AGE TO-MORROW, were the Performances of this Evening.

The *Sir Peter Teazle* of Mr. CORRY presented a most effective display of those ludicrous peculiarities, which are united in that eccentric character. The ridiculous uneasiness, the whimsical weakness, the foolish love, and the imbecile anger of *Sir Peter*, were happily conceived, and represented with the full force of skilful contrast. It was not by the agency of those gesticular extravagancies, with which inferior Actors perpetually distinguish the varieties of opposite feelings, that Mr. CORRY drew out this admirable picture of ridiculous infirmities. His countenance can at all times convey the exact expression of distinct affections; and the laughable transitions of passion, which so ludicrously mark the character of *Sir Peter*, in his interviews with *Lady Teazle*, were managed with consummate discrimination. In his scene with her Ladyship, when their matrimonial strife is subdued to the endearments of a momentary reconciliation, the acting of Mr. CORRY teemed with a luxuriant humour.

The feeble, but significant eagerness of his caresses, his chuckling smile, and amorous gaze, were depicted with complete propriety, and excited loud and continued bursts of merriment. In the closing part of the same scene, when habitual discord resumes its influence over the lately happy pair, the returning anger of *Sir Peter* was humorously developed in the gradual elevation of his voice, and the ridiculous agitation of his person; and when at length this breach of domestic quiet seems irreparable, the tone and look with which he vows to make "an example of himself for the benefit of all old bachelors," were admirably expressive of inconsiderate resentment. On the discovery of her Ladyship's concealment behind the screen, his surprise was marked with peculiar force, and nothing could more exactly reveal the agitated condition of his feelings, than the look with which he accompanied the exclamation, "Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!" In the preceding part of the scene, when in conversation with *Joseph Surface*, his performance developed with considerable effect, the unbounded and honorable liberality of spirit, which, with all his whimsicalities, enters into the character of *Sir Peter*. We cannot treat, as perhaps we ought, this excellent performance as it deserves, by marking out passages for *particular* admiration, for we own that we were delighted with the *entire* acting of Mr. CORRY.

Mr. BECHER played *Sir Oliver Surface*. The tragic line of acting in which this gentleman so eminently excels, calls for peculiar attributes which are with difficulty made to accord with characters of comic expression; and we were, therefore, not a little surprised to see that the successful representative of *Coriolanus* was so well, in so very different an effort of Dramatic taste.

Mr. ROTHE, as *Joseph Surface*, made his first appearance at our Theatre since the commencement of the pre-

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sent Season. His entrance was greeted with an enthusiasm of applause. This incomparable Performer acquitted himself with undiminished credit in this character. We have frequently wished to see the sentimental hypocrisy of *Joseph Surface* blended with that apparent force of feeling which relieves the cold uniformity of declamatory expression; Mr. Rothe, with a very just discrimination, threw into this character more of energetic feeling than we have usually discovered in the personation of it, and we thought his performance entitled to distinguished approbation.

Mr. Power, in the character of *Charles Surface*, fully maintained his reputation with an approving Audience. Mr. Power possesses those attributes of unaffected elegance and animated expression, which fit him for the successful personation of *Charles Surface;* and it is, therefore, only necessary to add, that his performance this night united a very interesting display of these attractive qualities.

Lord Monck supported the character of *Moses* with considerable humour. He has acquired a very correct knowledge of the Jewish dialect, and varies his tone with appropriate facility. Mr. Annesley, as *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, deserves our approbation. His voice and carriage very happily denoted the ridiculous vanity of the sarcastic fop. Mr. Crampton, in the character of *Crabtree*, acquitted himself with much credit; and Miss Walstein was admirable in *Lady Teazle*. Mrs. Clarke deserves to be favourably mentioned as the representative of *Lady Sneerwell;* and we are glad to be able to bestow on Miss Kelly's *Mrs. Candour* our entire approval.

The Musical Entertainment, Of Age To-Morrow, passed off very successfully. Mr. Crampton, in the character of *Frederick*, presented us with a performance which was distinguished for amusing varieties. To the original entertainment, this gentleman added a scene of exquisite humour, in which he appears disguised as a French Hairdresser. Incidental to this novel introduction, he sings a French Song with irresistible drollery; and his uninterrupted fluency in the language of this character, as well as the accuracy of his pronunciation, rendered him a very correct representative of the French *Frizeur*. His performance excited continued laughter. *Baron Piffleberg* was a capital character in the hands of Lord Monck; his dress was perfect, his songs excellent. Mr. Annesley performed *Mollus* with great applause. We have already observed, that this gentleman was likely to prove a useful acquisition to our Theatre, and we are happy to notice how rapidly he gains on the public approbation. *Lady Brumback* was personated by Mrs. M'Culloch with much humour. Miss Rock was, as usual, animated and interesting in her performance. She played the character of *Maria;* and we should do injustice to the Dramatic labours of this accomplished Actress, since her accession to our distinguished Company, if we omitted to direct their attention to her merits.

[Fourth Night.—*Monday, September 28th*, 1818.] The Comedy of the West Indian, with the Musical Farce of No Song No Supper, formed the Entertainments of this Evening.

Mr. Power's *Belcour* combined many brilliant points in it. The character of the ardent and enterprising *West Indian*, in which the irresistible propensities of passion are blended with feelings which extenuate, where they cannot redeem, the indiscretions to which they too often conduct, was very effectively brought out in the performance of this distinguished Actor. It is honourable to the diligence and discrimination with which this gentleman seems to have studied the principles of dramatic effect, that he so *equally*, yet so spiritedly, conducts the business of his scenes, and so uniformly avoids those perilous irregularities which weaken the exercise of dramatic powers. His performance on this night, was chastely natural, yet abundantly rich in varieties of animated expression.

Mr. Crampton, in the character of *Major O'Flaherty*, produced infinite merriment. He possesses strong physical requisites for it in voice and figure. While we very warmly deprecate the liberty usually taken, in the representation of dramatic Irishmen, we are yet by no means displeased at beholding the peculiar qualities of our countrymen brought forward with the force of characteristic whimsicality. Mr. Crampton, while he favoured us with a picture of chaste and delicate humour, very properly rejected those offensive drolleries which too often accompany the personation of an Irish *gentleman;* and contenting himself with the spirited and appropriate language in which his author has so admirably developed the character of the gallant *Major*, he preserved throughout his performance, a dignity of air and manner which truly accorded with it.

Mr. Shee performed *Stockwell*. The character of *Captain Dudley* was supported by Mr. Corry with feeling and energy; it was a chaste representation of a gentleman and a soldier struggling against adversity, and retaining, amidst all its distressing effects, the pride and port of an honourable mind. Mr. R. Langrishe sustained *Ensign Dudley* most respectably. Lord Monck played very well in the character of *Varland*. The part of *Fulmer* was assigned to Mr. Power, jun. This gentleman possesses valuable requisites for dramatic distinction, and we are happy to observe that his performances hitherto, have been received most favourably.

Miss Walstein played *Charlotte Rusport*, and was correct and animated in her performance. Miss Curtis as *Louisa Dudley*, Mrs. Clarke as *Mrs. Fulmer*, and Miss Rock as *Lucy*, were warmly applauded.

The Farce of No Song No Supper was rendered peculiarly attractive by the appearance of Miss Stephens in the character of *Margaretta*. In the Song of *Cease your Funning*, which was rapturously *encored*, this incomparable Singer displayed the exquisite and unbounded variety of her powers; and in the Song of *Auld Robin Gray*, the delicate sweetness of simple melody was gracefully combined with the charms of occasional *variations*. A very brilliant Audience filled the Theatre this evening, and ardent bursts of applause rewarded the successful efforts of her ability. Mr. M'Casky, Mr. Glascock, and Mr. Dixon, contributed most effectively to the musical pleasures of the evening, and received an ample share of public admiration. Lord Monck, as *Endless*, presented us with a most amusing display of comic talent. Miss Kelly, and Miss Rock, in the respective characters of *Dorothy*, and *Nelly*, were useful accessions to this vocal entertainment.

1818.

[Fifth Night.—*Tuesday, September 29th*, 1818.]—The Tragedy of Hamlet was performed this Evening to one of the most brilliant and crowded Houses of the Season.

This Play was considered as the most perfect exhibition that has been brought forward during the season. Among the many characters that composed the *dramatis personæ*, there was not one whose performance this evening would not have satisfied the most fastidious critic.

The character of *Hamlet* is, we believe, the most difficult in the range of the Drama. Mr. Power, the *hero* of the night, gave us a thorough and general conviction, that he is fully competent to the arduous undertaking, and eminently gifted for the performance of the Danish Prince, a character in which are combined all the qualities of the soldier and the gentleman—

> "The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
> The observ'd of all observers."——

We do not remember to have ever seen him to greater advantage than on this evening. He entered fully into the meaning of the author, and sustained himself throughout with masterly skill, and effect.

We would particularly allude, as instances of the superior talent and skill of the performer, to the scene in which the *Ghost* appears to the Prince, the soliloquy on death, the subsequent scene with *Ophelia*, in which he affects madness, the scene in which he gives the advice to the Players, and the closet scene with the *Queen*.

Mr. Power's astonishment and terror, at the first appearance of the *Ghost*, were expressed with all that chasteness of feeling, and nicety of discrimination, which are his peculiar characteristics. Entirely divested of all unnatural rant and contortion of the body or features, he imparted, with singular energy, all possible interest to the character, without once "o'erstepping the modesty of nature." The soliloquy on death afforded a fine specimen of chaste and sound declamation to the younger members of our Theatrical Society. In his advice to the Actor, Mr. Power adopted a manner so light and familiar, as greatly to relieve the serious tenor of the character; and we are inclined to think that this part of the performance is not the least difficult to sustain with propriety. In the scene with *Ophelia*, where he affects madness, Mr. Power's performance was perfect throughout; and in the closet scene with his mother, his efforts were equal to any thing the Stage can afford. Indeed, nothing could be more strikingly natural than the manner he assumed at the appearance of the *Ghost*:—"Forth from his eyes his spirit wildly peeped;" and the applause bestowed on this scene, loud and general, was reiterated from all parts of the House. In short, taking Mr. Power's *Hamlet* altogether, it was a performance that would have done credit even to the *Profession*.

Of Mr. Corry's performance of *Polonius*, there can be but one opinion. It was one of the most judicious representations of the old Courtier the Stage could exhibit. The advice that *Polonius* gives to his son was, to the credit of Mr. Corry's judgment, spoken on this occasion. It has been customary, at the Theatres, of late years, to omit this passage, and we think improperly. The advice may be useful to youth at all times; and it fell to the lot of Mr. Corry, in this character, to address the moral lessons of our illustrious Bard, to an ardent, honorable, and ingenuous young Gentleman, one destined for foreign climes, and one too, whom he regards with a strong personal affection. The scene lost nothing of its interest from that circumstance.

The character of *Polonius* is not always understood. Although years had so enfeebled his mind, as to make him a very wittol with regard to what was passing before him, yet he had gathered wisdom from experience, and could well advise with respect to the future. Some of his sentiments, addressed to his Son, are most admirable, and were delivered by Mr. Corry with great judgment:—

> "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
> The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
> But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
> Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
> Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
> Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment;
> Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
> And they in France, of the best rank and station,
> Are most select and generous, chief in that."

Mr. Corry's performance was highly creditable to him as an Actor of taste and discernment. It was free from that unnatural buffoonery with which we have too often seen it tainted, even in the hands of some of the most eminent Comedians; and this effort of genius we consider as adding much to the well acquired reputation of this excellent Performer.

Mr. Becher, in the character of the *Ghost*, unfolded the tale of murder with a suitable solemnity of expression. The "Secrets of the Prison House," came to our ears in almost "unearthly" tones.

Mr. Rothe took the part of *Horatio*, and sustained it admirably. The feelings of the Audience cannot be supposed to be much interested for a character which has so little opportunity of engaging their sympathies as *Horatio*; but the performance of Mr. Rothe gave it more importance than it usually claims.

The *King* was performed by Mr. Annesley, who acquitted himself creditably. He looked the character very well, and his action occasionally evinced feeling and energy.

Mr. R. Power, jun. sustained the character of *Laertes* very ably. The *Ostrick* of Mr. T. Bushe could not be excelled; and Lord Monck, and Mr. Gyles, performed the parts of the *Grave-Diggers* in excellent style. His Lordship, in the undressing scene, threw off *thirteen* jackets.

We are unable to do justice to the *Ophelia* of Miss Stephens. Her action, unaffected and interesting in every scene, and her lovely eyes suffused in tears, or gleaming with the melancholy of madness, independent of her sing-

ing, charmed the Audience. But the amazing power of her fine voice, sweet at its lowest pitch, or warbling in grief, appeared to enchant the whole assembly.

In consequence of the great length of HAMLET, the Play was followed by an Entertainment consisting of singing and dancing. In the former, the whole vocal powers of our *Amateurs* were called into action. Mr. M'CASKY and Miss STEPHENS gave a beautiful Duet in fine style; and, among her other performance, Miss STEPHENS sung the *Echo Song* with her usual effect. This Song was generally *encored*, and she readily complied with the wishes of the Audience. *All* were delighted, but the *best judges* were the most enthusiastic in their applause. In the Dancing that followed, Mr. CRAMPTON and Miss ROCK executed some fine and difficult figures, with great grace, and expression.

[BALL AT THE THEATRE.—*Wednesday, September 30th*, 1818.] Our Theatre was, for the *second* time, this Evening appropriated to the purposes of a Ball-Room. On this occasion, the pleasures of the night derived a more than wonted attraction, from the increased number of fashionable visitants who have lately thronged to our city. The assembly was more numerous, and presented a more splendid *spectacle*, in elegance and variety of dress, than at the former meeting. The Quadrille parties were formed under the arrangement of Monsieur SIMON, and were danced with graceful precision. A Band of Music was placed, as at the preceding Ball, in the front of the Lettice-Circle, and on the pannel, immediately over the centre Box, a star, composed of variegated lamps, glittered with a brilliant lustre. The appearance of the House was truly picturesque, and the pleasures of the dance were enjoyed with a lively spirit, which was the means of detaining, till a very late hour, the younger part of the company in this delightful scene.

[SIXTH NIGHT.—*Thursday, October 1st*, 1818.]—The Comedy of RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE, was performed this Evening.

In the character of *Leon*, Mr. ROTHE established new claims on public admiration. The assumed simplicity of his manner, when he stood before us with the vacant stare of gaping idiotism, and the unexpected boldness of his address, when he attains the object of his stratagem, in the possession of his wife, presented, in the contrast, a picture of Dramatic interest which glowed in richness of truth and nature. The style of impassioned feeling in which he reproaches the stubborn and haughty insolence of *Margaretta*, formed also another point of striking excellence in the performance of Mr. ROTHE.

In the scene where *Margaretta's* guests assemble, and *Leon* assumes his right to control the arrangements of his house, the acting of Mr. ROTHE unfolded great beauties; and the commanding dignity of his resentment, when he repels the interference of the *Duke*, pride and manly spirit revealing itself in every look and gesture, admirably portrayed the feelings of an exalted mind.

The triumphant energy of conscious justice which animates his features and expression, when he, in the same scene, says,

"I have a cause would kill a thousand of you,"

intelligibly marked the workings of insulted feeling.

In the ensuing scenes, to the successful issue of his endeavours to rebuke the vain and arrogant propensities of *Margaretta*, Mr. ROTHE acted under the influence of strong and natural passion, and infused into his character an interest which the spirit of genius can alone inspire. His whole performance was honored with enthusiastic applause.

The *Copper Captain* of Mr. CORBY was full of original humour. His performance was strongly marked by those happy peculiarities, to which we have frequently adverted, as rendering his comic delineations so faithfully expressive. The soliloquy in the miserable *den*, to which *Estifania* had led her too credulous admirer, was given so pleasantly, that we could not help laughing at the woful plight to which she had reduced him; and the subsequent scene, in the same hovel, between him and the two *women*, was sustained with great spirit.

Each of the performers was excellent here. The *Old Woman* was personated by Mr. H. A. BUSHE, who gave us the bodily deformities of a decrepid hag with a revolting accuracy. We certainly never witnessed a more exact delineation of physical infirmities, than that conveyed in the broken voice, and distorted gestures of this antiquated dame. The *younger* female, her associate in the hovel, was played by Mr. ANNESLEY, who contributed largely to the *keeping up* the humour of the scene. It was loudly applauded throughout.

Alonzo was played by Mr. R. LANGRISHE, and *Sancho* by Mr. ROPER, and both were judiciously supported. *Cacafogo* was represented with humorous effect by Lord MONCK. In the part of *Lorenzo*, Mr. POWER, jun. acquitted himself well; and *Vasco* was respectably filled by Mr. T. BUSHE.

In the character of *Margaretta*, Miss KELLY evinced much discrimination; and Mrs. CLARKE supported the character of *Estifania* with humour and animation.

In the Farce of THE DIVORCE, the part of *Sir. Harry Trifle* was played by Mr. R. POWER. He gave to it an expression of gentlemanly ease and spirit. In the character of *Qui Tam*, Mr. GYLES was infinitely diverting. The drollery of this performance very favourably indicates the comic qualities of this gentleman. Mr. CRAMPTON, in the character of *Denis O'Doherty*, played with exquisite humour. He was, on this occasion, released from the observance of those nice distinctions which render his *Major O'Flaherty* so chaste and spirited a performance; but even in the personation of *Mr. O'Doherty* he avoided all coarseness. Incidental to the character, he sang a diverting Medley, in which he was loudly encored. Lord MONCK, as *Tom*, deserves to be mentioned with approbation. Mrs. CLARKE sustained the part of *Lady Harriet Trifle* with much spirit. *Mrs. Anniseed* was most admirably supported by Mrs. M'CULLOCH. The love scenes between this lady and the gallant *Mr. O'Doherty*, were productive of continued merriment.

1818.

[Seventh Night.—*Saturday, October 3d*, 1818.]—The Tragedy of King Lear was performed this evening.

How far the alteration of this celebrated Play, from the original Drama of Shakespeare, has improved its interest by giving a final victory to *Lear*, and rewarding the virtues of *Cordelia*, is a question which has been controverted. The change has certainly relieved the Tragedy of incidents from which the feelings of humanity revolt; and Doctor Johnson, whose opinion sanctions the alteration, declares, that the death of *Cordelia*, in the original Play, so shocked him, that he could not endure to read again the closing scenes of the Tragedy, until he undertook the editorial revision of them.

Of Mr. Rothe's performance in the character of *Lear*, we are happy to speak in language of the warmest admiration. So closely do the ungovernable passions of the degraded monarch border on extravagancy, in the most powerful scenes of the Play, that the genius of the Actor must be held in constant obedience to a very rigid judgment. That Mr. Rothe should have played the character with an impassioned force, will be easily conceived by those who have witnessed the exertions of this gentleman, even in parts which do not strongly impel the current of his sensibility; but here we witnessed a performance, which, while it was fraught with feeling, was yet subservient to that redeeming power which effectually preserves "the modesty of nature."

The appearance of Mr. Rothe struck us as venerably grand. In the earlier part of his performance, his voice and deportment were justly descriptive of the infirmities of great age; and the impotency of his years was the more fully indicated in the rash and sudden bursts of passion, which the supposed ingratitude of *Cordelia* drew from him. The swelling fierceness of his indignation, when the insolent reproofs of *Goneril* first reveal the dependency of his state, and bring a speedy punishment on his dotage, was awfully marked in the labouring agitation of his voice; but when the dreadful certainty of unrequited affection strikes at length on his feelings, and he throws himself on his knees, in an agony of passion, to call down Nature's vengeance on the cruel *Goneril*, we never witnessed an exertion of mind on which the power of genius impressed a more distinct character. Excess of rage seemed almost to have stopt his utterance, and in a voice broken by age and grief he pronounces the curse:—

"Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
That from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her!—If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

In the closing scene of the second Act, the performance of Mr. Rothe also strongly arrested our attention. The desperate, but impotent violence of his rage, verging almost on madness, when the ingratitude of both his daughters is finally developed to him, could not be more faithfully expressed than in his delivery of these lines:

"No! you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth."

When he stands on the heath exposed to the "pitiless" fury of the elements, his whole appearance, grand even in his humiliation, was in the highest degree imposing; and the expression of his struggling passions, distinctly traceable on his countenance, could not fail to excite the mixed emotions of pity and indignation.

The madness of the persecuted *Lear* was also a scene of unsurpassed excellence. It was free from loud and ranting violence; and the plaintive tone in which he, unconsciously, recurs to the circumstances of his distress, renders the scene irresistibly pathetic. We should too much exceed this article, by entering much more particularly into the merits of this admirable piece of acting; but we cannot forbear to notice a passage which Mr. Rothe most successfully expresses—we allude to his sudden recognition of *Cordelia*, on his recovery from madness. It was impossible to have given a more pathetic force to this short passage, when he says:

"Pray do not mock me;
For, as I am a man, I think that lady
To be my child Cordelia."—

Through every scene of his performance, Mr. Rothe carried with him the strongest sympathies of his Audience, and enthusiastic plaudits rewarded his exertions.

Mr. Power, as *Edgar*, sustained his character with complete effect. His madness was most successfully counterfeited; and in his scenes with *Lear*, on the Heath, he put forth the symptoms of his assumed disorder with a fidelity which gave due effect to his interviews with his Royal master. The expressive touches of grief for the fallen state of *Lear*, in which he occasionally conveyed his feelings, gave a most pathetic interest to the scene; and his whole appearance, by its contrast with the wretched condition of the persecuted King, served to increase our pity for the sufferings of the latter.

In *Kent*, Mr. Becher was quite successful. To the bluntness of the faithful and valiant follower and friend, he gave a bold and energetic expression, that well assorted with the character.

Mr. Power, jun. supported the *Duke of Burgundy* extremely well. We have had frequent occasion to record a favourable judgment of this gentleman's performances, and his acting on Saturday evening will not discredit the opinion we had formed of his capabilities. The *Duke of Albany* was well sustained by Mr. Roper.

1818.

Mr. ANNESLEY supported the character of *Gloster* very impressively. This gentleman's under tones reminded us forcibly of certain peculiarities of voice for which a celebrated performer is remarkable. If the resemblance arise from successful *imitation*, much discrimination should be used in its adoption. Mr. ANNESLEY will, we are sure, pardon us this liberty of remark, particularly as, in the course of our critical notices, we have uniformly shown a candid disposition to estimate his merits. Mr. R. ROTHE, in the character of *Edmund*, acquitted himself with much ability. Experience cannot fail to improve the acting of this gentleman into excellence. Mr. T. BUSHE deserves our entire approbation in the character of *Oswald*. Mr. SMYLY well supported the character of the *Old Man*. In the part of *Edward*, Mr. MARSHALL was enabled to present us with a very creditable, though necessarily a limited, effort of his dramatic ability.

Miss ANNE WALSTEIN, on this occasion, made her first appearance, in the character of *Cordelia*, and was greeted on her entrance with an enthusiasm of approbation, which a form and figure unusually interesting, and a diffidence of deportment highly becoming, could not fail to insure for her. Her pathetic manner and pressing ardency of entreaty, attracted universal attention. We shall not multiply quotations, but we may be allowed to say, that in the scene where she follows *Gloster*, to conjure him to give her griefs a hearing, she could scarcely be excelled, particularly when she said,

> "I entreat
> Thy succour for a father and a king:
> An injured father, and an injured king."

And when *Gloster* reminds her that "the King had wronged her," her reply,

> "O name not that; he did not, could not wrong me"—

was delivered with a sweet humility and powerful pathos. Again, when supposing the King was already dead, she rose to the highest pitch of excellence, her soul bursting with energy of devotion to a much loved parent, as she concludes,

> "And I have only one poor boon to beg:
> That you'd convey me to his breathless trunk,
> With my torn robes to wrap his hoary head,
> With my torn hair to bind his hands and feet.
> There with a shower of tears
> To wash his clay-smeared cheeks, and die beside him."

In a word, Miss WALSTEIN's success in the character was as complete as her most ardent friends could wish; we have never seen a *Debutante* whose performance augured more favourably of future excellence, or one whose claims upon public approbation were more eminently distinguished.

The characters of *Regan* and *Goneril* were supported, with every possible effect, by Mrs. CLARKE and Miss CURTIS.

A *Ballet*, in which the exertions of Mr. CRAMPTON, Lord MONCK, Mr. ANNESLEY, Mr. T. BUSHE, Mr. GYLES, and M. SIMON, were called into *active* service, concluded the entertainment of the evening. Miss ROCK danced with her usual grace and agility, on this occasion; and the *plot* of the Ballet unfolded itself in a variety of amusing adventures.

[*Sunday, October 4th*, 1818.]—The COMMITTEES of the CHARITABLE and BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES beg leave to return their most sincere thanks to the Rev. GILBERT AUSTIN, for his excellent Sermon preached at St. Mary's Church on the 4th instant, when a liberal Collection was made for the Charity.

Their thanks also are highly due to the COUNTESS of KILKENNY, the Hon. Mrs. BUTLER, the Hon. Mrs. BOURKE, and Mrs. POWER, who, attended by the Hon. J. BUTLER, Mr. R. POWER, and Mr. MATHEWS, collected the Alms of the Congregation. They also thank the Gentlemen of the THEATRICAL SOCIETY who attended; and, their thanks are particularly due to the Rev. Mr. ROE, for his obliging accommodation of the Church on the occasion.

[EIGHTH NIGHT.—*Monday, October 5th*, 1818.]—The Play of KING JOHN was performed this Evening.

This Tragedy, though it does not excite the stronger sympathies of our nature, yet abounds in a striking variety of incidents, and unfolds some happy points of dramatic interest.

Mr. POWER played *King John*. The blended imbecility of spirit, and inquietude of feeling, which are predominant features in the character of JOHN, were ably marked. If we were to select that part of his performance in which the force of natural feeling was most powerfully concentrated, we should say it was his acting throughout his *last* scene with *Hubert*. The whole of this scene was conceived in a true and touching manner; and his acting here must be deemed, in the highest degree, honourable to his genius.

We shall extract some of those lines which Mr. POWER gave with a peculiar justness of delivery. *Hubert* had recounted those terrific appearances which seemed the prelude of general and ruinous disorder, when the troubled Monarch passionately asks—

> *King John.*—"Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
> Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
> Thy hand hath murder'd him; I had a mighty cause
> To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him."

Again, interrupting *Hubert*, he says—

> *King John.*—"Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
> When I spake darkly what I purposed;
> Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
> Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
> Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
> And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
> But thou didst understand me by my signs,
> And didst in signs again parley with sin;
> Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
> And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
> The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name."

Mr. POWER, throughout the whole of this scene, obtained the warmest approbation.

1818.

Mr. BECHER's *Faulconbridge* possessed all the leading features of which the character is composed.—The bold-faced gaiety, spirit, and animation of the gallant, new-dubbed Knight were well portrayed, and some of his speeches were uncommonly effective. The sarcastic humour of *Faulconbridge*, when addressing the King, on the latter asking him why his younger brother Robert laid claim to his inheritance, was most happily expressed—

" I know not why, except to get the land—
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me,)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

To the following dialogue between *Queen Elinor* and *Faulconbridge*, Mr. BECHER imparted a portion of humour which was irresistibly felt by the Audience—

Queen.—" Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Faulconbridge.—Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods;
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin;
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Queen.—I like thee well:—Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

Faulconbridge.—Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear."

Mr. BECHER through the whole of the character was most decidedly successful, and we consider his performance of *Faulconbridge* one of his happiest efforts.

The character of *Hubert* received all the aid of which the part is capable from the superior talents of Mr. ROTHE; and Mr. ANNESLEY gave an importance to the indifferent character of the French King *Philip*, which was highly creditable to him. Mr. R. ROTHE was very interesting in the character of the *Dauphin*. Mr. R. LANGRISHE deserves great credit for the strict attention he paid to the character of the *Cardinal;* and the other characters were ably sustained by the Gentlemen to whom they were allotted.

It would be injustice to close these observations without adverting to the excellent manner in which Miss WALSTEIN performed the character of *Lady Constance;* we never saw her talents more happily exerted than on this evening, and her efforts were most liberally applauded. Miss ROCK was a very interesting representative of the young *Prince Arthur*.

In the Afterpiece of THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE, Mr. CORRY entertained us highly in the character of *Sir Charles Racket*, and gave us another proof of the excellence and versatility of his talents. The scenes between him and *Lady Racket* were kept up with uncommon spirit and animation, and occasioned much mirth and laughter in the Audience. Lord MONCK was an excellent representative of *Old Drugget;* and the characters of *Mrs. Drugget* and *Dimity* could not be better performed.

It is known that the costume of our Theatrical Society is invariably as correct as it is splendid.—The scenery also is of a superior description; but we have been particularly struck with some views of gothic architecture, which are rich in taste and beauty, and produced a very fine effect in this night's Play. The gate and walls of Angiers, and the prison of Prince ARTHUR, are little inferior to any representation of the kind we ever saw in London. The mechanical business of our Stage is very well done in every respect, but we must particularly notice the movements of the wings. They are invariably performed with perfect accuracy. When the strength of the Company appears on the Stage, as in those grand Historical Plays of KING LEAR, KING JOHN, &c. in their magnificent costume, and the house illuminated, and filled with beauty and fashion in full dress, the *spectacle* is grander than any one could expect in our little Theatre.

[BALL AT THE THEATRE.—*Tuesday, October 6th*, 1818.]—The Theatre was laid out this Evening in the same manner, as was formerly described, for a Grand Ball. The Company was not so numerous as on the *two* former Nights this Season. Being principally composed of all the younger branches of the Families now in Town, they enjoyed the pleasures of the *Quadrille* to a late hour.

[NINTH NIGHT.—*Wednesday, October 7th*, 1818.]—This night the Tragedy of the GAMESTER was performed.

The character of *Beverley* was sustained by Mr. ROTHE, whose entire performance gave an effect of interesting reality to all those scenes, in which the agonies of domestic wo are pictured in many afflicting varieties. The qualities which have established the dramatic fame of Mr. ROTHE are precisely those which are required for a perfect representation of *Beverley*.

His wild upbraiding of the infamous *Stukely* in the gaming-house, for having encouraged him to those excesses which had undone him, were strikingly contrasted with the heartless composure of his associate.

When *Beverley*, urged nearly to desperation by his final losses at the Hazard-table, is accosted by *Lewson* in the street, the performance of Mr. ROTHE shewed great judgment; and when he throws himself down, in a tumult of passion, and resists the entreaties of the faithful *Jarvis* to struggle with his griefs, we do not remember to have beheld upon the Stage a more pathetic delineation of deep, and despairing wo.

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In the closing scene of the Play, where he endeavours to disburden his soul of those horrors which pressed it with a load of the heaviest affliction, and makes an unsuccessful effort at prayer, the manner in which he stoops to kneel, and almost instantly starts from his posture and abandons himself to despair and death, struck most forcibly on the feelings of the Audience, and awakened sensations of the severest kind. His dying presented a spectacle of wo almost too dreadful for representation, and wrought the sensibilities of all who had hearts to feel, to a state of the most painful endurance. His whole performance evinced a combination of genius, and sensibility.

The character of *Stukely* was ably personated by Mr. R. Power. In his several scenes with the unhappy dupe of his artifices, he exhibited the duplicity of *Stukely's* character with a refined discrimination; and when, in his soliloquies, he concerts his guilty schemes against the life of *Beverley*, and the honour of his wife, the anxious and piercing earnestness of his looks, while the glow of anticipated success occasionally lighted up his countenance, was pointedly expressive of triumphant villany.

In his scenes with *Mrs. Beverley*, his acting was guided by the soundest judgment. While he endeavoured to infuse the poison of jealously into the unsuspecting mind of his intended victim, he was careful not to betray, by a single look, the foul purpose which he meditated; and up to the moment which reveals the infamy of his designs, he preserved, with admirable nicety, the characteristic qualities of the shrewd and calculating villain. We have never seen the character played with more masterly effect.

The part of *Lewson* was supported by Mr. R. Rothe with much ability. His scene with *Stukely*, when he reproaches the latter with his dishonorable practices, presented a very superior piece of acting. His voice is admirably adapted to the expression of that manly feeling, which pervades the mind of the generous *Lewson*; and we do not think that the language of this interesting character could have been spoken with more spirit and energy, than by this young and accomplished performer.

In the simple but affecting character of *Jarvis*, Mr. Corry was able to interest the sensibilities of the Audience, by the fidelity and feeling of his performance. He unites many rare and opposite qualities in him as an Actor. We forgot, in his humble manner, his silvery locks, his feeble and affecting voice, the many joyous hours through which we have laughed with him in former characters. In the scene where he describes to *Mrs. Beverley* the condition of her wretched husband, on his committal to prison, his acting touched us even unto tears.

Mr. Smyly performed the part of *Bates*, and Mr. Roper that of *Dawson*, very respectably.

The *Mrs. Beverley* of Miss Walstein was a performance of distinguished excellence. It were a useless labour to particularize the exertions of this lady, as we regard her entire acting in this most interesting character, with sentiments of general and unreserved approval. Miss Kelly supported *Charlotte* in a very creditable style.

The Farce of the Review was played with considerable humour. Mr. Gyles acted *Caleb Quotem*. This Gentleman possesses a fund of comic requisites, which he very successfully applied in the character of *Caleb:* and we were happy to observe, that his performance of Monday evening obtained a deserved reward in the merriment which it incessantly excited. Mr. Annesley acquitted himself with credit in the character of *Looney Mactoulter*, though we would rather have seen Mr. Crampton in it. We must say, however, that the various characters of discrepant qualities, which this gentleman has so ably filled since the opening of our Theatre, have raised his dramatic reputation very highly. In the part of *Looney Mactoulter* he certainly made some points of considerable humour. Mr. Power, jun. personated *Deputy Bull* very creditably; and Lord Monck was eminently successful in the part of *Lump*. His Lordship can very happily bring out the peculiarities of the *Yorkshire* dialect. He introduced a comic song into the character, which was very loudly encored. The entertainment went off with complete success.

[Ball at the Theatre.—*Thursday, October 8th*, 1818.] Our Theatre was thrown open this evening for the *fourth* time, as a Ball Room, and combined much additional splendour of decoration in its arrangements. The stage was fitted up in a very ornamental style, by affixing some of the richest scenery of the Theatre to the wings on either side, which rendered that part of the House more compact in its construction for the purposes of the dance, and imparted a very magnificent attraction to this place of gay and fashionable resort. The company were numerous, comprising a full attendance of all those whom the varieties of our theatrical season had attracted to Kilkenny. The upper parts of the Theatre were filled with spectators of this animating scene; and the whole appearance of the House, with its gay inmates, afforded an exhilarating *spectacle*.

[Tenth Night.—*Friday, October 9th*, 1818.]—The Comedy of The Rivals was performed this Evening.

Mr. Corry sustained the part of *Sir Anthony Absolute* with all his former success. The characters which this gentleman has successfully represented here, have been very opposite. In his excellent personation of *Sir Peter Teazle*, and his equally successful performance of *Sir Bashful Constant*, we noticed the complete facility with which his countenance can depict the qualities of varying passions. In the part of *Sir Anthony Absolute* this faculty is exercised with a more marked distinctness, as the passions of that character, while equally transient and diversified as those of *Sir Peter* and *Sir Bashful*, are of much stronger and more vehement expression. The fame of Mr. Corry in comic delineation rests as firmly on his personation of *Sir Anthony*, as on any other effort of his dramatic talent that we have witnessed.

The Play was much contracted in the representation on Friday evening, and as the omitted scenes include some admirable passages, which very amusingly indicate the eccentric qualities of *Sir Anthony*, we have strong reason to regret the curtailment. In the scene where *Sir Anthony* unfolds to his son, *Captain Absolute*, his intention of improving the

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fortune of the latter, by marriage, Mr. CORRY was inimitably comic. The manner in which he meets and endeavours to subdue the objections of the *Captain* to the proposed union—the kindling fierceness of his anger, while, unconscious of his violence, he boasts of his dispassionate and patient temper—the burst of rage in which he reproaches the obstinate disobedience of his son, were all strongly characteristic of fretful and impetuous feelings; and in the concluding part of the same scene, his agitated features and significant gestures when he reaches the height of passionate absurdity, and threatens to "*unget*" his disobedient son, were amongst the happiest efforts of his performance.

The scene in the *third* Act, where *Young Jack* feigns a total accordance with the proposal of his father to an intended marriage, was one to which as much dramatic effect was given, as it was possible for any of the most experienced performers to produce; the violent and ungoverned feelings of the hasty father were most exquisitely contrasted with the calm composure of the supposed penitent son.

In the scene with *Mrs. Malaprop*, when that lady suggests to him the probable cause of his son's assumed indifference to the charms of *Lydia*, Mr. CORRY evinced his usual discrimination. The expression of assent which marks his features, when the stratagem of the *Captain* is first hinted to him, and the glow of pleasure which animates his countenance, when the real state of his son's heart is revealed to him, were spiritedly true to nature. In every one of those scenes we could not fail to discover points of comic excellence, and whether in anger or in pleasantry, *Sir Anthony's* peculiarities were always depicted with humour and fidelity.

Mr. R. POWER performed *Captain Absolute*. Who will ever venture to perform it *here* but himself? Nay, we would go further, and say, that if Mr. POWER were a *professional* Actor, and in possession of this character on the *public* Stage, none even *there* would venture to compete with him in it. We never saw *Jack Absolute* understood by any Actor but himself. In his scenes with the choleric *Sir Anthony*, the gentle, bland, and *roguish* humility of his manners, were amusingly contrasted with the absurd and impetuous violence of the father. This excellent Performer played throughout with taste and spirit.

Mr. ROTHE supported the character of *Faulkland* in his best style. We do not think it could be better acted. We have seen YOUNG in this character, but not with the same pleasure; the performance of this distinguished Actor was accompanied by the loudest applause.

Mr. CRAMPTON, in the character of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, fully maintained his reputation for the personation of the *Irish Gentleman*. We have already observed on those peculiar qualifications, which render Mr. CRAMPTON's performance in this line of character so chastely humorous, and we need not here repeat them. His look, and dress, even his *brogue*, could not discredit the country of his birth.

In the respective characters of *Fag* and *David*, Mr. POWER, jun. and Lord MONCK performed with much spirit.

Mr. ANNESLEY supported the character of *Bob Acres*, and his acting in this very entertaining part certainly claims unreserved approbation. In his first scene, when he unconsciously irritates the jealousy of the romantic *Faulkland* by recounting instances of *Julia's* levity, he displayed much comic talent: and in the scene of the intended duel between him and the fictitious *Beverly*, he presented us with a most diverting picture of *Acres's* characteristic infirmity, his countenance and gesture very humorously betraying the contention between artificial spirit and habitual fear. We derived much pleasure from this droll performance.

Lord MONCK was an admirable representative of the clownish servant, *David*, and we congratulate his Lordship on the visible improvement he has made in the knowledge of the business of the Stage.

In the character of *Julia* Miss WALSTEIN was interesting and impressive: and Miss KELLY, as *Lydia Languish*, is entitled to approbation.—In the part of *Lucy*, Miss CURTIS acquitted herself with credit. *Mrs. Malaprop* was played by Mrs. M'CULLOCH, who imparted the most ludicrous effect to this incongruous character. The performance of Mrs. M'CULLOCH in those parts which she has filled, since her arrival in Kilkenny, has been highly creditable to her talents.

In the Farce of KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO, Mr. BECHER, for the first time, made his appearance in the hero of the Piece, and displayed very excellent qualities for the "Taming of a Shrew." The bustle and spirit of the part were most admirably sustained throughout, and the whole of the performance was very creditable to his excellent talents. Mr. ANNESLEY gave another proof of his industry and perseverance by his performance of *Grumio;* but we hardly heard the stammering *Tailor* of Lord MONCK. Mr. T. BUSHE delivered the difficult speeches of *Biondello* with point and precision.

[ELEVENTH AND LAST NIGHT.—*Saturday, October 10th,* 1818.]—With this Evening's Performance the Theatre closed for the Season. The Play was *Macbeth*, the Farce was *High Life below Stairs.*

It is a circumstance highly creditable to the Gentlemen who compose our Theatrical Society, and which we cannot avoid noticing, that, after having been sedulously and anxiously employed in the business of the Theatre for upwards of three weeks, their exertions did not slacken, nor were their efforts weakened by the fatigue which they must have encountered. They might indeed say, in the language of the Play of to-night, "the labour we delight in physics pain;" for on no former occasion have we seen a play in which talent was more happily exerted, or care or attention more evidently and effectually displayed, than in the performance of *Macbeth* this evening. The magnificence of the dresses, the beauty of the scenery, which was peculiarly appropriate, and the Stage arrangements which were admirable, produced a *tout ensemble*, of which we find ourselves unable to convey any adequate description. With us it excites an uncommon degree of surprise, that, amongst the younger branches of our distinguished Society, who filled the minor characters of this master-piece of our immortal Poet, not

the slightest mistake or defect should have been discoverable. Throughout the entire of this piece, abounding in bustle, machinery, and procession, the most perfect order was preserved.

On the merits of Mr. Powza in *Macbeth*, it is almost unnecessary for us to enlarge; it partook of all its usual excellence, and in many passages he rose superior to himself at former periods. Mr. Powza's accurate conception of every character he undertakes has been the subject of repeated and deserved panegyric; it is that of a superior and refined mind; this observation applies peculiarly to his performance of *Macbeth;* the agonies of a soul loaded with guilt, were most expressively portrayed in every turn and feature; "his face was a book wherein men might read strange matters."

Mr. Powza seems to have made this arduous character a subject of his particular solicitude; and only that we do not wish to swell this article with quotations, we could select passages of this Play, which he delivered in a manner deserving the highest commendation. The genius of the Author was identified with the execution of the Performer, and the *Macbeth* of this accomplished Actor will be long remembered by those enlightened auditors with whom taste and talent are sure of being duly appreciated and admired.

Mr. Rothe imparted an uncommon share of interest to the character of *Macduff;* the soul-struck anguish of the affectionate father and tender husband, when the news is brought of the slaughter of his wife and children, could not have been more effectively expressed. This Gentleman admirably illustrated the power he holds over the hearts and feelings of the Kilkenny Theatre.

The character of *Banquo*, as performed by Mr. Becher, obtained an importance, of which in the hands of a less eminent performer, it must have been divested; and the same remark is applicable to the character of *Rosse*, to which Mr. Corry gave an unusual portion of pathos and interest. Mr. Smyly deserves great credit for the attention he paid to adapt himself in appearance to the character of *Duncan*, which he got through with feeling and dignity. Mr. Robert Langrishe was very interesting in the character of *Malcolm;* and we should be guilty of an injustice if we passed over Mr. R. Power, jun. whose performance of the *Bleeding Captain* was marked with force and feeling. The character of *Hecate* was performed by Mr. Crampton with his accustomed excellence, and the *First Singing Witch* was most admirably sustained by Mr. M'Casey, who gave to the beautiful Music of Handel, in this piece, all the effect which is to be expected from a voice of great capability, and musical talents of the first order. The *Second* and *Third Singing Witches* had able representatives in Miss Rock and Miss Kelly. The three *Speaking Witches* were performed by Lord Monck, Mr. Annesley, and Mr. Roper, in a manner highly creditable to their good taste and understanding.

Miss Walstein justified the high opinion entertained of her performance of *Lady Macbeth*, by her judicious efforts in this arduous character, and her exertions were rewarded by repeated plaudits.

The Farce of *High Life below Stairs* concluded the entertainments of the evening, and of the Season, in which Mr. Corry and Mr. Crampton appeared to the greatest advantage as my *Lord Duke* and *Sir Harry*. Lord Monck in the character of *Lovel*, where he is disguised as the country clown, was highly entertaining. Mr. Crampton introduced a *Pas Seul*, or *Parasol*, as it is ludicrously miscalled by the conceited *Lord Duke*, which was universally encored, and he complied with the wishes of the Audience with a cheerfulness so evident, as convinced them, in the words of the Epilogue, that "Crampton was their's from *head* to *foot*."

On the conclusion of the Afterpiece, the members of our Theatrical Society assembled on the Stage, and a very amusing dialogue, which appropriately introduced the farewell addresses of the leading performers, was spoken, in manner of an Epilogue, by Mr. R. Power and Mr. Becher.

The former gentleman then advanced, and with much feeling took his leave of the Audience, amidst the loudest thunders of applause. He was followed, successively, by Mr. Becher, Mr. Crampton, Mr. Corry, and Mr. Rothe, each of whom addressed the Audience, and spoke his feelings in language appropriate to the particular character in which he had earned the largest share of dramatic reputation. Miss Walstein also spoke a "parting word," and was rapturously applauded.

At the conclusion of the Epilogue, the whole of the Theatrical Society then in town, with the female performers, came forward, and sang *God save the King*, their usual *finale*. Before *twelve o'clock*, the party broke up with much reluctance, though meliorated with the fond hope of another happy meeting next year.

It is impossible for us to think of our Theatricals, without feeling the deepest gratitude to that estimable gentleman, Mr. Richard Power, who is the life and soul of them, and who has, by their means, conferred advantages on our city, that can never be forgotten.

We should not here forget to notice, that for the late visit of Miss Stephens to Kilkenny, we have been indebted to the exertions of Mr. Power: nor can we, in justice to the liberal and disinterested feelings of the lady we have named, omit to state her generous refusal of an equivalent for those valuable services, which her performances here have rendered to our Theatrical interests. Her engagement in Kilkenny, for some days, did, of course, involve a necessary expenditure, but beyond such incidental disbursement, she most handsomely declined to receive any pecuniary recompense; we can state on authority however, that the funds of the Theatrical Society applicable to charitable uses, *have suffered no reduction whatever* on her account.

For ourselves we have only to observe, that as we have fulfilled the most grateful of our literary labours, in directing public attention to the merits of those performances from which so much pleasure has been derived, throughout the past season, we cannot notice the separation of our *Dramatic Corps* without feelings of very considerable regret.

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We have endeavoured to procure a list of the Ladies and Gentlemen who honoured our City by their presence, during this last meeting of our Theatrical Society.

Dowager Countess of Ormonde and Ossory, Earl and Countess of Carrick, Earl and Countess of Desart and Lady Elizabeth Cuffe, Earl and Countess of Mayo, and Miss Fitzclarence, Lord De Clifford, Viscount Monck, Field Marshal Lord Beresford, Lord and Lady Dunally, Lady Harriet Ponsonby, Miss Ponsonby, and the *two* Mr. Ponsonby's, Lady Cecilia La Touche, and the Misses La Touche, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. James Butler, Mr. Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Kavanagh, and the two Miss Kavanaghs, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, and Miss St. Leger, Hon. Mr. Ryder, the Hon. Mrs. Bourke, the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of Ossory and Mrs. J. Bourke, the Hon. Mrs. Fowler and Mr. Robert Fowler, Hon. Mr. Massey, the Hon. Mr. F. Charles Annesley and Mrs. Annesley, the Hon. Messrs. Butler's, of Ballycondra, the Solicitor General, Mrs. Bushe, the *two* Miss Bushe's, and Miss Smith, Sir Josias and Lady Coghill, Sir William Battersby, Sir J. J. Fitzgerald, Sir Robert and Lady Langrishe and the Miss Langrishe's, Sir Wheeler and Lady Cuffe, Mr. Browne and the *two* Miss Browne's, Sir Nicholas Loftus, Sir John M. and Lady Doyle, Sir Edward and Lady Sheridan, Judge Johnson and Miss Johnson, Sir Ulysses Burgh, Sir William Homan, the Dean of Lismore and Mrs. Scott, Rev. Henry Dawson, Rev. Richard Birmingham, Rev. Richard Cooke, Mrs. Cooke, and the *two* Miss French's, the Dean of Kildare, the Archdeacon of Kildare, Rev. Mr. Austin and Mrs. Austin, Rev. Mr. Kemmis, Rev. Mr. Sandys, Rev. Mr. M'Causland, Rev. Mr. Mauleverer and Family, General and Miss Dilkes, General and Miss Brownrigg, General and Miss Fyers, Captain and Mrs. Fleming, of Mount Congreve, Mr. Congreve and the *two* Miss Congreves, Captain W. Butler and Mrs. Butler, Major Keatinge, C. B. and Miss Denn, Hon. Colonel Butler, Colonel Rochfort, of Cloghgrennan, Mrs. Rochfort and Mrs. Hamilton, Captain Pope, Major Wemys, Colonel Blunden, Majors Belli, and Powel, Captains Shearman, Penrice, Luard, and Scully, Captain Clancey, Major Power, Captain Power and Family, Major and Mrs. O'Shee, Captain Stewart and Family, Captain O'Flaherty, Captain Steele and Family, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Joux, of Guernsey, Mr. and Mrs. Rucker and Family, of Hamburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Tongue, of Staffordshire, Mr. and Mrs. George Bryan, of Jenkinstown, and Mr. Bryan, jun. Mr. and Mrs. John Flood, of Flood-hall, Mr. Robert Flood, Mr. John Flood, of Viewmount, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cane, Mr. and Mrs. Power O'Shee, Mrs. Meara, Miss Meara and the Messrs. Meara, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox, Mrs. Philip Crampton and Miss Crampton, Mrs. John Crampton, and Miss Plunkett, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, Mr. & Mrs. John Power, of Kilfane, Mrs. Rothe and the two Misses Rothe, Mrs. James Corry, Mr. Pery Corry, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Verschoyle, Mr. and Mrs. Piers Geale, Mr. and Mrs. George Hill, Mrs Dowdall and Miss Lyster, Admiral Fishe, Mrs. Roper, and the two Misses Roper's, Mrs. Purcell, Miss Archbold, and Mr. Purcell, Mrs. Dean Trench and the *two* Miss Trench's, Mr. Joseph Greene, of Greenville, and Mrs. William Greene, Mrs. and Miss Ryan, of Waterford, Mr. and Mrs. Aylward and Miss Aylward, Mr. H. A. Bushe and Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bushe, Mr. and Mrs. Nowlan and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Poe, of Harley Park, Mrs. and Miss Burgh, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Bruen, Mr. Bruen and the *two* Miss Bruen's, Mr. and Mrs. John Helsham and the *two* Miss Helsham's, Mr. and Mrs. Newcome, Mr. Morris and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Conron, Mr. Lalor and Family, of Graig, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen, Mr. Forrestal and Family, Mr. Keane and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, *Messrs.* R. Shaw, J. M'Donnell, T. Beatty, *two* Bookey's, White, Doyne, E. Moore, Perry, Lombard, A. Ball, T. Neville, Jacob, Nicholson, Wallace, Sterne, H. Townsend, Keating, Plunket, J. Bellingham, Crofton, Harvey, Armstrong, W. Baker, G. Pack, Edgeworth, Ryland, Colville, P. La Touche, Burton, of Burton Hall, W. Ducket, J. Ducket, B. L. Trench, *two* Hamiltons, *two* Uniackes, Murphy, of Castle Annis, Cooke, of Kiltiman, Bushe, Dillon, James, Hobbes, Rynd, Rice, Stanton, Casey, Morris, T. C. Duffy, Kennedy, Philips, &c. &c. &c.

[*Sunday, October 11th*, 1818.]—The Theatrical Society dined together this day at the Hibernian Hotel. They never mustered in greater strength, nor passed an evening together more happily.

[*Monday, October 12th*, 1818.]—Several Families remained in Town to-day to witness the celebrated imitations of Mr. Matthews, who performed at the Theatre. In the evening the whole of the Nobility and Gentry who composed our late Meeting, proceeded to Jenkinstown, the seat of George Bryan, Esq. at whose magnificent mansion there was a Grand Fancy Ball and Supper. About *ten o'clock* the company began to arrive, and soon after, the splendid suit of apartments was filled with a numerous, and elegant assemblage, attired in a grotesque and tasteful variety of costume. All that wealth could purchase, or hospitality suggest, was done by the liberal hostess of this splendid *fete*, to add to the pleasures of the night. The Party began to separate about *four o'clock* in the morning, but several of the Theatrical Society, their Families, and others, remained at Jenkinstown, which continued during the whole of the week a scene of gaiety, festivity, and merriment.

Thus has concluded a season, distinguished for as much theatrical and social pleasures as ever were, on any similar occasion, combined for the general gratification. Oh! that such happy meetings were more frequent among us!!!

1819.

Last Season.

1819,

Commenced the 11th, and closed the 28th of October.

THE COMPANY.

Mr. R. Power.	Lord Hawarden.
Mr. Rothe.	Lord James Stuart.
Mr. Becher.	Sir J. C. Coghill.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. John Power.
Lord Monck.	Mr. G. Hill.
Mr. R. Langrishe.	Mr. Hare.
Mr. R. Rothe.	Mr. Dixon.
Mr. J. Power, jun.	Mr. Smyly.
Mr. R. Power, jun.	Mr. Anderson.
Mr. Gervase Power.	Mr. E. Helsham.
Mr. H. A. Bushe.	Mr. R. Helsham.
Mr. C. Bushe.	Mr. H. Helsham.
Mr. T. Bushe.	Mr. T. Hill.
Mr. A. Bushe.	Mr. Shee.
Mr. Annesley.	Mr. M. Shee.
Mr. Holmes.	Mr. Bookey.
Mr. Gyles.	Mr. Fleming.
Mr. M'Caskey.	Mr. Marshall.

Masters Dalton and Brenan.

Miss O'Neill.	Miss Rock.
Miss Walstein.	Miss Curtis.
Miss Kelly.	Mrs. Eyreby.

Miss Johnston.

The Orchestra principally filled from that of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Leader, Mr. Barton.

PROLOGUE

Written by Mr. G. P. Bushe, and Spoken by Mr. R. Power.

As some fond youth the fatal bark surveys,
Which from his sight his once-lov'd fair conveys,
With strain'd eye sees it less'ning to his view,
And waves, with frequent hand, a last adieu;
Still sad and slow he lingers on the shore,
Nor heeds the rising surge, or tempest's roar.
Thus, tho' well pleas'd to meet, yet heaves my heart,
And dwells on that sad hour when we must part;
When I, while no feign'd griefs my bosom swell,
Take, for the *twentieth* time, my LAST farewel:
Nay, 'pon my word my *last*—my *last* you'll find,
Tho' much your smiles denote a doubting mind.

Have you not lately seen, thro' ether's range,
A Comet flaring, and, with fear of change
Perplexing monarchs?—Ah! that omen dire
Foretold our buskin'd reign must soon expire.
Should any ask—Why, in its noon-tide hour,
Like Spanish Charles, I quit the sovereign power?
"I will a tale unfold;" and, in my rage,
Our Green-Room secrets publish on the stage.
Know then, my Actors are grown restive all,
Nor longer hearken to my sovereign call:
Some to strange lands a wandering spirit drives—
Some take to business—some have taken wives!!!
"My Thanes fly from me," and too soon Macbeth*
Must stand *alone* upon the blasted heath.

But late, my plaguy rogues, as if combin'd
They had together a round robin sign'd,
Wrote word, "This season their engagement ends."
Shall I expose them?—Tho' they are my friends,
By Jove I will———

(*Takes a packet of letters from his pocket.*)

Let's see—aye, here, in truth,
Comes a sweet sentimental line from *Rothe*.
"Dear POWER, You know my *heart*"—aye, still the pathos,
"But this Excise Board"—Heavens! what a bathos!
And thus he quits, Oh! unambitious fool,
The Tragic sceptre, for *the dipping rule*.
Yet shall his memory live ever here,
And still shall *Beverley, Othello, Lear*,
Reign in your hearts, while Feeling owes a tear.

Next comes a grave Epistle, post-mark *Mallow*.†
"The Senate calls"—Excuse most vague and shallow!
"The times are out of joint, and public men
"Must do their best to set them right again,
"So farewel gew-gaw plays!—Your's, *Wrixon Becher*."
Now all this comes because he's grown a speecher.
What! would the proud *Coriolanus* ‖ shun
That spot where first your "*voices sweet*" he won!
Tho' list'ning Senates hang on all he says,
He owes it all to our Kilkenny Plays!

What next?—a note in *folio*, signed *J. Corry*,
Who says, "Indeed he is extremely sorry,
"But that the *Linen Trade* ‡ now comes so full in."
Pshaw! hang his *Linen*, hav'n't we got the *Woollen*?
If to my orders thus he prove refractory,
Let him improve his system at the FACTORY;§
There sports and toil th' alternate hours beguile,
And man, poor labouring man, is taught to smile.
And who, like CORRY, e'er from sorrow's eye,
With sun-shine laughter every tear could dry?
When this sad City mourn'd her favourite dead,
And deem'd all Comedy with Lyster fled,
When all around was gloom and sad dismay,
CORRY burst forth and reillum'd the day.
Nay too, my youths, who dash'd thro' thin and thick,
Annesley—Shee—Helsham—and my namesake Dick,
Tho' now they shave, think Grey-beard parts unfit,
And e'en Lord MONCK swears he'll the harness quit.

But ah! sad tidings from the North—for there
CRAMPTON writes word the State demands his care—
"I'm chain'd here by the leg—and made, in vain,
"Herculean efforts my release to gain."
He by the *leg*?—Good Heavens, what chain could bind,
That limb so supple—or that heart so kind?
But let Fate cast his part howe'er it can,
He'll always act the *Irish Gentleman*.

* *Macbeth*, a character in which Mr. Power was eminently successful.

† Mr. Becher resides near, and represents Mallow, in the House of Commons.

‖ One of Mr. Becher's most distinguished parts.

‡ Mr. Corry is Secretary to the Board for improving the Linen Trade of Ireland.

§ Mr. Nowlan's celebrated Woollen Manufactory in the Co. of Kilkenny.

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And can we venture thus to take the field,
Without Sir Lucius,* thy protecting shield?—
Did we not erst the Stage persist to tread,
When wit and genius with our Langrishe fled?
Then, tho' with thinning ranks, we forward come,
And on your kind exhaustless smiles presume.

But lo! what bright star, wandering from her sphere,
Shines on our orb, this parting hour to cheer?
The fair O'Neil dispels night's vapour dun,
"It is the East!—and Juliet is the Sun:"
Arise fair Sun—and with auspicious ray,
Shed thy kind lustre on our closing day,
So may thy beams, by no dark clouds o'ercast,
Increase each year in splendour ne'er surpast.

* *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, a part which Mr. Crampton represented with great success.

Monday, 11*th October*, 1819.

First Night.

THE WONDER.

Don Felix	...	Mr. R. Power.
Don Lopez	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Don Pedro	...	Mr. Gyles.
Colonel Briton	...	Mr. Holmes.
Frederick	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Lissardo	...	Mr. Corry.
Gibby	...	Mr. M'Caskey.
Alguazil	...	Mr. Shee.
Vasquez	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
Servant	...	Mr. M. Shee.
Violante	...	Miss Walstein.
Isabella	...	Miss Rock.
Flora	...	Miss Kelly.
Inis	...	Mrs. Eyreby.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

RAISING THE WIND.

Jeremy Diddler	...	Mr. Holmes.
Plainway	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Fainwou'd	...	Mr. Gyles.
Sam	...	Lord Monck.
Richard	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Waiter	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
John	...	Mr. H. Helsham.
Miss Durable	...	Mrs. Eyreby.
Peggy	...	Miss Rock.

Wednesday, 13*th October*, 1819.

Second Night.

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

English.

King Edward III.	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Earl Harcourt	...	Mr. G. Power.
Sir Walter Manny	...	Mr. Shee.
Queen	...	Miss Kelly.

French.

John De Vienne	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Ribaumont	...	Mr. R. Power.
Eustache de St. Pierre		Mr. Becher.
John D'Aire	...	Mr. E. Helsham.
Jacque Wissant	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
Pierre Wissant	...	Mr. M. Shee.
Officer	...	Mr. J. Power.
Sergeant	...	Lord Monck.
La Gloire	...	Mr. Corry.
O'Carrol	...	Mr. M'Caskey.
First Citizen	...	Mr. Annesley.
Second Citizen	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
Third Citizen	...	Mr. Dixon.

Other Citizens, Messrs. Bookey and Fleming.

Crier	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
First Workman	...	Mr. Gyles.
Second Workman	...	Mr. A. Bushe.

Citizens, &c.

Julia	...	Miss Walstein.
Madelon	...	Miss Rock.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Artaxomines	...	Mr. Gyles.
Fusbos	...	Lord Monck.
First Courtier	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
Second Courtier	...	Mr. E. Helsham.
Bombastes	...	Mr. Annesley.

Courtiers, &c.

Distaffina	...	Miss Rock.

Friday, 15*th October*, 1819.

Third Night.

DOUGLAS.

Douglas	...	Mr. Becher.
Lord Randolph	...	Mr. Annesley.
Glenalvon	...	Mr. R. Power.
Old Norval	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Officer	...	Mr. G. Power.

Servants, &c.

Lady Randolph	...	Miss Walstein.
Anna	...	Miss Curtis.

POOR SOLDIER.

Captain Fitzroy	...	Mr. G. Power.
Father Luke	...	Mr. Corry.
Patrick	...	Mr. M'Caskey.
Dermot	...	Mr. Dixon.
Bagatelle	...	Mr. Gyles.
Darby	...	Lord Monck.
Phelim	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Norah	...	Miss Kelly.
Kathleen	...	Miss Rock.

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Monday, 18*th October*, 1819.

FOURTH NIGHT.

THE HONEY MOON.

DUKE ARANZA	...	Mr. R. Power.
COUNT MONTALBAN	...	Mr. G. Power.
ROLANDO	...	Mr. Becher.
BALTHAZAR	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
LAMPEDO	...	Lord Monck.
CAMPILLO	...	Mr. Roper.
LOPEZ	...	Sir J. C. Coghill.
JACQUES	...	Mr. Gyles.
PAGE	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
JULIANA	...	Miss Walstein.
VOLANTE	...	Miss Kelly.
ZAMORA	...	Miss Rock.
HOSTESS	...	Mrs. Clarke.

THE APPRENTICE.

OLD WINGATE	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
GARGLE	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
DICK	...	Mr. Holmes.
SIMON	...	Mr. Annesley.
PRESIDENT	...	Mr. Gyles.
SCOTCHMAN	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
IRISHMAN	...	Lord Monck.
WATCHMAN	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
BAILIFF	...	Mr. H. Helsham.
CHARLOTTE	...	Miss Rock.

Tuesday, 19*th October*, 1819.

FIFTH NIGHT.

ALL IN THE WRONG.

SIR JOHN RESTLESS	...	Mr. Corry.
BEVERLEY	...	Mr. R. Power.
SIR WILLIAM BELLMONT		Lord Monck.
YOUNG BELLMONT	...	Mr. T. Bushe.
BLANDFORD	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
ROBERT	...	Mr. Annesley.
BRUSH	...	Mr. G. Power.
WILLIAM	...	Mr. J. Power.
THOMAS	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
LADY RESTLESS	...	Miss Walstein.
BELINDA	...	Miss Kelly.
CLARISSA	...	Miss Curtis.
TATTLE	...	Miss Rock.
TIPPET	...	Mrs. Eyreby.
MARMALET	...	Miss Johnston.

ROSINA.

BELVILLE	...	Mr. M'Caskey.
CAPTAIN BELVILLE	...	Mr. Dixon.
RUSTIC	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
WILLIAM	...	Mr. Gyles.
FIRST IRISHMAN	...	Lord Monck.
SECOND IRISHMAN	...	Mr. Annesley.

Reapers, &c.

ROSINA	...	Miss Kelly.
PHŒBE	...	Miss Rock.
DORCAS	...	Mrs. Eyreby.

Villagers, &c.

Thursday, 21*st October*, 1819.

SIXTH NIGHT.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ROMEO	...	Mr. R. Power.
CAPULET	...	Mr. Annesley.
MERCUTIO	...	Mr. Corry.
PARIS	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
BENVOLIO	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
TIBALT	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
FRIAR LAURENCE	...	Mr. Becher.
FRIAR JOHN	...	Mr. E. Helsham.
PETER	...	Lord Monck.
BALTHAZAR	...	Mr. G. Power.
APOTHECARY	...	Mr. Gyles.
BOY	...	Master Brenan.

Masqueraders, &c.

JULIET	...	Miss O'Neil.
LADY CAPULET	...	Miss Curtis.
NURSE	...	Mrs. Eyreby.

THE LOCK AND KEY.

CAPTAIN CHEERLY	...	Mr. M'Caskey.
CAPTAIN VAIN	...	Mr. Annesley.
BRUMMAGEM	...	Lord Monck.
RALPH	...	Mr. Gyles.
BRIXEMARTI	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
MAZIGANGI	...	Master Brenan.
LAURA	...	Miss Kelly.
FANNY	...	Miss Rock.
SELINA	...	Mrs. Eyreby.
DOLLY	...	Miss Johnston.

Friday, 22*d October*, 1819.

SEVENTH NIGHT.

(Prologue repeated.)

OTHELLO.

DUKE OF VENICE	...	Mr. Shee.
BRABANTIO	...	Mr. Corry.
GRATIANO	...	Mr. Smyly.
LODOVICO	...	Mr. G. Power.
MONTANO	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
OTHELLO	...	Mr. Rothe.
CASSIO	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
IAGO	...	Mr. Becher.
RODERIGO	...	Mr. Annesley.
ANTONIO	...	Mr. Fleming.
PAULO	...	Mr. Shee.
LORENZO	...	Mr. T. Hill.
MESSENGER	...	Mr. A. Bushe.

Senators, Lord Hawarden, Lord James Stuart, Sir J. C. Coghill, Mr. John Power, Mr. G. Hill, Mr. G. Power, &c.

DESDEMONA	...	Miss O'Neil.
ÆMILIA	...	Miss Kelly.

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RAISING THE WIND.

Jeremy Diddler	...	Mr. Holmes.
Plainway	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Fainwou'd	...	Mr. Gyles.
Sam	...	Lord Monck.
Richard	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Waiter	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
John	...	Mr. H. Helsham.
Miss Durable	...	Mrs. Eyreby.
Peggy	...	Miss Rock.

Saturday, 23d October, 1819.

Eighth Night.

VENICE PRESERVED.

Duke of Venice	...	Lord Monck.
Priuli	...	Mr. Becher.
Bedamar	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Pierre	...	Mr. Rothe.
Jaffier	...	Mr. R. Power.
Renault	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Elliot	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Spinoza	...	Mr. Dixon.
Theodore	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
Mezzana	...	Mr. Fleming.
Durand	...	Mr. T. Hill.
Captain of the Guard		Mr. C. Bushe.
Officer	...	Mr. G. Power.

Senators, Lord Hawarden, Sir J. C. Coghill, Mr. H. Bushe, Mr. Townsend, Mr. T. Smyly, Mr. Shee, Mr. M. Shee, &c. &c.

Belvidera	...	Miss O'Neil.

ROSINA.

Belville	...	Mr. M'Caskey.
Captain Belville	...	Mr. Dixon.
Rustic	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
William	...	Mr. Gyles.
First Irishman	...	Lord Monck.
Second Irishman	...	Mr. Annesley.
Reapers, &c.		
Rosina	...	Miss Kelly.
Phœbe	...	Miss Rock.
Dorcas	...	Mrs. Eyreby.
Villagers, &c.		

Monday, 25th October, 1819.

Ninth Night.

THE GAMESTER.

Beverley	...	Mr. Rothe.
Stukely	...	Mr. R. Power.
Lewson	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Jarvis	...	Mr. Corry.
Bates	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Dawson	...	Mr. G. Power.
Waiter	...	Mr. Fleming.
Mrs. Beverley	...	Miss O'Neil.
Charlotte	...	Miss Curtis.
Lucy	...	Miss Johnston.

KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Petruchio	...	Mr. Becher.
Baptista	...	Mr. Gyles.
Hortensio	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Music Master	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Tailor	...	Lord Monck.
Biondello	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Pedro	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Grumio	...	Mr. Annesley.
Cook	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
Nathaniel	...	Mr. M. Shee.
Gabriel	...	Mr. T. Hill.
Gregory	...	Mr. Fleming.
Katharine	...	Miss Walstein.
Bianca	...	Miss Curtis.
Curtis	...	Mrs. Eyreby.

Wednesday, 27th October, 1819.

Tenth Night.

KING HENRY IV.

King Henry	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
Prince of Wales	...	Mr. R. Power.
Prince John	...	Mr. Fleming.
Westmoreland	...	Mr. Hare.
Douglas	...	Mr. C. Bushe.
Worcester	...	Mr. Dixon.
Northumberland	...	Mr. Anderson.
Hotspur	...	Mr. Rothe.
Sir Walter Blunt	...	Mr. Shee.
Sir Richard Vernon	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
Sir John Falstaff	...	Mr. Corry.
Poins	...	Mr. G. Power.
Gadshill	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
Bardolph	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
Peto	...	Mr. M. Shee.
Francis	...	Mr. Gyles.
Raby	...	Mr. Marshall.
First Carrier	...	Lord Monck.
Second Carrier	...	Mr. Annesley.
Lady Percy	...	Miss Curtis.
Hostess	...	Mrs. Eyreby.

X. Y. Z.

Grubbleton	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
Captain Gaillard	...	Mr. G. Power.
Neddy Bray	...	Mr. Annesley.
Roscius Alldross	...	Mr. Gyles.
Ralph Hempseed	...	Lord Monck.
Doddle	...	Mr. Marshall.
First Gentleman	...	Mr. Dixon.
Second Gentleman	...	Mr. Fleming.
Third Gentleman	...	Mr. Anderson.
First Waiter	...	Mr. R. Helsham.
Second Waiter	...	Mr. Hare.
Third Waiter	...	Mr. A Bushe.
Mrs. Mouser	...	Miss Johnston.
Dora Mumwell	...	Mrs. Eyreby.
Maria	...	Miss Curtis.

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Thursday, 28th October, 1819.

ELEVENTH AND LAST NIGHT.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

KING HENRY	...	Mr. Rothe.
PRINCE OF WALES	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
DUKE OF YORK	...	Master Dalton.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER	...	Mr. Becher.
BUCKINGHAM	...	Mr. R. Langrishe.
RICHMOND	...	Mr. R. Power.
NORFOLK	...	Mr. Shee.
RATCLIFFE	...	Mr. Fleming.
CATESBY	...	Mr. G. Power.
TRESSIL	...	Mr. Annesley.
OXFORD	...	Mr. Hare.
LORD MAYOR	...	Mr. Gyles.
TYRREL	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
BLUNT	...	Mr. J. Power.
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER	...	Mr. R. Rothe.
OFFICER	...	Mr. M. Shee.
FOREST	...	Mr. Marshall.
QUEEN	...	Miss Curtis.
DUCHESS OF YORK	...	Mrs. Eyreby.
LADY ANNE	...	Miss Walstein.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

SIR FELIX FRIENDLY	...	Lord Monck.
COMPTON	...	Mr. R. Power, jun.
LINGO	...	Mr. Corry.
CHICANE	...	Mr. Gyles.
JOHN	...	Mr. Annesley.
THOMAS	...	Mr. A. Bushe.
CUDDEN	...	Mr. Fleming.
FARMER STUMP	...	Mr. Hare.
MRS. CHESHIRE	...	Mrs. Eyreby.
LAURA	...	Miss Kelly.
FRINGE	...	Miss Curtis.
COWSLIP	...	Miss Rock.

EPILOGUE

Written by Mr. H. A. Bushe, and spoken by Mr. R. Power.

Ten years entire Greece labour'd to destroy
With her confederate hosts Imperial Troy:—
We've kept the field till *twice ten* years have past,
But the dispersing gale has blown at last.

With ears attentive, all my words receive,
'Tis the *last* charge your Leader e'er shall give.

Friends, you come arm'd I find, with valour great,
To meet the summons and behold your fate;
Nor do you feel appall'd at th' omens dire,
Which to foretell your certain fall conspire.
The day that Ilium flam'd, the billows bore
Two *snakes* from Tenedos' resounding shore;
And now, behold!—who can the sign withstand?
The great *constrictor* in St. Patrick's land:
Shorn of their *canvass* wings, now vessels sail
Thro' pathless seas, nor longer woo the gale.
These, while the comets glare in Ether's range,
Perplexing monarchs with a fear of change—
All tell the hour draws near, and come it must,
When our bright trophies shall be laid in dust,
Or days of Phaeton once more return,
When, chang'd to faggots, *rivers*, *seas* shall *burn*,
And towers and palaces, all in the wind,
Smoking, dissolve, "nor leave a wreck behind."
The wav'ring traitor shall deceive no more,
Let tyrants tremble, for their reign is o'er.
You, *Senators*, shall feel th' o'erwhelming storm,
And bow at last, to *radical reform*.

Haply some future traveller may say,
Whilst in this town he makes a short delay,
Pointing to where her court Thalia held,
"Here *Richard* pitch'd his tent of Bosworth Field:
"Here youthful orators their strength would try,
"Poise on the wing, ere yet they learn'd to fly;
"And sprightly WALSTEIN, in her beauty's hey-day,
"Played that most difficult of parts, the *Lady*.
"Since FARREN bade adieu, ye critics tell,
"Who—who perform'd the arduous task so well?
"And STEPHENS pour'd her sweetest warblings here,
"The seraph tones still vibrate on the ear.
"And, ere she fill'd the highest niche of fame,
"Our praise *prophetic* of her future name,
"Here fair O'NEIL, with nature, feeling, charm'd,
"And won the *wisest*, and the *coldest* warm'd;
"And now, mature in honors, flings the light
"Of setting radiance on our closing night."

You, too, our patrons, never sued in vain
For kindness, critic censure to restrain,
You fann'd each hope and silenc'd every fear,
And cheer'd with Beauty's smile, and still more flatt'ring tear.

Oh! while this breath I draw, my grateful mind
Shall cherish all these scenes have left behind;
Full oft shall Fancy bring them to my view,
And Memory, lingering, half their joys renew.
So, when Death claims some victim for the tomb,
And loveliness consigns to early doom,
With mental eye the widow'd partner sees
Her imag'd form—he hears her in the breeze,
Entranc'd in fond regret, his feelings know
A charm in grief, "a luxury in wo,"
And thrill with second rapture, wand'ring o'er
All that had won, and all that pleas'd before.
Such solace still remains, and just gives strength
To utter what we must pronounce at length,
While, to the utmost bound our bosoms swell,
And quiv'ring lips scarce falter—"Friends, Farewell."

[*The Leinster Journal, and the Moderator, Kilkenny.*—FIRST NIGHT.—*Monday, October 11th*, 1819.]—It is our grateful duty to announce the opening of our classic Theatre this evening. The Comedy of THE WONDER, and the Afterpiece of RAISING THE WIND, were the entertainments of the night.

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An elegant Audience filled the Pit and Boxes; and the other parts of the House were as numerously attended as could well have been expected on the first night of performance. Indeed the whole appearance of the Theatre, with the splendid and fashionable assemblage which cheered the opening labours of this interesting Campaign, give earnest of a prosperous and brilliant season.

At eight o'clock the Curtain rose, when Mr. RICHARD POWER came forward to speak the promised Address, and was welcomed with rapturous applause. When the acclamations had subsided, he delivered an animated and appropriate Prologue, which, we understand, is from the classic pen of Mr. G. P. BUSHE, Assistant Barrister of our County. It is one of the best conceived, best pointed, the happiest in personal allusion, and was the most successful in general effect, that we have heard delivered at this Theatre.

We have often listened with great pleasure to Mr. POWER's recitation, but we never saw or heard him to more advantage than he appeared to-night. The allusions to the different Performers were caught by the Audience with the most lively enthusiasm, and every hearer seemed to sympathize with the speaker at the approaching close, the *final close*, of their theatrical labours. The House resounded with a general clapping of hands on its conclusion, and the curtain was soon after raised again for the performances of the evening.

The entire scenery has been kept in the best order, and preserves an unfaded splendour; and the lighting of the Stage, which presented no overpowering brightness, well accorded with the beautiful appearance of the Audience-part of the House. The Wardrobe comprises a various and magnificent selection, in all respects suited to the superior order of Plays that are usually acted here; and that disparity of personal decoration, too often apparent on provincial boards, is happily avoided in our Theatre. The eye of taste is never here offended by the gaudy attire of a chosen few, while the less effective of the dramatic corps are doomed to strut in faded finery. We are happy in bearing testimony to the exact propriety with which the mechanical arrangements of the stage were conducted this night. The scenes were shifted with the utmost regularity and despatch throughout the evening; and, judging from the perfect ease which so evidently pervades the stage operations, we conclude, that a very judicious system of management takes place behind the scenes. But it is time to turn to the performances of the night.

Mr. RICHARD POWER, our readers know, was the representative of *Don Felix*. The Play is fraught with such a variety of incident as keeps up an equal and earnest attention. There may be something of critical pedantry in the remark, but we must say that there is in all Mr. POWER's favourite performances, an exact *keeping* essentially necessary to the harmony of dramatic delineation. *Felix* takes a part in scenes which demand a varied expression of feeling, which was well preserved under every change of passion. The second scene of the fourth Act, was favourable to a display of some of his best powers, and he fully availed himself of it. The natural transition from inconsiderate anger and perplexing doubt to the fondness of renewed affection, as *Violante* explains away his jealous fears, was marked with equal skill and feeling. The change from this state of satisfied and unsuspecting love to the dread of successful rivalry in *Violante's* heart, as she opposes his entrance to the closet, on the approach of his father, was also a very successful effort of the Actor, and gave again a very forcible representation of that laughable inquietude which is the infirmity of *Felix's* character. As evincing a favourable state of health and spirits, the very animated performance of Mr. POWER affords us a distinct source of satisfaction.

Mr. HOLMES was introduced to a Kilkenny Audience in the character of *Colonel Briton*. This performer has afforded us a very favourable specimen of his dramatic capabilities. The first scene of his performance was, as might be expected, not wholly unembarrassed, but he quickly resumed his spirit, and went through the character with appropriate ease and vivacity. The *Colonel* acts a very distinguished part in those perplexing scenes of gallantry from which the most diverting incidents of the Comedy arise; and certainly Mr. HOLMES finished his allotted course of business with becoming spirit.

The character of *Don Lopez* was sustained by Mr. R. POWER, jun. in whose acting we are happy to notice a decided improvement. His personation of the absolute and mercenary old *Don* was altogether a very creditable effort of Dramatic art, and bore many marks of sound and studious discrimination. We were pleased to observe with what little constraint this gentleman assumes the enfeebled walk which totters under the weight of years.

Mr. GYLES was excellent in the character of *Don Pedro*. This gentleman possesses many of the happiest requisites for the particular line of acting in which he successfully moved this evening; but we have before now borne evidence to that versatility of taste and talent which qualifies him for other, and very different departments of the Drama.

The part of *Frederick* was excellently well acted by Mr. ROTHE, jun. It was, in truth, a performance of spirited execution, combining all requisite force of feeling, and marked by the influence of a rich and cultivated taste.

Our old favourite, Mr. CORRY, the true son of the laughing Muse, received on his entrance most welcome greetings from those friends who so well know how to appreciate him. His services at our Theatre have, indeed, been invaluable. Without his aid, a deficiency would have been occasioned by the loss of some of the highly gifted individuals of the *Corps Dramatique*, which must have been almost fatal to the establishment. He played *Lissardo*, the whimsical conceits of which character he gave with a drollery that drew forth constant laughter.

Mr. M'CASKEY performed the character of the Scotsman *Gibby*, with spirit, and fidelity. His tones and dialect were in exact point. The other characters afforded but little scope for Dramatic effort.

Miss WALSTEIN again appears on our boards. She has been long and justly in favour with the Audience here; and it will not be forgotten, that from her successful assiduities, the Theatre of Kilkenny has derived a principal attraction. She represented *Violante* to night with great spirit. The

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part of *Isabella* was supported by Miss Rock, whose performance was extremely interesting. The services of this young lady, during our last Theatrical Season, were of an important order; and she is now a candidate for public favour with increased advantages. The *Flora* of Miss L. Kelly deserves the most favourable notice. Mrs. Eyrby, in the character of *Iris*, made a first appearance here.

In the Afterpiece of Raising the Wind, Mr. Holmes sustained the character of *Jeremy Diddler*. It would be invidious to judge of his performance by a comparison with that of an established favourite of the Audience, who has hitherto appeared before us as the Hero of this Farce. Suffice it to say, that he was received with approbation, and was, throughout, lively and animated. We never saw the character of *Fainwould* better sustained than by Mr. Gyles; his dress was *unique*, and his assumption of the self-sufficient cockney, seeking for respect, was in every way in character. Mr. R. Power, jun. gave another proof of his industry and application by his performance of *Plainway*; and Lord Monck, as *Sam*, was highly amusing. The business of the Stage throughout the entire of both performances went off with a degree of regularity very creditable to the excellent arrangements of the *acting* Manager.

The Address, delivered by Mr. Power, previous to the Play, conveys a very apposite allusion to the loss the Theatre has suffered by the absence of Mr. Crampton. The peculiar excellence of this Gentleman, in the line of characters he sustains, placed him beyond competition; and in vain must we hope to see his place supplied as *Major O'Flaherty* and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. His performance of these characters was what may be called truly legitimate; and we believe no Actor can be found to dispute the palm of excellence with him in this particular department.

The several members of our dramatic company were successively greeted with warm and repeated plaudits, as they appeared, on this evening; and the performances were received, throughout, with complete and general satisfaction.

[Ball at the Theatre—*Tuesday, October 12th*, 1819.] —Our Theatre was prepared this night in the usual way for the reception of Dancers. The Ball opened at *half-past ten*, and dancing continued with unrelaxed spirit until near *two o'clock*. The beauties of the House are exhibited in bright and varied points of view, by the elegant arrangement made in the interior of it, on these delightful occasions.

[Second Night.—*Wednesday, October 13th*, 1819.]—The Surrender of Calais was performed here this evening, with the Afterpiece of Bombastes Furioso.

This deeply interesting Play, to which, it has been observed, there is some difficulty in assigning a distinct characteristic appellation, so various and comprehensive are the qualities of its construction, was represented, on this evening, with all the accessaries of splendid scenery and decoration. Events of a very prominent place in Historic story are brought within the compass of its action: while the tone of bold and glowing sentiment which pervades the best of its tragic scenes stamps upon it a character of great interest. There are many situations, too, in this Play, which keep the liveliest sensibilities of our nature in action.

Mr. Becher played *Eustache de St. Pierre*. This excellent Actor seems perfectly conversant with the principles of dramatic effect; but there is also in his general course of acting—and it comprehends a rich and fruitful portion of the Drama—a strength of native passion which never fails to bear him successfully through the character of his choice. He possesses faculties of the highest order for the mixed expression of lofty sentiment, or blunt, sarcastic humour. His voice and features fit him essentially for this varied delineation of affections, and he is excelled by few indeed in those powers of delivery which give the full force of skilful contrast to such a diversity of feeling. To night this gentleman threw into his character many of those happy qualities which so strongly mark his style of tragic colouring, and some prominent passages of his performance reminded us forcibly of another piece of acting on which he has so often bestowed the full vigour of his talents.

Some points of striking effect in Mr. Becher's performance deserve a more than general notice, and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of marking the passages which follow, as given in this gentleman's very best manner. *Eustache* listens to the entreaty of the *Old Man* who craves from him a morsel of food for his starving child—the description of his sufferings awakens the sympathies of the rough, but feeling patriot: he interrupts the tale of woe and exclaims—

> Peace! peace!
> I have not ate, old man, since—Pshaw! the wind
> Affects my eyes—but yet I—'Sdeath! what ails me?
> I have no appetite.—Here take this trash and—
>
> [*The Old Man takes the Wallet, falls upon his knees, and attempts to speak.*]
>
> Pr'ythee away, old soul: nay, nay, no thanks;
> Get home, and do not talk—I cannot.

Words could not have been uttered with more true and touching power than these; and none could have been spoken with a force of feeling more congenial to the character.

The Council-scene, in Calais, gave favourable scope to Mr. Becher's admirable acting; but nothing could surpass the excellence of his performance, when *Eustache* is brought with his destined fellow-sufferers before the English Monarch. The keen and cutting tone of sarcasm, the assumed humility of supplication, in which he invokes the clemency of the vindicative Monarch, had the full force of poignant expression, and gave a striking power of contrast to the burst of manly feeling which follows the rejection of his mock appeal—

> Mighty sir!
> We march'd not forth to supplicate, but die.
> Trust me, king,
> We could not covet aught, in your disposal,
> Would swell our future name with half the glory
> As this same sentence, which, we thank you for't,
> You have bestow'd, unask'd.

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We cannot swell our criticism by additional quotation. Mr. BECHER brought all the beauties of his character into varied and conspicuous light, and some of the happiest peculiarities of his dramatic genius were discernible in many other passages of the Play than those to which we can now call the attention of our readers. On the appearance of this Gentleman, the House rung with acclamations, and he seemed deeply impressed with the hearty warmth of his reception. His performance excited loud and frequent plaudits during the night.

The *La Gloire* of Mr. CORRY blended the truest humour with a spirit of the most touching pathos. This mixed expression of feeling is difficult of effective combination. One of the best Comedians that we remember, and certainly the best *La Gloire* we ever saw, JACK BANNISTER, possessed this rare faculty in a very eminent degree, and since his retirement from the Stage we have not witnessed so bland an association of frolic-mirth, and affecting sensibility, as in this performance of our favourite Comedian Mr. CORRY.

Mr. RICHARD POWER gave an admirable personation of *Ribaumont*. His scene with *Julia* was full of impassioned tenderness; and the pathetic earnestness of tone, with which he combats the principle of filial duty as it bids his love despair, was true to nature. The subsequent scene with *La Gloire*, where he announces his intention to join the patriotic band "who die to save their fellows," was in the highest degree effective; but his acting in the concluding scene of the Play, which combines so much distressing incident, was not to be surpassed for strength and boldness of execution.

Mr. R. POWER, jun. was very effective in the part of *De Vienne*. The character does not comprehend a wide or interesting range of action, but this excellent Actor gave it with fidelity. Mr. M'CASKEY played *O'Carroll*, his first effort, we believe, as a dramatic Irishman. This line of character has been hitherto filled, on our boards, by a Gentleman whose absence cuts off our very richest sources of dramatic pleasures; but we trust that Mr. M'CASKEY will not think we have here suggested an unkind recollection. The vocal powers of this Gentleman are certainly of a high order, and will always render him a powerful accession to the Musical department of the Theatre. Mr. GYLES gave us a very droll piece of acting in the character of the *First Workman*. It was short, but irresistibly ludicrous. This Gentleman's physiognomy has strong comic power of expression, and he possesses, in no ordinary degree, the art of varying his countenance without exhibiting a single feature in unseasonable distortion. He was humorously seconded in this character by Mr. A. BUSHE, who was his younger partner in trade. The part of *King Edward the Third* was sustained by Mr. ROTHE, jun. in a very able style. That of *Earl Harcourt* was respectably supported by Mr. GERVASE POWER. The *Julia* of Miss WALSTEIN was a performance of striking excellence; and Miss ROCK sustained the character of *Madelon* with a lively and interesting spirit. On the conclusion of the Play, which afforded, in the splendor and variety of its scenes, a richness of *spectacle* conspicuously beautiful, the approbation of the Audience was marked by three distinct and enthusiastic cheers.

The Afterpiece of BOMBASTES FURIOSO finished the entertainments of the evening. The performance of Mr. ANNESLEY, in this amusing piece of bombastic drollery, was infinitely diverting. He strutted with a becoming spirit of military dignity through his scenes, in which a forcible imitation of a very celebrated Performer was most happily introduced. Mr. GYLES was humorous, in the highest degree, as the pompous representative of the royal *Artaxomenes*. Lord MONCK held the very prominent station of *Fusbos* among these exalted personages, and in an incidental Song and Dance, which he executed with great drollery, was loudly encored. His Lordship repeated both, amid reiterated applause and laughter. The whole performance of this ludicrous Burletta excited loud and constant peals of merriment.

[BALL AT THE THEATRE.—*Thursday, October 14th*, 1819.] The Theatre was again converted into a Ball-room this evening, and the Saloon and Boxes were filled with one of the most brilliant assemblages of exalted rank, fashion, and beauty, ever seen within the walls of that House, so long the resort of loveliness and taste. The Stewards were, Sir J. C. COGHILL, Bart. W. WRIXON BECHER, Esq M. P. RICHARD POWER, Esq. JAMES CORRY, Esq. JOHN POWER, jun. Esq. and THOMAS C. DUFFY, Esq. They were distinguished by white wands, and an admirable regularity was preserved throughout the joyful night by their excellent arrangements. The Ball was opened by Sir J. C. COGHILL, Bart. and Miss KAVANAGH. The Quadrilles were kept up with a very lively spirit until two o'clock in the morning. A Gentleman, who has just arrived here from a tour through France and Italy, assures us, that he never saw so fine a Ball-room as our Theatre affords. When appropriated to this purpose, the Saloon is 90 feet by 30; one-half of which is enclosed on three sides by Boxes splendidly decorated, which, when brilliantly illuminated, and occupied by lovely females, in gay and fashionable attire, present a *coup d'œil* that is absolutely enchanting.

MISS O'NEILL.

This accomplished Actress, "the sweetest of the Muses' train," after an absence of seven years, the most interesting of her *past*, and perhaps of her *future* life, is to appear upon the boards of our Theatre on Wednesday next. She returns to the land of her birth, "the land which first cradled her fame." She comes, beyond all question, the first and most splendid luminary in the dramatic hemisphere, to throw a lustre over the "descending glories" of that spot where she first shone in splendor on the public gaze.

"Come, with thy gentle attributes, and show,
In passion's strongest shades of joy or woe,
In jocund mirth, in sorrow's deep distress,
Thy sweet variety of loveliness."

Every Irish heart will learn with exultation, that this lovely and accomplished lady, at once an honour to the drama, her country, and her sex, is as rich in generosity as in genius. SHE MOST POSITIVELY REFUSES EVERY REMUNERATION for her professional services to our city. This is her *only* stipulation, and from it she will not depart. We are authorised to state, that Miss O'NEILL has positively

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refused to assist in any Private Theatricals in England, although solicited by personages of the first distinction; and that, with a generous disregard of all personal convenience, and at a very great sacrifice of professional income, she has liberally made her arrangements in the Sister Country subservient to the interests of the KILKENNY THEATRE.

[THIRD NIGHT.—*Friday, October 15th*, 1819.]—The entertainments of this evening were, the Tragedy of DOUGLAS, and the Farce of THE POOR SOLDIER.

As a Play which derives no interest from those gaudy accompaniments which have not unfrequently succeeded in keeping buoyant many a dull and weighty body of dramatic poetry, the Tragedy of DOUGLAS ranks high. It possesses strength of character and force of artless passion above the agency of scenic pomp; and the excellencies of its construction are of that general and enduring kind, which may stand successfully against the encroachments of a frivolous or inconstant taste. But we shall not obtrude a dull essay on merits, with which most of those for whom we write are intimately familiar.

The Play was brought forward to place Mr. BECHER in a line of character very remote from that in which he has earned the largest portion of his dramatic fame; and we retained too forcible an impression of what he had done for parts dissimilar in all the more prominent traits of spirit and of action to the present, not to regard a new, and, as we think, adventurous application of his powers, with some anxiety for the result. A reference to the observations we have made on several of his most approved performances, will show, that we have given him credit for such qualities of acting as ill assort with the genius and feeling of the part to which we are about to advert; and it is obvious that the efficacy of his labours in that particular and favourite line of character in which he has been heretofore accustomed to move, was calculated to discourage the expectation of equal success in so different a course of dramatic representation as that embraced in the character of DOUGLAS.

It was, therefore, under an impression arising from this view of Mr. BECHER's capability, that we sat down to witness his performance on Friday evening; but we soon discovered that his resources, both in feeling and execution, were fully equal to this new occasion. The higher powers of his talent were reserved for the latter scenes of the Tragedy, and certainly his efforts there, were made with powerful effect. The first scene of the fourth Act developed many of the most imposing excellencies of Mr. BECHER's tragic style. The spirit of impassioned feeling in which he repels the haughty insolence of GLENALVON, was strikingly characteristic; and the tone so full of sarcastic meaning, with which he puts the concluding question of the annexed passage, was most significantly pointed—

Norval.—Hast thou no fears for thy *presumptuous* self?
Glenal.—Ha! dost thou *threaten* me?
Norval.—*Didst thou not hear?*

The next scene was also one of admirable acting, between Mr. BECHER and the impressive representative of *Old Norval*. Nor was the parting interview of *Douglas* and *Lady Randolph* without its portion of affecting interest.

Mr. R. POWER gave us in *Glenalvon* a masterly delineation of the character described by the author; he seemed to have accurately studied the part, for he marked every prominent passage of it with a shrewd and successful attention to Theatrical effect. In the range of Mr. POWER's dramatic talents, wide as it is, we would not, before to night, have ventured to include the character of *Glenalvon* as one within his reach, and therefore we have been not less surprised, than delighted with his performance.

Mr. ROTHE made his first appearance here this season, as *Old Norval*, a character for which he is peculiarly adapted; and he was received, on his entrance, with long and sincere greetings of applause. He always evinces a feeling of the most exquisitely pathetic nature.—Throughout his scene with *Lady Randolph* we were struck with the profound attention of the Audience, strongly evincing the deep interest they took in the business of the drama; and many a bright eye glistened with a tear, at the narrative of the *Old Peasant*, who had "bred Sir Malcolm's heir as a Shepherd's son." There is, indeed, in Mr. ROTHE's manner of acting, all that can awaken the tenderest sympathies of our nature; and his performance of this night must rank high amongst the many successful efforts of this Gentleman.

Mr. ANNESLEY was *Lord Randolph*, to which he gave considerable importance. This Gentleman is, indeed, a serviceable Member of our Corps Dramatique, and acquits himself most creditably in many characters, which are totally of a distinct order.

Of the female characters in this Drama, there is but one which can give any scope for a display of talent; and this was supported by Miss WALSTEIN, in her usual superior manner.

The Musical Entertainment of THE POOR SOLDIER was brought forward with excellent effect. The vocal qualifications of Mr. M'CASKEY fit him for a distinguished part in English Opera, and we are always pleased to see him in a department which he can render so very interesting. The character of *Patt* devolved on this Gentleman in the Entertainment of Friday night, and he gave some of the delightful Airs incidental to the Piece with much effect.

Mr. DIXON played *Dermot*, and delighted us by the sweetness and simplicity in the quality of his tones.

Mr. CORRY executed an incomparable likeness of all that we can imagine of *Father Luke*. The power of natural humour was predominant in him; he gave it with a shrewdness and pleasantry of rich and original variety, chastened with so much attention to the *delicate* task he had undertaken, that a generous applause was bestowed upon him even by "the Gods themselves." He was admirably dressed, and his air and manner were exquisitely amusing. Indeed we never saw before so good a *Father Luke* as this.

The *Darby* of Lord MONCK was a highly comical performance. One of his Lordship's songs excited such general merriment, that the Audience loudly called for a repetition. The request was instantly complied with; but, on its conclusion, the House once more resounded with shouts of

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applause, and "*encore;*" and his Lordship good humouredly obeyed the call again. We perform a very pleasing duty in noticing the excellent zeal and spirit with which Lord MONCK has always entered into those amusements which have rendered this city a splendid centre of attraction for so many years.

In the part of *Captain Fitzroy*, Mr. G. POWER made a very favourable stand. He looked the character extremely well, and went through his scenes with ease and spirit. In the part of *Bagatelle*, Mr. GYLES was lively and amusing. Miss ROCK supported the character of *Kathleen* with her wonted archness and vivacity of expression; and some of Miss KELLY's Songs in *Nora* were very well executed.

[FOURTH NIGHT.—*Monday, October 18th*, 1819.] The entertainments of this evening were the Comedy of THE HONEY MOON, and the Farce of THE APPRENTICE. This Play is universally allowed to possess an exquisite charm of language; and although the principal incidents are without originality of interest, the many beautiful and descriptive varieties of poetic eloquence with which it abounds, stamp upon it a character of versatile and exalted genius. In the personation of the *Duke of Aranza*, Mr. POWER showed consummate skill and facility of execution. The scenes in which he and *Juliana* are principally concerned, were finished specimens of chaste and elegant acting; and the following speech of *Aranza* was not less effective in the delivery, than the sentiments which it conveys are delicately beautiful:

> Thus modestly attir'd,
> An half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
> With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
> No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
> Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
> With the pure red and white, which that same hand
> That blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks,
> This well-proportioned form (think not I flatter)
> In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
> And thy free tresses dancing in the wind;—
> Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
> Can meet, without a blush.

There was, in the recital of these lines, a tender and earnest manner of delivery, that rendered the scene one of extreme interest. In the opening of the second Act, which exhibits the *Duke* in his assumed character of humble fortune, Mr. POWER gave full play to that sarcastic raillery with which he treats the yet unchastened violence of his termagant and ambitious bride. There is an easy but impressive firmness in his look and action—a shrewd, provoking calmness in his accents, which, set in poignant contrast with the turbulent impatience of the *Lady*, were forcibly appropriate. Mr. POWER was not less successful in the first scene of the following Act, where his imprisoned Lady feigns contrition for her intemperate follies, and endeavours, by the affectation of unreserved obedience, to disarm the severity she could not defy. His pretended confidence in her assumed conversion, and the well-feigned openness of spirit with which he receives her assurances of entire submission to his will, were both admirably expressive. We don't know that we have witnessed, even in the happiest of Mr. POWER's former efforts, a portraiture which exhibited more truth and delicacy of colour, or which called into exercise more comprehensive powers of judgment and of feeling, than his personation of the *Duke*. In the concluding scene of this admirable Comedy, when the *Duke*, after casting off his humble dress, appears in attire suitable to his rank, Mr. POWER's new costume was indeed beautifully splendid, and added to the peculiar grace and dignity of his acting. His entire performance was ardently applauded.

Mr. BECHER, as the *Count Rolando*, appeared before us in a different line of character from that in which we have been accustomed to see him. His performance of the eccentric and *pretended* woman-hater was very humorous and entertaining. We may justly rank him as a votary of *Thalia*, though we should rather witness his offerings at the shrine of *Melpomene*.

Mr. ANNESLEY, as the *Mock Duke* (*Jacques*,) was extremely diverting; he performed the part throughout with an assumption of consequence perfectly in character, and was much and deservedly applauded. Mr. G. POWER, as *Count Montalban*, justified the favourable opinion we had previously formed of his Theatrical talent. The *Balthazar* of Mr. R. POWER, jun. was highly creditable to him; and the little part of *Lopez* was humourously performed by Mr. GYLES. Lord MONCK was an admirable representative of the starved Apothecary, *Lampedo*—and Sir J. C. COGHILL, by his performance of the trifling character of *Campillo*, furnished another proof of that generous feeling that prevails amongst our distinguished amateurs, with whom ambition vanishes at the shrine of charity.

The Peasants' Dance, in the fourth Act, was performed in all its mazy revolutions with grace, spirit, and precision. There was *one* absent, from whom these pleasures would have derived an animating interest; and we do confess, that we have missed him with a painful feeling, from those gaieties to which his presence ever gave so powerful a charm. But he cannot be with us, and it is unavailing to regret the exigency which

> ——————————— can bind
> A *leg* so *nimble*, and a *heart* so *kind*.

The female characters were admirably sustained. The three sisters, *Juliana*, *Volante*, and *Zamora*, could not be better represented than by Miss WALSTEIN, Miss KELLY, and Miss ROCK.

The Farce of THE APPRENTICE was successfully performed. The Prologue to this very amusing Piece was spoken by Mr. HOLMES. It was loudly and most deservedly applauded. His performance of the stage-struck *Dick* was full of comic truth; and he flaunted through his scenes without that boisterous force which is too often mistaken for dramatic spirit. The *Simon* of Mr. ANNESLEY was extremely well supported, and we certainly considered him a very efficient member of the *Spouting Club*. Lord MONCK, in the part of the *Irishman*, and Mr. A. BUSHE, in that of the *Scotchman*, gave the broad peculiarities of their respective characters with great humour and fidelity. Mr. T. BUSHE looked and spoke the character of *Gargle* most effectively. Mr. GYLES, as *President* of the Theatrical Club, was a prominent and very entertaining personage on this occasion.

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[Fifth Night.—*Tuesday, October 19th*, 1819.]—The Comedy of All in the Wrong, and the Afterpiece of Rosina, were the performances of this evening.

This Comedy, written by our countryman, Murphy, has long been ranked among the first of our dramatic productions. The dialogue is lively and familiar, and the action replete with whimsical interest. Mr. Corry played his old and favourite character, of *Sir John Restless*, a character long and deservedly a favourite with the Kilkenny Audience. The jealousy of *Sir John* is exhibited under many circumstances of preposterous distress. Powers of comic genius, diversified as the incidents to which they apply, are required to a finished personation of it; and the success of Mr. Corry, in so wide and busy a course of acting, proves that while he draws upon those refined and pregnant sources of dramatic excellence which are within his reach, he can never fail of an easy, spirited, and certain execution. Mr. Corry is not indebted to any mechanical dexterities for comic effect; and he disdains those coarse and hacknied acts of drollery which, by encumbering the free course of original humour with the offensive impertinencies of grimace, convert the expression of native pleasantry into all the grossness of caricature. With powers of delineation, accurate as they are comprehensive, this Gentleman enters on his characters with the confidence and spirit of one who possesses the richest fund of comic humour within him, and who feels that he is able to direct it by the best principles of scenic art.

His *Sir John Restless* must be classed amongst the most striking examples of the merit we have ascribed to his acting. It was, all through, the unconstrained effusion of a refined talent, brought into various points of vigorous and skilful execution. In several scenes with *Lady Restless*, his performance was spiritedly characteristic: and it was not alone in the hurried walk, and agitated gesture, that the leading infirmity of his temper was so happily denoted; his countenance, in the ever-changing variety of its expression—the significant earnestness of his look—the ludicrous play of his features—the abrupt remark—the voice broken into passionate ejaculation—were all happily in unison with the disordered air and rapid step which so significantly marked the workings of his jealous spirit. In the first scene of the third Act, when he traces the resemblance between *Beverley* and what he considers the portrait of his Lady's paramour, Mr. Corry presented us with a faithful delineation of that inquietude which may be supposed to exist in such a character as *Sir John Restless*. He begins to examine the countenance of *Beverley* with ludicrous scrutiny; and as the likeness strikes him in every successive survey, his look depicts, with all the truth of nature, the anxious progress of conviction; and when at length the resemblance is unfolded to him, in full and final certainty, his countenance conveys a mingled expression of triumphant sagacity and passionate distress, that bring the feelings of the *Cocu imaginaire* before us in all the spirit and energy of real life. The scene in which *Lady Restless* meets him, disguised as *Marmalet*, presented also an admirable effort of comic talent, and abounded in the finest strokes of humour. Without going through the whole of his performance on this evening, we feel that we could give but an incomplete description of its merits. No man could have entered into the character with a more exact discrimination of its comic and serious feelings, and it was impossible to have marked them out with greater boldness, force, and variety. Mr. Corry received strong testimonies of the pleasure derived from this exquisite piece of acting, in the alternate laughter and applause of a numerous and fashionable Audience. For ourselves, we confess, that we never rose from a performance with more lively impressions of satisfaction. We do not hesitate to say, that we know of no Performer now on the British Stage who can contend the palm of superiority with this Gentleman in the character of *Sir John Restless*.

In the part of *Beverley*, Mr. Power was chaste, spirited, and impressive. The influence of that same restless passion, which manifests itself in such ludicrous diversity of operation in the character of *Sir John*, is not less happily illustrated, as it affects the differently toned feelings of the sentimental *Beverley*. The jealousy of the latter is of a nature less strikingly absurd. It exhibits, in a variety of light, the same leading passion; and produces, in the excited sensibilities of *Beverley*, a very striking interest in the representation. The acting of Mr. Power gave its fullest force to the expression of his character.

The part of *Brush* was excellently filled by Mr. G. Power. This Gentleman brought very effective requisites of figure and address to the performance of this character, and acted up to Mr. Power with appropriate ease and spirit. His exertion on this evening demands our unreserved approval. Mr. R. Power, jun. was very successful as the representative of *Blandford*; and Lord Monck, in the character of *Sir William Belmont*, deserves particular commendation. Mr. T. Bushe, as *Belmont*, sustained the character with the perfect ease and manner of a young man of fashion, and was much applauded. The other male characters of the *Drama* were well supported by the Gentlemen to whom they were allotted.

Miss Walstein's *Lady Restless* has long been known on our Stage as a performance of great excellence, and we never saw her to more advantage in the character than on this evening.—The performance of Miss Kelly, Miss Curtis, and Miss Rock, as *Belinda*, *Clarissa*, and *Tattle*, were highly respectable, and contributed much to the success of the piece, which was received throughout with the most general marks of approbation.

In the Afterpiece of Rosina, Mr. M'Caskey, as *Belville*, sang the songs of the character with admirable effect, and was warmly applauded; and Mr. Gyles acquitted himself with much credit in the character of *William*. Mr. Dixon, in the part of *Captain Belville*, was an efficient assistant in the Musical department of the Piece. The two *Irishmen* had humorous representatives in Lord Monck and Mr. Annesley, whose performance was characteristic of the whim and humour of the Sons of Erin. Miss Kelly evinced considerable vocal acquirements in the performance of the character of *Rosina*; and Miss Rock, as *Phœbe*, was much and deservedly applauded.

[Ball at the Theatre.—*Wednesday, October 20th*, 1819.]—The Ball to-night exhibited a most numerous and brilliant display of rank, beauty, and fashion. We believe that in a former Paper we noticed the dimensions and decorations of our Grand Theatrical Saloon. It is not

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therefore necessary to enlarge on them now, but the *spectacle* of to-night was rendered still more enchanting by the increased attendance, and the tasteful additions that appeared among the embellishments. Over the box which faces the magnificent chandelier at the opposite extreme, appeared a large and brilliant star of variegated lamps, with the Cypher R. P. in the centre. The floor of the Saloon was beautifully chalked in fanciful devices, among which were conspicuous the same letters. It is unnecessary to say that they are the initials of the name of that amiable and accomplished Gentleman, whose classic genius first formed, and whose distinguished talents still holds united, the eminent Society, whose delightful and benevolent labours have conferred imperishable honour on our City. The Ball was opened by GERVASE POWER, Esq. leading off Miss KAVANAGH. Quadrilles followed the Country Dances. They were called, as before, by Mr. GOODMAN, who kindly volunteers his services at these Assemblies. The Stewards were, Lord MONCK, Sir J. C. COGHILL, Bart. WILLIAM WRIXON BECHER, Esq. M. P. RICHARD POWER, Esq. GEORGE ROTHE, Esq. JAMES CORRY, Esq. and THOMAS CONNEL DUFFY, Esq. It were unnecessary to say, that these Gentlemen performed the arduous duties of their office with urbanity and attention. The Quadrilles were executed with singular elegance, and the merry dancers kept up the amusement of the night, till after *three o'Clock*. The greater part of the fashionable Audience, with whom time seemed to fly on the wings of the wind, occupied the Boxes, enjoying the pleasures of the scene with unmixed delight. In the Country Dance, Miss O'NEILL was led down by RICHARD POWER, Esq. and this lovely and accomplished Lady, who shewed singular judgement in the elegant simplicity of her costume, *quadrilled* with RICHARD ROTHE, Esq. As we could not make out the names of all the parties who engaged in the different dances, we shall not attempt a task in which we could not but fail, and in which the slightest error might appear invidious.

[SIXTH NIGHT.—*Thursday, October* 21*st*, 1819.]—ROMEO AND JULIET, and the Musical Entertainment of LOCK AND KEY, were played this evening.

The Tragedy of to-night was selected for the purpose of introducing, for the first time this season, on our boards, that most eminently accomplished performer, Miss O'NEILL, a Lady whose private virtues in all the interesting duties of life, are no less a theme of panegyric, than her pre-eminent talents as an Actress are the subject of universal and deserved admiration. On her entrance, the entire Audience, influenced by a simultaneous feeling of respectful admiration, *stood up*, while the House rung with enthusiastic plaudits. These rapturous acclamations continued for some minutes, and the object of this distinguished favour was visibly impressed with those feelings of grateful sensibility which the occasion was peculiarly fitted to awaken. It was indeed a homage due to that union of splendid genius with the richest moral worth, which centres in the character of this excellent Lady; and it was such a distinction as the most exalted individual might well and honourably aspire to. It is impossible to think, that talents even splendid as those which have exalted her above all professional rivalry, would, if separated from the virtues which give a mild but steady lustre to her character, have elicited, from *such* an assemblage, so noble a tribute of ardent and profound respect. We are proud to think, that Miss O'NEILL should have been so honoured here; but our pride, we must confess it, is most gratified by the reflection, that our CITY has done *itself* imperishable credit by a just and liberal homage to such desert.

We regret much that a want of space renders it impossible to notice Miss O'NEILL's incomparable performance with the minuteness of description it so emphatically claims. A cursory recital of the beauties scattered in such rich profusion throughout this faultless specimen of histrionic art, would but disparage its excellencies. There were certain passages of her acting, which thrilled the Audience, and presented, in all the varieties of look, of tone, and of gesture, such a combination of tragic powers, as occasionally reached the very soul of sensibility. The public are too well acquainted with those qualities of genius which have raised this Lady to undisputed eminence as the first Actress of the present day, to require a laboured analysis of her merits; but we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of dwelling upon some of those efforts of genius which the best opinions concur in placing in the very first rank of intellectual greatness.

In the very first Act of the Play Miss O'NEILL rose to one of those bursts of feeling which seem to rush from the impulse of nature. As the Masqueraders, in the Hall of old *Capulet*, retire from the revelry of the night, *Juliet* asks of her *Nurse* the names of the several guests as they successively depart; but the uninquisitive coldness with which she puts her questions till *Romeo* reached the door, was effectively contrasted with the passionate earnestness of tone with which she then asks—

> *Juliet*. What's *he* that follows——
> *Nurse*. I know not.
> *Juliet*. Go ask his name. If he be married,
> My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

The light of her youthful love breaks at once into full radiance, and there seems but the interval of a moment, between its dawn and the warmth of its meridian glow.

The window scene, where *Juliet* reveals her affections to *Romeo*, was exquisitely fine. The ardour of her passion, chastened into momentary reserve as her modest nature shortly but weakly struggles against its force; the delicately fine and expressive touches of the gentlest affection, as it unfolds itself in all the simplicity of truth; the fervency of woman's earliest love "too quickly won," as it impels the flow of youthful sensibilities; were all brought before us in points of the finest delineation. In the fifth scene of the second Act, Miss O'NEILL presents us with an admirable picture of natural feeling. *Juliet*, in all the impatience of expectant love, chides the tedious absence of the *Nurse*, by whom she had despatched a message to her *Romeo*. On the return of the tardy dame, *Juliet* runs to her with eager haste, but can draw no satisfactory reply from the garrulous old woman. She tries alternately the playful arts of juvenile affection, and the gentle upbraiding of her impatient wishes, to obtain the longed-for news of *Romeo*. When both these efforts of persuasion have been for some time ineffectually applied, she throws herself into the arms of the aged dame, and

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endeavours by the ardency of her caresses to bring her to the subject next her heart. The movement and the look which accompanied it, spoke the uncontroulable impatience of her feelings in a language eloquently true to nature, and struck on the warmest sympathies of the Audience. The look of deep affliction with which she receives the supposed information of *Romeo's* death, was pathetically expressive; but when she learns that *Tibalt* has fallen by her husband's hand, and that this offence has incurred the penalty of exile, she stands for a moment the very image of deep-despairing woe, and with a burst of almost frantic grief, which rends her gentler nature, she yields to the rush of passion—

> Some word there was worser than *Tibalt's* death,
> That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,
> But, oh, it presses to my memory,
> Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;
> *Tibalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished.
> That banished, that one word *banished*,
> Hath slain ten thousand *Tibalts*. In that word
> Is *father, mother, Tibalt, Romeo, Juliet*,
> All slain, all dead!———

No language can do justice to the overpowering energy of spirit which impelled this tide of desperate sorrows; and to describe the effect produced on the Audience, when Miss O'Neill uttered these lines, would be impossible. The power of genius gave a character of sublimity to the distracted wildness of her look, and all her gestures were passionately accordant to this excess of feeling.

In the third scene of the fourth Act, the performance of Miss O'Neill was, all through, distinctly impressed with the force of nature.—The boding fear, which presses on *Juliet's* spirit, when she bids farewell to the *Lady Capulet*, in her chamber, on the eve of her promised marriage, was marked with inimitable justness of look and attitude. Falling on her knee, she gazes after her with strained and eager eye, bending forward as she retires, as if this longing, lingering look was to be her last on earth. The movement was originally striking, and happily illustrated the silent terror of such a moment. But when her feelings, wrought almost to madness by "the horrible conceit of death and night," speak out in agony of fear, the acting of Miss O'Neill electrified the Audience. It was an effort of mind which nature alone inspired. We have not space for a full quotation of this striking passage, but we annex what more forcibly called forth the energies of this incomparable Actress:—

> Or, if I *live*, is it not very like
> The horrible conceit of death and night,
> Together with the terror of the place,
> As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
> Where for these many hundred years, the bones
> Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd:
> Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but green in earth,
> Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
> At some hours in the night spirits resort—
> Oh! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
> Environed with all these hideous fears?
> And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
> And pluck the mingled *Tibalt* from his shroud?
> And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
> As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
> Oh, look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost,
> Seeking out *Romeo*—Stay, *Tibalt*, stay!
> *Romeo* I come—this do I drink to thee.

After she had taken the contents of the phial given her by the *Friar*, her tottering frame, as she rests upon her knee and endeavours to rise, well denoted the quick and subtle working of the liquor. Her dying scene could not be surpassed for Dramatic effect. Miss O'Neill is too much exalted above our praise or censure to set a value on such a tribute of approbation as these weak and hasty observations can convey, but to the more suitable applause of an Audience which comprises at all times so large a portion of refined taste and experienced judgment as that which is occasionally attracted to our Theatre, even this inimitable Actress will not feel indifferent. Her exertions on this evening raised admiration to its highest pitch.

Mr. Richard Power established new claims to public admiration in the character of *Romeo*. His dramatic capabilities were on this occasion brought into a course of action prominently different from that in which they had so often before been successfully exercised; but it was an exalted and unerring testimony of his excellence, that the admiration of that transcendent genius which spread the light and power of nature over the representation of *Juliet*, did not so wholly absorb the feelings of the Audience as to close *his* access to their sympathies. As the Play advances, and all that is of energy in the character becomes excited to extremes of sorrow or of indignation, he spoke out the glowing language of his passion with a striking power of voice, and an appropriate force of action. In the third scene of the first Act he was eminently successful. When he learns that sentence of banishment has been pronounced against him, and that he is doomed to separation from his *Juliet*, the tide of boundless affliction seems rushing in upon his soul, and in the agony of overpowering passion he gives way to the torrent of distracted feelings.

> Ha! Banishment? be merciful, say death;
> For exile had more terror in his look,
> Much more than death; do not say banishment;
> 'Tis death mis-termed———

In the following scenes he gave innumerable proofs of mature judgment and of the truest feeling. Every shade and change of passion, were drawn distinctly to the eye, and his acting rose in particular junctures to the very perfection of Dramatic art. In the concluding scene his performance also did honour to his powers of conception. The incidents of the scene were wrought up to an extreme of woe, in the united acting of Mr. Power and Miss O'Neill. As the poison diffuses its fatal efficacy, and *Romeo* sinks from madness into death, Mr. Power displays the most correct knowledge of scenic effect. It was, indeed, a performance in all respects calculated to improve the Dramatic reputation of Mr. Power, and we place it among his best efforts in a tragic sphere.

Mr. Corry was very successful in the lively character of *Mercutio;* he told the very difficult story of the progress of *Queen Mab*, with great spirit and effect, and bartered the love-begone *Romeo* through the whole of that

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scene in a gay and lively spirit of playful raillery. Mr. ANNESLEY filled the character of *Capulet* well. In the part of *Paris*, Mr. R. ROTHE was very successful. This very young Gentleman infuses into every character assigned him, in that particular line to which his taste inclines, a full portion of impressive feeling. *Benvolio* was creditably sustained by Mr. R. LANGRISHE. The *Tibalt* of Mr. POWER, jun. was very correctly supported. The part of *Peter* was well acted by Lord MONCK; and the *Balthazar* of Mr. G. POWER entitles him to much approbation. Mr. GYLES *acted* the *Apothecary* as it should be, but he certainly did not *look* the man whom "sharp misery had worn to the bones." The *Nurse* was excellently well filled by Mrs. EYREBY; and Mr. BECHER performed *Friar Laurence*, and displayed in it his usual energy and discrimination. The other characters of the Drama were all well supported, and it was highly creditable to the taste and feeling of the Audience, that whilst they bestowed the most rapturous applause on the exertions of the highly gifted Lady whose performance on this night was a peculiar source of attraction, they did not, in their enthusiasm, suffer the meritorious efforts of other performers in the Drama to pass without those encouraging tokens of approbation, which seemed to give the most animating confidence and energy to all of the distinguished corps whose exertions were called into action.

Between the Play and Farce Mr. BECHER came forward to announce that Miss O'NEILL would perform *Desdemona* on Friday night, *Belvidera* on Saturday night, and *Mrs. Beverly* on Monday night. We congratulate the Nobility and Gentry now at this City on the rich enjoyments still in store for them through the kindness of that lovely daughter of Ireland, who has fascinated mankind by the powers of her mind, and who, to her glory and to her country's honour be it said, has returned as she formerly left us, pure "as the stars that twinkle in the milky way."

Enraptured by the intellectual feast of the evening, we could pay but little attention to the Musical Afterpiece of LOCK AND KEY. The several characters appeared to be well sustained, and Mr. M'CASKEY, whose vocal powers are of a very high order, introduced a new song allusive to the Kilkenny Theatricals, which was universally encored, and repeated by that Gentleman with his usual good humour. The following is the concluding verse:—

If ever you wish to survey
Old Ireland set out in her glory,
In October step into the Play,
And Kilkenny will set it before you:
There is wit, and good humour, and fun,
And there too are sympathy's sighs,
While ambition strives hard with renown,
And beauty adjudges the prize.

[SEVENTH NIGHT.—*Friday, October 22d*, 1819.]—The Tragedy of OTHELLO was performed this evening, with the Afterpiece of RAISING THE WIND.

Our Theatre, during the last four nights of performance, has exhibited an assemblage of rank and fashion, which, for brilliancy and beauty, could not be surpassed in any of the metropolitan Theatres. Every place in the Boxes was secured, for each night of Miss O'NEILL's performance, in a few hours after the arrival of that inimitable Actress at Kilkenny. It is with feelings of deep regret we declare, that we fear we shall never again enjoy the opportunity of witnessing, at this City, that grand simplicity of nature and unsophisticated feeling which the magic of her sublime genius has thrown into her acting; and it is the highest praise which Miss O'NEILL can receive, to say, and we say it under impressions of delight that can never be obliterated, she has a soul to feel, a judgment to select, and an imagination to combine, with taste and effect, all the original emotions of human nature.

In the character of *Othello*, Mr. ROTHE stood prominent in Dramatic rank, for the first time this season. The long established fame of this Gentleman, as the successful representative of the jealous Moor, had taught us to expect whatever was most interesting and impressive in the personation of this noble character. We had long since known in what animating vigour he possesses those imposing capabilities which can bring into light the most precious charms of Dramatic eloquence; but not having before this evening seen him in a character which so intimately combined the rude and rugged strength of manly nature, with the tenderest and most generous sympathies of refined passion, as that under our immediate notice, we relied on the promise which his recorded success in the part held out to general expectation, rather than on any general estimate of his intellectual resources that we could have deduced, even from the highest efforts of his favourite art. Uninfluenced then by a single prepossession, we attended the Theatre on Friday evening; and we should do little honour either to our judgment or our feelings by any affectation of critical coldness on the exposition of those splendid merits which establish the *Othello* of Mr. ROTHE as a finished model of natural acting. Favoured with useful and powerful requisites in form and countenance, this Gentleman is no less liberally gifted with that salient force of feeling, which can always preserve his performances from langour; and in the application of that essential resource, he leaves but few passages of his acting unimpressed with the spirit of sensibility. In his exculpatory speech to the Senate he was eminently effective. It was spoken with a power of feeling which was truly accordant to the nature of the impassionate Moor; and there was, in his developement of the course by which he won the gentle *Desdemona* to his love, a rude but energetic simplicity of address, which equally assorted with the character. When the arts of *Iago* first flash suspicion of *Desdemona's* fidelity on the ingenuous mind of *Othello*, the features of Mr. ROTHE presented an expression of such dreadful doubt as struck home to pity; and, as distrust more firmly seizes on his nature, the struggle of contending passions is revealed in all the distinctness of truth, both in his voice, which becomes tremulous with agony of feeling, and his gestures, which as forcibly betray the impetuous workings of his soul.

The effect of *Iago's* malignant insinuation, as he forms out those probabilities, which are designed to render the access of jealous violence more easy and direct, was finely and forcibly depicted in the acting of Mr. ROTHE. His insidious enemy, in exultation at the obvious success of his early machinations, observes to him—

I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

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These words of feigned indifference were uttered in a voice broken into trembling accents; and when again *Iago* says,

> My lord, I see you're moved,

the look and tone with which *Othello* answers,

> No, not much moved;—
> I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest,

conveyed so fully and so forcibly the too successful influence of the passion which newly assailed his credulous but manly spirit, as to excite the very deepest sympathy. Through the whole scene in which *Iago* contrives to agitate the jealous fears of the Moor, Mr. ROTHE displayed consummate excellence. The progress of his doubts is there pourtrayed with masterly force of delineation, and the many strokes of nature, with which it abounds, were given with unsurpassed truth and power of execution.

The flow of impetuous feeling in which he abandons himself to the dreadful certainty of his dishonour, and bids farewell to every joy which spreads its influence over his tranquil or ambitious hours, was impressively affecting. The violence of his passion, as proofs of *Desdemona's* guilt seem to multiply, was depicted with emphatic power, and Mr. ROTHE threw into the character so many strokes of the truest pathos, as could not fail to reach the best sympathies of his Audience. His performance in the concluding scene of this incomparable Drama could not be excelled. In some passages he surpassed himself, and brought into view innumerable beauties of rich and original grandeur. The contention of feelings which for a moment distracts his purpose, while he gazes on the sleeping *Desdemona*, was delineated with a touching power; and when, after avenging his supposed dishonour, *Emilia* knocks for admission to the chamber, he exclaims,

> If she comes in, she'll sure speak to my wife;
> My wife! my wife!—what wife?—I have no wife.—
> O insupportable! O heavy hour!
> Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
> Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
> Should yawn at alteration.

The power of sorrow was forcibly attested in his distracted look and agitated frame. The acting of Mr. ROTHE was maintained throughout with unabated energy of design and execution, and elicited the loudest plaudits.

The character of *Iago* was very happily sustained by Mr. BECHER. The part is fully within the compass of this Gentleman's powers, and he gave it the most exact expression. We have not often seen the qualities of the character more effectively drawn out than in the performance of Mr. BECHER on this evening. We regret much that we cannot afford his merits a more particular attention now.

The part of *Cassio* was acted with striking excellence by Mr. R. ROTHE. In the drunken scene his performance was admirable. There was nothing of coarseness or clamour in his intoxication, all which he very properly avoided.

Mr. ANNESLEY acquitted himself with much credit as *Roderigo;* he seems to have acquired a knowledge of the business of the Stage worthy of a veteran performer. The part of *Montano* was very efficiently performed by Mr. LANGRISHE; and the other characters of the Drama were sustained by the Gentlemen to whom they were allotted, with all that precision and attention to the business of the Drama, which are so carefully observed at our Theatre, even in the most trifling and unimportant concerns of the Stage.

It is known to our Dramatic readers that the character of *Desdemona* does not associate amongst the requisites for an efficient performance those pre-eminent and towering traits of excellence, which Miss O'NEILL so eminently possesses; still the character is of that gentle and interesting kind, which, we think, elicits many of the very finest qualities of her inimitable acting. We have witnessed with the highest admiration those efforts of her genius which so strikingly depict the stronger passions of our nature, and we well know with what overpowering force she acts in passages of rapid feeling. But we have also derived the truest pleasure from such of her performances as abound with tender expression, and delineate the gentler affections of her sex. The acting of this Lady in the opening scene of the third Act, when she entreats forgiveness of *Cassio* from the Moor, was irresistibly effective. The tender look and playful gesture—the voice of mild but earnest entreaty—the affectionate reproach and gentle endearment—all bore the stamp of truth and nature.

> When shall he come?
> Tell me, *Othello.*—I wonder, in my soul,
> What you could ask of me, that I should deny,
> Or stand so mummering on.—What! *Michael Cassio,*
> That came a-wooing with you; and many a time,
> When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
> Hath taken your part,—to have so much to do
> To bring him in!—Trust me, I could do much,—

We have not seen a piece of acting which, throughout, seemed to us so rich in the attributes of native feeling, as the *Desdemona* of Miss O'NEILL. This Lady met with the enthusiastic applause of an overflowing House.

Miss KELLY performed the character of *Emilia*, and in her last scene displayed great energy and feeling.

The Afterpiece of RAISING THE WIND was performed, for the second time this season, on Friday evening. The characters were filled by the same Gentlemen to whom they were before allotted, and we have nothing to add to our first notice of the performance, but that we consider Mr. GYLES a more successful representative of *Fainwould*, than we have seen for a long time; and that Mr. HOLMES, in the part of *Jeremy Diddler*, approached a *little* too near the *boisterous*, in his manner. We consider him, however, a young Gentleman of much spirit and chaste humour.

[EIGHTH NIGHT.—*Saturday, October 23d*, 1819.]—The Play of VENICE PRESERVED was performed this evening, and the Afterpiece of ROSINA.

The *Belvidera* of Miss O'NEILL was a performance which we contemplated with no less astonishment than delight. The sensation of grief experienced by the Audience at the falling of the curtain was overwhelming. Every eye in the House, as far as we could perceive, was "shedding pity's tear;" and never could the words of

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Jaffier be more happily applied than to the lovely being who chained our affections, and awakened our sympathies, by exertions "more than mortal."

> Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
> Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
> To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
> Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
> There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
> Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
> Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

The *Jaffier* of Mr. RICHARD POWER was highly creditable to this accomplished Actor. His delivery of many of the leading passages of this arduous character, evinced his accustomed strength and accuracy of judgment. The scene in which he is introduced to the conspirators, where he labours to convince them of the sincerity of his vows, and confides his *Belvidera*, with the dagger which was to avenge his falsehood, to the care of *Renault*, as the best pledge of his fidelity to their cause, drew forth such acting from him, as brought down several rounds of applause. The conflict of love and duty which arises from the fond entreaties of *Belvidera* to betray those engagements, which were consecrated to truth and friendship, was also admirably depicted. The following passage was given with a tone of feeling that carried to our hearts a keen sense of the leading and opposite traits of passion that characterise this moment of distracting irresolution:—

> Rather, remember *him*, who, after all
> The sacred bonds of oaths, and holier friendship,
> In fond compassion to a woman's tears,
> Forgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,
> To sacrifice the bosom that relieved him.—
> Why wilt thou damn me?

In that scene wherein *Jaffier*, after having betrayed his associates, and brought upon himself the infamy of violated friendship, deplores the weakness which too implicitly yielded to the persuasion of her he loved, Mr. POWER delivered the following lines with unsurpassed effect:—

> Where's my friend? my friend! thou smiling mischief;
> Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; for dire revenge
> Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
> Hark, how he groans! his screams are in my ears!
> See, see, they've fix'd him on the wheel,
> And now they tear him—Murder! perjur'd senate!
> Murder!—Oh! hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this!
> Thanks to thy tears, and false persuading love.

As the endearments of *Belvidera* turn him from his meditated vengeance, and the power of affection triumphs over every violent resolution, Mr. POWER gave great effect to these lines:

> I am, I am a coward—witness Heaven,
> Witness it Earth, and every Being witness,
> 'Tis but one blow! yet, by immortal love,
> I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

Indeed, his entire performance produced a powerful sensation on the Audience; and, associated with the fine acting of Miss O'NEILL, combined to give us a dramatic representation of the highest interest.

Of the performance of Mr. ROTHE, as *Pierre*, it is sufficient to say, that it may be reckoned amongst the best efforts of this highly gifted gentleman. Mr. BECHER gave us a powerful proof of the effect that great talents can give to a part of inferior interest, by his judicious and excellent performance of the part of *Priuli;* nor can we dismiss this article without bestowing upon Mr. R. POWER, jun. our tribute of humble praise, for the excellent manner in which he represented the character of *Renault*.

Miss O'NEILL appeared to-night before a Kilkenny Audience for the third time this season, and with unabated claims to public admiration. Her efforts in *Belvidera* have long been recognized as engaging the noblest qualities of her genius; and it was in this character, we believe, that her powerful talents were first expanded to the admiring view of a London Audience. Whatever is most excellent in the delineation of conjugal affection—of despairing wretchedness—of passion carried through afflicting varieties of woe, to madness—madness horribly terminating in death, were combined in the personation of the distracted *Belvidera*. It were, indeed, to our perception, impossible with more fidelity and pathos, to have pourtrayed the successive sorrows which bear down her gentle spirit, and at length subdue the power of reason to their dominion. This incomparable Actress conveys, too, with the most touching force, those bursts of impassioned love which seem to rush from the heart, and speak in Nature's best and strongest language. In the scene where *Jaffier* upbraids her with the mischief her "false persuading love" has done, in consigning him to eternal disgrace, and the friend of his heart to ignominy and death, her acting presented many finely-drawn examples of this expressive power; and the conquering force of affection could not have been more faithfully depicted, than at the decisive moment when she throws herself on his bosom, and at once disarms him of his purposed violence—

> Now, then, kill me, (*Leaps upon his neck and kisses him.*)
> While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
> Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
> Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Her parting interview with *Jaffier* was irresistibly pathetic. It seems impossible to have combined the varieties of deep distress with more complete effect than in this well-wrought scene of woe. We should vainly endeavour to describe the sensations of the Audience, when she separates for ever from the devoted *Jaffier*, and when, almost distracted with excess of grief, she again rushes into his arms, giving vent to the agony of troubles which presses on her breaking heart, in a burst of wild, convulsive laughter, but when incipient madness strikes upon her senses, the tone and gaze of desperation with which she broke out into the following wild, and passionate exclamation, were terrifically striking:—

> Oh! give me daggers, fire or water:
> How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the waves
> Hizzing and foaming round my sinking head,
> Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
> Oh! there's all quiet, here all rage and fury:
> The air's *too thin*, and pierces my weak brain;
> I long for thick substantial sleep! Hell! hell!
> Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
> If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

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The sensibilities of the Audience were wrought up to the very highest pitch of feeling, by her delivery of these lines, and "the tributary tear" flowed from every eye. The concluding scene was dreadfully just. Her madness had that terrible likeness to reality which gave a finishing illusion to this unrivalled representation. The exertions of Miss O'Neill throughout the whole of the night, were rewarded with constant and rapturous applauses.

The Musical Entertainment of Rosina followed, and was in all respects, both as to its vocal and dramatic departments, very successfully represented. The Night's entertainments were so admirably arranged, as to be concluded soon after the hour of eleven.

The allusion to the Merino Factory, in the opening Address, at our Theatre, has attracted many of the distinguished strangers assembled in our City to that excellent Establishment. A large Party visited it this day, which was particularly favourable to the excursion. A minute examination of the course of labour pursued in this Institution, as well as the several arrangements, which render it equally contributive to moral and industrious objects, gave the most complete satisfaction to the distinguished visitors, for whom a splendid collation was spread on the occasion.

[Ninth Night.—*Monday, October 25th.*]—The Tragedy of The Gamester was played this evening, with the Afterpiece of Katherine and Petruchio.

An admirable effort of the dramatic art was displayed in the *Beverly* of Mr. Rothe. There is not, in our opinion, in the whole range of the Drama, a character more exactly, or more forcibly suited to his taste and feeling, than that which he so successfully represented on this evening. The circumstances of the Play form a tissue of the deepest domestic misfortunes, and *Beverly* is placed throughout it in scenes which keep the sympathies of the Audience in constant and painful endurance. We need not observe on those peculiar qualifications which Mr. Rothe can always bring to the delineation of such a character; nor is it, indeed, necessary to enumerate the particular passages on which he bestowed the greatest share of interest. We have seen him before in this character, and have dwelt with unqualified admiration on the striking union of genius and sensibility which is visibly stamped on his performance. This evening his acting displayed undiminished excellence, and kept pace with the truly interesting representation of Miss O'Neill. His scene with *Stukely*, in the gaming-house, when he reproaches him with having brought him to those habits of guilty indiscretion which had wrecked his fame and fortune, was particularly affecting. But in the prison scene, his effort at prayer, as he kneels for a moment, and starts up in hopeless agony, was as fine a piece of acting as we have ever beheld on any Stage.

The *Stukely* of Mr. Richard Power was an excellent performance in every part, and particularly in the scene where he discloses his guilty passion for the hapless *Mrs. Beverley*, but when we turn from the illusion of the Stage to *him* who personated this revolting character, well may we repeat, what our Poet said, upon a former occasion,

"And our Stage-villain every *virtue* graces."

Mr. Richard Rothe supported the character of *Lewson* with considerable ability. He fully entered into the spirit of the part, and gave it a judicious expression. It is the praise of this very interesting Performer, that he never fails to bring his character into distinct and favourable notice, however brief may be the duties connected with it. Mr. Corry filled the character of *Jarvis*, though not within this gentleman's line of character, with feeling and effect. The part of *Dawson* was very respectably supported by Mr. R. Power, jun.

Mrs. Beverly had a powerful and pathetic representative in Miss O'Neill; but we cannot at present enter into a particular view of her noble efforts on this occasion.

This was the concluding performance of Miss O'Neill in this City; and on the following morning this excellent Lady left Town for Dublin. The receipts of the House, on this night, amounted to One Hundred and Eighty-Eight Pounds. We believe, that since the first season of its establishment, the Theatre never presented so numerous an Audience. All parts of the House were filled, and considerable numbers were necessarily excluded from a view of the performance. For so important an accession to the treasury of our Theatre it will always be gratefully remembered, we are indebted to the genius and benevolence of Miss O'Neill.

In the Afterpiece of *The taming of the Shrew*, we have to congratulate Mr. Becher on his complete success in the character of *Petruchio*. It is to be classed among his best efforts. Mr. Gyles acted extremely well in the part of *Baptista;* and Mr. Annesley presented us with a very humorous representation of *Grumio*. Lord Monck's performance in the character of *The Tailor* was highly laughable. We should do much injustice to the merits of a very young Member of our dramatic corps, if we omitted to notice, with perfect approbation, the spirited acting of Mr. A. Bushe, in the part of *Biondello*.

Miss Walstein played with much spirit in the character of *Katherine*. The entertainment passed off excellently.

[Ball at the Theatre, *Tuesday, 26th October*, 1819.] On this night our Theatre was opened as a Ball-Room, for the *fourth* time since the commencement of the present Season.

A very fashionable assemblage graced the Room, in every part of which, the Gentlemen who act as Stewards at these delightful assemblies, were, seen actively attentive to the arrangements of the night. The company exceeded one hundred and seventy, and included many persons of the first distinction. Dancing was kept up to an early hour in the morning.

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[Tenth Night.—*Wednesday, October 27th*, 1819.]—The Tragedy of Henry the Fourth, and the Farce of X. Y. Z. were performed this evening.

The *comic* hero of the Play fell to the lot of Mr. Corry, in which he proved himself fully equal to the arduous task of a performance, considered, we believe, as difficult in its representation as any in the whole range of the drama. It was, we understand, his first appearance in *Sir John Falstaff*, and we congratulate him upon his complete success in an effort which would have added to the reputation of the most established Comedians of the present day. Mr. Corry's appearance and costume were admirably appropriate, and he imparted to the *fat Knight* all the humour and whim that belongs to the part, but with so chastened a softening, as to render it a performance of the most finished nature.

Mr. R. Power was peculiarly successful in the *Prince of Wales*. The ingenuous and gallant *Harry Monmouth* could not have had a more accomplished representative than this highly valued Gentleman; and whether we consider him in the lighter scenes with his "mad-cap companions," or as the chivalric Prince, bowing to the reproof of his Father, and resolving upon "deeds of arms," he never departed from the spirit and meaning of the author.

Mr. Rothe was "the gallant *Hotspur*," and sustained the character with his usual excellence. His performance was marked throughout with characteristic spirit and energy, and merited the frequent bursts of approbation which it drew from the Audience.

Mr. R. Langrishe, as *King Henry the Fourth*, gave great importance to a character which, from his youth, he was but ill calculated to personate; but his declamation was distinct and impressive, and the whole was an effort highly creditable to his taste and genius. Mr. Rothe, jun. displayed an animated and nervous warmth in the personation of *Sir Richard Vernon*.

The characters in this Play are so numerous, that it would exceed our limits to enter minutely into the merits of each performer; but the entire range of it was sustained with all that attention which has been so constantly the theme of panegyric among those who have visited our Theatre.

The Farce of X. Y. Z. which is new to our Stage, was received with general approbation. Mr. Annesley performed *Neddy Bray* with great humour. We never saw Lord Monck to greater advantage than in the character of *Ralph Hempseed*; his delineation of the "crafty Yorkshireman," was happily conceived, through which the dialect of the part was uniformly preserved. We may justly rank this performance as one of Lord Monck's most successful efforts in the dramatic range. Mr. Gyles, as the *American Theatrical Manager*, was much in character; and Mr. R. Power, jun. as *Old Grubbleton*, by the judicious management of his figure, banished all appearance of youth from his face and person, and gave us an admirable representation of the old and mercenary Guardian. The *equivoque*, with which the Piece abounds, was kept up with uncommon humour.

[Eleventh, and Last Night.—*Thursday, October 28th*, 1819.]—This Evening, the Season closed with Shakespear's Tragedy of Richard the Third, and the Musical Entertainment of The Agreeable Surprize.

It was gratifying to observe, that, fatiguing to excess as the labours of our *Dramatic Corps* must have been during the Season, there was not, on this, their last, night of performance, any relaxation of exertion visible amongst the distinguished body of individuals who have so long formed our Theatrical Establishment. The whole of the night's performance was sustained with undiminished spirit and ardour; and was as successful in effect as any of the preceding nights of the Season. Mr. Becher sustained the character of "the crook'd-back'd Tyrant;" and proved himself fully adequate to the execution of the difficult task he had undertaken. This performance was worthy of a rank amongst his most successful efforts.

Mr. R. Power's performance of *Richmond* was in his best style. On the appearance of this beloved and accomplished gentleman, there was a simultaneous burst of applause that lasted for some minutes, which was highly creditable to the grateful feelings of the Audience. Mr. Power seemed deeply affected by the circumstance; it was an honourable testimony of regard to worth, and integrity, the most pure and exalted. He will retire from his long theatrical reign, with the prayers and blessings of the poor of Kilkenny.—The *poor*, do we say?--aye, and of the affluent too. The appearance of *Richmond*, in the fifth Act of Richard, imparted new life and interest to the Play, the bustle and spirit of which was kept up with vigour and effect to the dropping of the curtain.

We cannot enter more particularly into the performance of this Tragedy; but it would be unjust to pass over in silence the exertions of a lovely child (Master Dalton) as the *Duke of York*. This Young *Roscius* was not only perfectly master of his various speeches, but delivered them admirably, and suited the voice and action to the words with so much propriety of manner, that he astonished the whole Audience, who testified their pleasure by the most hearty plaudits.

The character of *King Henry* was filled by Mr. Rothe This Gentleman never fails to excite the deepest interest among the Audience in characters. Where acuteness of feeling and paternal solicitude are the prominent features; he stands second in rank to no one, now upon the British Stage.

At the raising of the curtain for the Farce, our old and universal favourite, Mr. Corry, was welcomed on his entrance in the character of *Lingo*, with long, loud, and enthusiastic applause; his reception evinced the high estimation in which he is held as a performer and a member of society, by every class of persons resorting to our Theatre. He was inimitably comic in the part, particularly in the Scene with the arch little *Cowslip*, (Miss Rock;) and he cheerfully complied with the general wish of the Audience in an *encore* of two of the songs.

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His performance was calculated to dissipate, for awhile, the gloom which the peculiar occasion of a last night's performance was calculated to spread through the House.

Soon after the conclusion of the Farce, the curtain again rose, and presented all the Members of the *Theatrical Society*, formed in a semi-circle on the Stage, with their Leader and Manager, Mr. POWER, in the centre. The Audience instantly rose and hailed them with acclamations. Their seats being resumed, that gentleman stepped forward, amidst rather the sighs than the boisterous cheering with which he had been hailed in the earlier part of the night, and delivered, in his usual impressive manner, to an Audience, who listened in solemn silence, a *Farewell Address*. Their feelings were sensibly touched as he spoke it, and, on its conclusion, the Curtain of the PRIVATE THEATRE OF KILKENNY dropped for *ever*.

We shall not here enlarge on the various and deeply important advantages of which the excellent Institution now, unhappily, *no more*, has long been fruitful to this City; nor is it in our power to dwell as we could wish on the exalted merits of *him*, to whom that classical establishment owed its rise, and progress; but we trust that the Citizens of Kilkenny will speedily determine to put on record an imperishable testimony of the grateful feelings with which they regard the public character and conduct of Mr. RICHARD POWER, to whose generous exertions, in the best of causes, they are so deeply indebted. When many of our landed proprietors abandoned their native Country, taking with them, from their impoverished tenantry, their rents to the uttermost farthing, for the purpose of squandering them in other lands; RICHARD POWER, Esq. with a heart ever flowing with the milk of human kindness, conceived and executed, with the aid of a few of the benevolent sons of genius, and by the liberal expenditure of his own property, a plan to benefit his fellow-citizens, by amusing and instructing the resident gentry of the surrounding counties. He succeeded, and *thousands of pounds* have been thrown into circulation in Kilkenny, by these means, not one farthing of which would otherwise have been expended here. Can the vain glories of the conquerors of nations, or the triumphant butcheries of "Macedonia's madman and the Swede," compete with such patriotic worth as this? If the Society is to be broken up, let it not disperse without receiving the grateful thanks of the citizens for the many sacrifices of time, and health, and money, which that distinguished body has made to induce the wealthy and the fashionable to bring their families and establishments occasionally to this City, by which, when trade has failed, and landlords were absent, our Poor have been relieved, through the medium of enjoyments, at once elegant, and intellectual.

[*Friday, October 29th*, 1819.]--The parting Dinner of the Theatrical Society, at the Hibernian Hotel, this evening, was a repast not unworthy of the distinguished characters who composed the meeting. Mr. RICHARD POWER presided. Mr. JOHN POWER, jun. was Vice-President. Not a Member of the THEATRICAL SOCIETY, at present in Ireland, was absent from this *Farewell Feast;* and well we may say, it was "the feast of Reason, and the flow of Soul." The Meeting was not confined, however, to the Members. Lord PRUDHOE, and many other of the distinguished personages who visited Kilkenny, were invited. The hilarity of the evening was kept up to a late hour, when the party broke up with only one regret, and one in which every inhabitant of our City will participate, namely, that they were to meet *no more* upon the Boards of the KILKENNY THEATRE.

Among the Fashionable Crowds that were attracted to our City by the Plays of this, our final Season, we noticed the following persons:

Marchioness of SLIGO and Family and Miss BROWNE, the Dowager Countess of ORMONDE and OSSORY, the Countess of DESART and Lady CUFFE, the Dowager Countess of CARRICK and Miss MAXWELL, the Earl and Countess of CARRICK, the Marquis of CAPONIE and Count VELO, *Italy*, Lord PRUDHOE, Brother to His Grace the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, the Viscount and Viscountess HAWARDEN and Miss BRUCE, Lord and Lady JAMES STUART, Lord and Lady JAMES O'BRIEN and Family, the Earl of LLANDAFF, Viscount MONCK, Lady SARAH WYNNE and the Miss WYNNES, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. JAMES-BUTLER, Mr. THOMAS KAVANAGH of Borris, Lady ELIZABETH KAVANAGH and the two Miss KAVANAGHS, the Hon. Mr. HARE, M. P. Mrs. HARE, and Mr. and Miss HARE, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. ARTHUR VESEY, and Mrs. VESEY, the Hon. Mrs. CAULFIELD and Family, the Hon. Miss CROFTON, the Hon. and Rev. the Dean of OSSORY and Mrs. BOURKE, the Hon. Mrs. FOWLER and Mr. ROBERT FOWLER, Judge DAY, Mrs. DAY and Family, the Hon. the Solicitor-General, Mrs. BUSHE and Miss BUSHE, the Hon. Mr. WIGRAM, *England*, Sir WILLIAM CARR BERESFORD, Sir WILLIAM HORT, Sir CHARLES and Lady BURTON, Burton-hall, Sir J. C. COGHILL and Lady COGHILL, Mrs. SANKEY and Miss PLUNKETT, Sir ROBERT and Lady LANGRISHE, and the Miss LANGRISHES, Sir JOHN and Lady J. FITZGERALD, Sir THOMAS and Lady BUTLER and Family, Sir WHEELER and Lady CUFFE, Sir WILLIAM MAUNSELL, the Dean of LISMORE, Mrs. SCOTT and the Miss KEILYS, Rev. Mr. SANDYS, Rev. Mr. TORRENS, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. AUSTIN, Rev. Mr. DAWSON, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. LATHAM CODDINGTON, Rev. Mr. MORRIS, Rev. Mr. M'CAUSLAND, General FYERS, Colonel and Mrs. ROCHFORT of Cloghgrennan, Mr. and Mrs. CROSBIE MOORE, Mr. and Mrs. HENRY KEMMIS, Mr. and Mrs. FLOOD of Flood-hall, and Mr. FLOOD and Family, Mr. SAURIN, Colonel and Mrs. CAULFIELD, Mrs. PALLISER and the Miss PALLISERS, Mr. and Mrs. DUNBAR BARTON, Mr. and Mrs. BARTON of the Grove, Mrs. JEPHSON of Mallow, Miss FRANKS, Mr. and Mrs. DELACOUR of Mallow, Mr. and Mrs. JOHN POWER of Kilfane, Mr. and Mrs. BRYAN, of Jenkinstown, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. BUSHE, Mrs. ROTHE and the Miss ROTHES, Mrs. JAMES CORBY, Mr. H. P. CORBY, Mr. and Mrs. ARTHUR RIAL, Clonmel, Mr. DAWNLOSS and PARTY, *England*, Mr. and Mrs. LANGRISHE, Mr. WILLIAM TIGHE of Woodstock, and PARTY, Captain and Mrs. FLEMING of Mount-Congreve, Mr. CONGREVE and the Miss CONGREVES, Mrs. PHILIP CRAMPTON and Miss CRAMPTON, Mr. CARROLL, M. P. Mr. and Mrs. R. BUTLER and Miss WALL, Mrs. ST. GEORGE and Family, Mr. and Mrs. DALTON, Mr. and Miss MACARTNEYS, Mr. and Mrs. EDWARD A. WALLER, Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE

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Hill, Mrs. and the Miss Morrises, and Mr. Morris Reade, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Greene of Greenville, Mr. Nevills of Annamult, Mr. and the Miss Brownes of Browne's-hill, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bayley and Family, Dr. and Mrs. Butler and Family, Dr. Nowlan, Miss Scott and Miss Moore, Mr. Standish O'Grady and Family, Mr. D. O'Connor, *Bristol*, Mrs. and Miss Keatinge Dublin, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Going, Mrs. Purcell, Mr. and Miss Purcell, Major and Mrs. Izod, Mrs. O'Maher and Family, Mrs. Meara and Family, Mr. Thomas Leigh, Mr. Gustavus Lambert, and Colonel Masters, Mr. and Mrs. Kearney and Family, Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer, Mr. and Miss Archbold, Mr. and Mrs. Helsham, Mrs. Shee and Miss O'Conners, Miss Daly and Miss Caldwell, Mrs. and the Miss Clarkes, and Miss Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Long and the Miss Longs, Mr. and Mrs. Philips and Family, Captain J. Stuart, Co. Wexford, Captain Steele and Mrs. Steele, Queen's Co. Mr. Lalor of Craig, and Family, Colonel Debbige, 44th Regiment, Colonel Carey, Mr. Beery and Family, Mr. Poe and Family, Captain Rudkin and Family, Lieut. Hayde, Major Carr, Colonel Power, Captain and Mrs. Pennefather, Mr. Neagle and Family, Captain Jones, Captain Close, Captain Loftus, Mr. Loftus, Mr. Loyd of Templemore, Messrs. Shaw, Carr, Dogherty, P. Dalton, P. O. Mitchell, Wrixon, Grady, Bookey, Bourke, Townshend, Domville, Perry, Cox, Stein, Roche, Murray, Murphy, Waring, Ryland, O'Connor, St. George, Keatinge, Watson, Burton, J. Bellingham, Grierson, Sause, Kearney, Knox, Hall, Medlicott, Aylmer, Keary, Pounden, Butler, Palliser, Jacob, T. C. Duffy, Ambrose, Bull, Rowen, Leonard, Hely, Jones, Byrne, Black, Ronayne, Devereux, Doyle, Bennett, Lowe, Christian, Rivers, &c. &c. &c.

ADDRESS

Of the Charitable and Benevolent Societies of the City of Kilkenny,

TO RICHARD POWER, Esq.

Sir,

The Charitable and Benevolent Societies of Kilkenny beg leave, most respectfully, to return to you their warmest thanks, for the valuable assistance received at your hands, in furtherance of the objects for which they are associated.

During the last eighteen years they acknowledge you as their best benefactor; during the last eighteen years, numbers of their wretched and famishing fellow-citizens have been relieved by your contributions; the poor have eaten of your bread and drank of your cup; you have alleviated the misery of thousands.

We cannot forbear alluding to the conduct through which this aid has been imparted: we cannot forget that, while philanthropy suggested the aid, genius supplied the means of its attainment: we cannot forget, that with *you* Taste and Talent have ever been the handmaids of charity.

Nor are we unprepared to estimate, as it deserves, the various and important advantages resulting to our City from the means that you adopted in the promotion of your charitable object. They exhibit a felicitous harmony of combination, for the choosing of which, an enlightened mind, a polished taste, a sound understanding, and a pure heart, must have been indispensable requisites. By their operation, the poor were relieved, the industrious benefitted, and Kilkenny became a rallying point for whatever of taste and patriotism is to be found in the land. We profess ourselves unable to give utterance to what we feel on this subject; our respect, our admiration, and our gratitude, are alternately excited in pursuing it; and we hail with pride and pleasure, the Citizen of the World—the Pilgrim of Classic Ground, returning among the people of his native land, and appropriating his genius, his energy, and his acquirements, towards alleviating the miseries of one class, advancing the interests of another, and administering to the happiness of all. This is not the set phrase of flattery; it is naturally excited by the occasion; it emanates from a place, the very echoes of whose walls are familiarized to its repetition.

To those distinguished individuals associated with yourself in the cause of benevolence, our feeble tribute of thanks is also tendered. Let us hope that in selecting *you*, Sir, as the more immediate object of our eulogy, we have adopted the best and most legitimate mode of expressing our gratitude to *them*.

But you have announced to us, as a strong probability, a cessation of those amiable and elegant amusements, which, for so long a time, have enriched our funds, and advanced the interests and raised the character of our City. We contemplate such a circumstance with feelings of unaffected sorrow, and if it be not an intrusion upon the delicacies of private arrangement, we intreat and implore you to re-consider the subject, with that mild and benevolent disposition to surmount its difficulties, which has ever been characteristic of your feelings, and which your actions have proved so well.

As Members of the Charitable and Benevolent Societies, and as Citizens of Kilkenny, we feel ourselves equally interested in making this request, but you will not look upon *us*, as the *only* suitors. Our cause has many advocates, the feeble voice of age, of sickness, and of poverty,—the widow's tear and the orphan's cry,—these will plead for us, and you will not disregard them.

Signed, on behalf of the Charitable
and Benevolent Societies,

John Helsham.

Kilkenny, November, 1819.

MR. POWER'S REPLY.

Dublin, November 22d, 1819.

My Dear Sir,

I beg leave, through you, to return my cordial and grateful thanks to the Gentlemen of the Kilkenny Charitable and Benevolent Societies, for their most kind and flattering Address.

1819.

Having been happily united with some friends of classical and liberal pursuits, I thought, that with our own peculiar amusements, might be combined some possible advantage to the worthy and distressed Members of our Community, and KILKENNY naturally presented itself to me, as the place affording the greatest prospect of success for exertions, to accomplish this most desirable object.

From the earliest period, your City has been celebrated, as the parent and seat of education, talents, and taste, and we found there a Society already formed by you, for the pure and benevolent purposes of Charity, and composed of persons uniting the most humane hearts with the most cultivated understandings. Assured of your friendly support, we determined to offer our humble, but anxious services, in aid of your admirable Institutions.

You tell me our efforts have not been fruitless.—Let me, then, Gentlemen, and my pride induces me to call you Friends, let me return back to you such thanks as you have too graciously bestowed on me.—To *you* they are more justly due—To *you*, the fathers of those Charities, without whose liberal protection our utmost exertions must have been unavailing. We have been but *assistants* in the work of humanity.

We employed, it is true, every means that could enrich our scene, and embellish our amusements, but not more with regard to our own personal gratification, than with the view of general attraction, thereby augmenting our capacity of contributing to your meritorious designs, and of being serviceable to your City.

That I have been in some measure the cause of our success, I am too vain of it to disown; and never can more delightful sensations press upon my heart, than the gratitude with which I glow for the unbounded kindness I have received from you, and the happiness I enjoy in reflecting, that I have contributed somewhat, though an humble mite, of advantage, to your valuable and most esteemed Association.

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,
with great respect and gratitude,
Your humble Servant,
RICHARD POWER.

JOHN HELSHAM, Esq.
Chairman of the Charitable and Benevolent Societies of Kilkenny.

FINIS



Visit to Hon. H. Crallan.





Rothe Co



Humphrey Bubbick.



Wm. H. Bachop Sc.









Jas. Gray Esq.









